

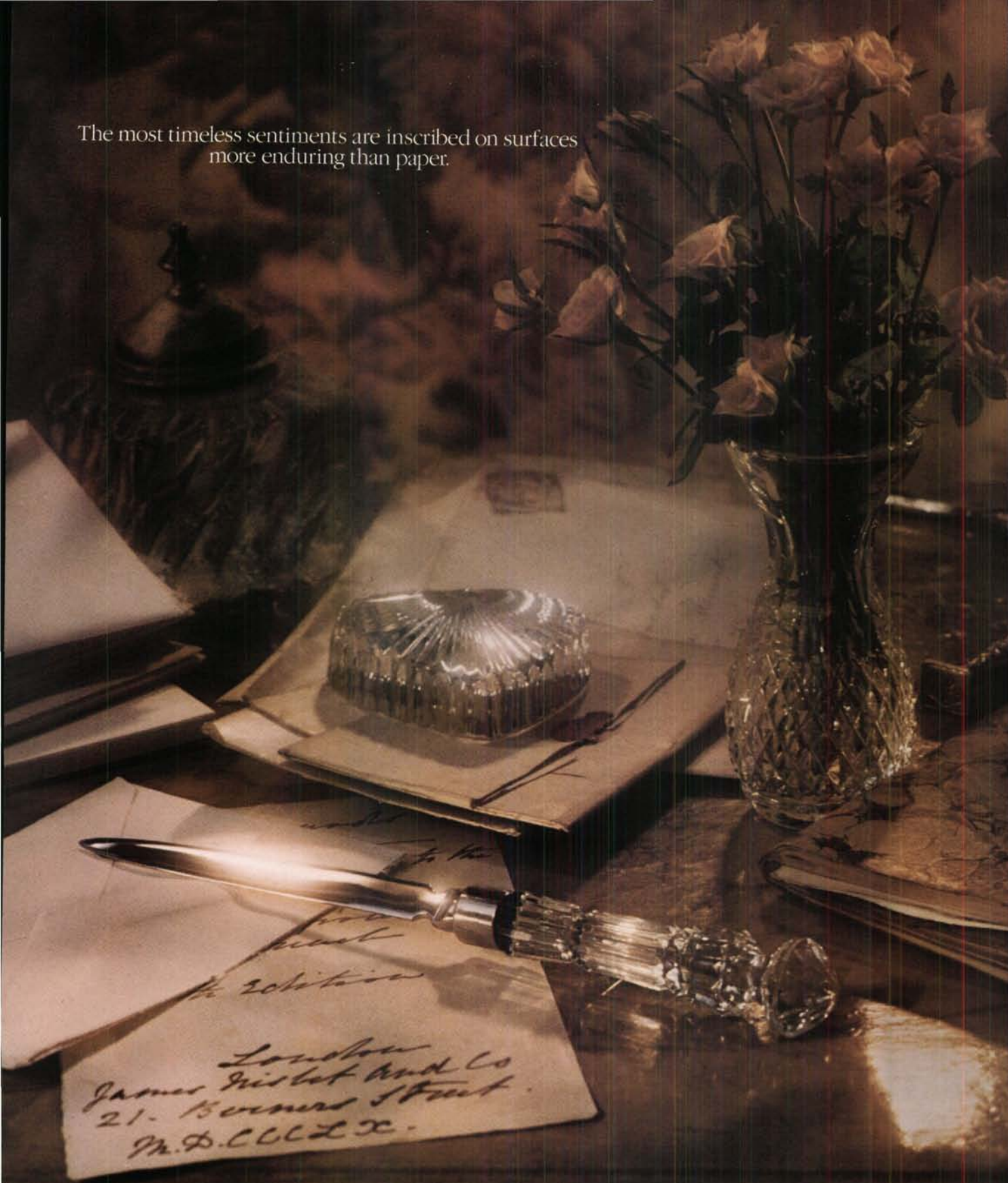
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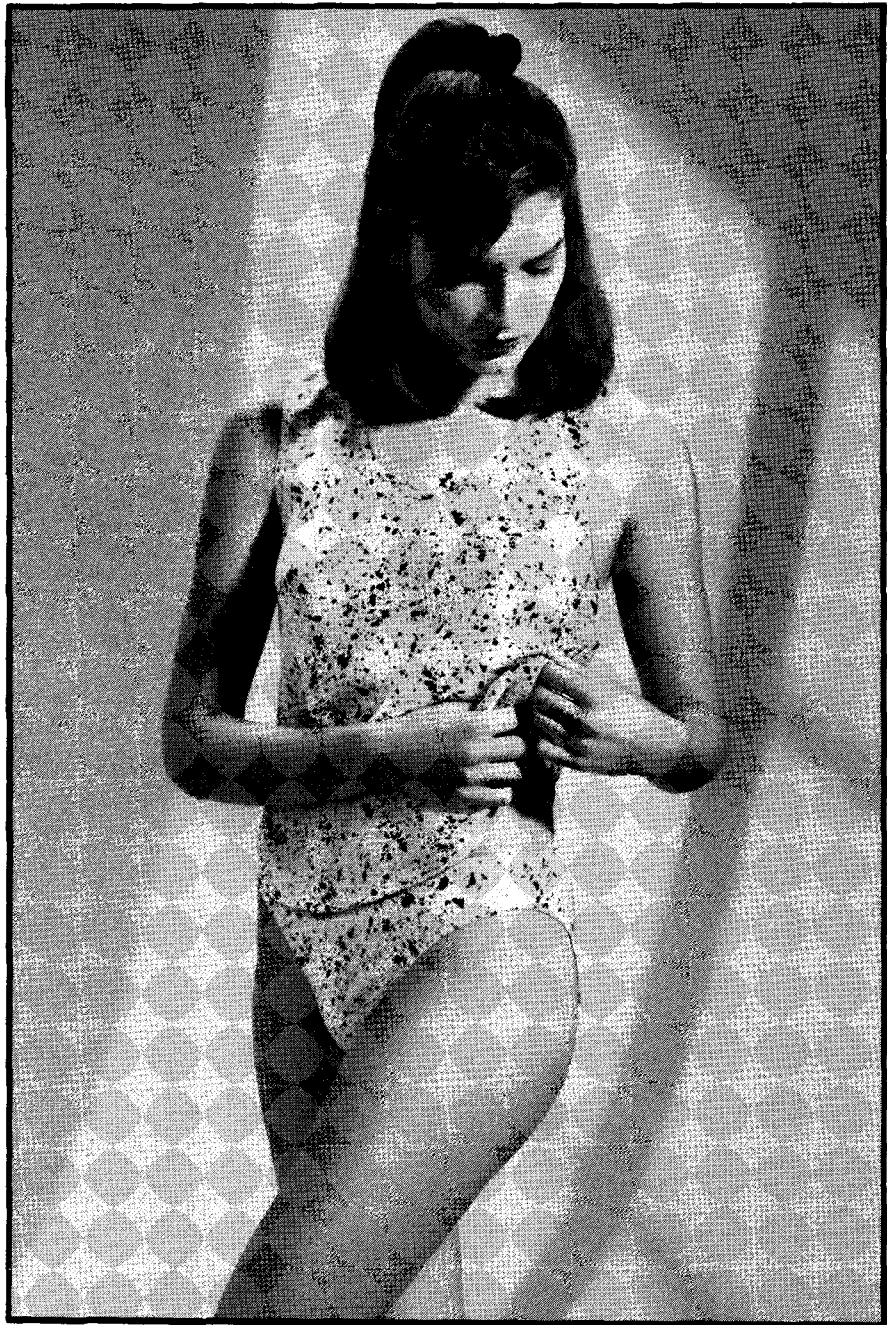
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BROADWAY BOUND—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. The director is Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

THE COLORED MUSEUM—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMON PURSUIT—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The fourth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of **TAKE ME ALONG**, a musical based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!" with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and a book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinéés Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FRAGMENTS OF A GREEK TRILogy—A revival of an Andrei Serban-Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St., has performances of "Medea" Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6. . . . La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St., has double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women" Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 475-7710.)

A GIRL'S GUIDE TO CHAOS—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

GROUCHO: A LIFE IN REVUE—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among

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them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he is hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable

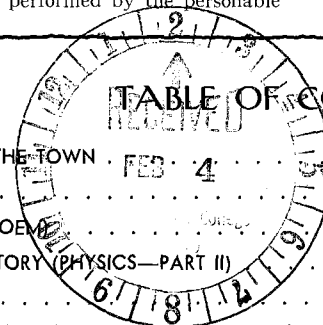
Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

LILY DALE—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is Horace Robedaux, a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston. Mary Stuart Master-son is the sister and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A deliberate, not to say plodding, production of Robert Bolt's play, with Philip Bosco as Sir Thomas More, Charles Keating as the Common Man, and with Maria Tucci giving a first-rate performance as More's wife. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

ME AND MY GIRL—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY GENE—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. Preview



THE TALK OF THE TOWN	25
"THE LAUGH"	Harold Brodkey 31
"FEEDBACK" (POEM)	Michael Collier 34
PERSONAL HISTORY (PHYSICS—PART II)	Jeremy Bernstein 39
"TICS" (POEM)	Phyllis Janowitz 40
"AFTER THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR'S CHILD" (POEM)	Liz Rosenberg 69
MUSICAL EVENTS	Andrew Porter 70
A REPORTER AT LARGE (NONALIGNED NATIONS)	Robert Shaplen 74
BOOKS	George Steiner 95
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COVER: Ronald Searle

DRAWINGS: Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Frank Modell, J. J. Sempé, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Stan Hunt, George Price, Jack Ziegler, Al Ross, Edward Frascino, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Henry Martin, Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman, James Stevenson

THE NEW YORKER

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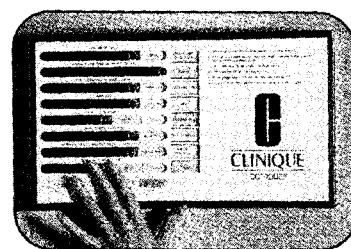
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 29. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NORTH SHORE FISH—A play by Israel Horovitz set in a frozen-fish-packing plant. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

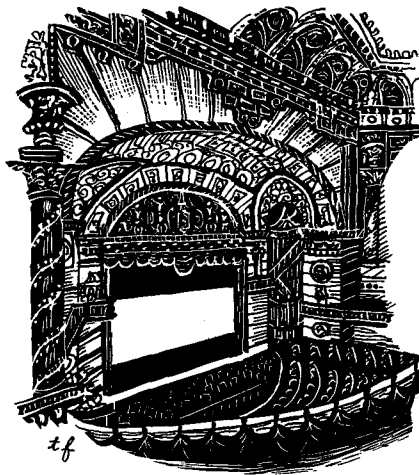
STEPPING OUT—An agreeable little play by Richard Harris, about a group of lonelyhearts in North London who find happiness through learning to tap-dance. A big and skillful cast is well directed by Tommy Tune. (1/26/87) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET SUE—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubbs, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WIDOW CLAIRE—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux—two years post-"Lily Dale;" see above. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—A new production of **MARRY ME A LITTLE**, a 1981 two-character show with songs by Stephen Sondheim. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS**: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PROOD**: Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast is headed by George Rose. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 11,136 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Once



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upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES**: A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT**: Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SOCIAL SECURITY**: A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SWEET CHARITY**: A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). Ann Reinking stars. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

OUT TO LUNCH—A musical revue by Wally White. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. Wednesday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. Closes Friday, Jan. 30. No tickets necessary.)

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 5.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Four Temperaments." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Mozartiana," "Episodes" and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Mozartiana," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Fanfare." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 31: "Fanfare," "Songs of the Auvergne," "Les Petits Riens," and "Ecstatic Orange." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Swan Lake," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "The Four Temperaments." ... Sunday matinee, Feb. 1: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Les Petits Riens," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... Sunday evening, Feb. 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Vienna Waltzes." ... Tuesday evening, Feb. 3: "Mozartiana," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "The Four Temperaments," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," an unnamed ballet (premiere), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Friday evening, Feb. 6: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Vienna Waltzes." ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "Mozartiana," "Moves," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

PILOBOLUS—Wednesday, Jan. 28, and Friday, Jan. 30, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Televisitation," "Ocellus," "Can't Get Started," and "Carmina Burana, Side Two" (New York premiere). ... Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4, at 8: "Bonsai," solo from "The Empty Sutor," "Nonce" (New York premiere), "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Pseudopodia," and "Land's Edge." ... Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Ciona," "Lure" (New York premiere), "Walklyndon," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

LYON OPERA BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—"Luminescences," "Step Text," "Mama Sunday Monday or Always" and "Jardi Tancat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 28-30, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

TWYLA THARP DANCE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 1—Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Baker's Dozen," with Miles Fusco, jazz piano; and "In the Upper Room" (New York premiere). ... Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 4-6, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "As Time Goes By," with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble; and a new production (the third) of "The Catherine Wheel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

BALLET RAMBERT—A company from England in a one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3: "Swamp," "Carmen Arcadiae," "Soda Lake," and "Zansa." ... Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 4-6, at 8: "Night with Waning Moon," "Dangerous Liaisons," "Dutiful Ducks," and "Java." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

YOSHIKO CHUMA AND THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS—Presenting "The Big Picture," a full-length

work. With singer Nona Hendryx. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 28-31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY—"Pierrot Lunaire" (première) and "Set of Five Dances." (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFÉ, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers ribs, liver, Bud, and several varieties of the blues. The Holmes Brothers band drops by on Thursday, Jan. 29, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, Mississippi-born, Chicago-trained harmonica ace **CHARLES MUSSELWHITE** will blow mightily. Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MICHAEL FEINSTEIN**, the thirty-year-old singer-pianist and onetime secretary to Ira Gershwin who delivers his repertoire with old-fashioned romantic ardor, is performing for grateful audiences in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautically appointed bar, restaurant, and jazz nook. Sea dogs account for a very small percentage of the clientele. Pianist **DANNY MIXON**'s trio holds sway on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, and on the following weekend, Feb. 6-7, the piano will be in Richard Shulman's hands. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has a wee girl's voice but it is expressive and her diction is impeccable and the songs she chooses to sing ("I'm Hip," "My Attorney, Bernie," "Bye-Bye Country Boy," "Bruce") are perfectly suited to her. Her concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. Laurie Beechman, one of the cats in "Cats," sings contemporary pop and show tunes at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Amanda McBroom sings at eight and eleven on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 1-2.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A large, carpeted, bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. A quintet led by pioneering bebop clarinetist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** and vibraphonist **TERRY GIBBS** trades sets with singer **MORGANA KING** and her trio through Sunday, Feb. 1. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 3, Cuban-born percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band will share the working space with pianist **MICHEL CAMILO**'s trio. Music after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, electro-tech-no-jazz enthusiasts, urban cowboys, and rock-and-roll fundamentalists. The lineup: Wednesdays, loose-limbed, wavy-haired lounge singer and raconteur **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHES OF BLUE**; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29-30, Gloria Loring; Sunday, Feb. 1, Pat Travers and **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR**; Monday, Feb. 2, John Stewart, with Kingston Trio colleague Nick Reynolds, and the folk group Schooner Fare; Tuesday, Feb. 3, folk-jazz ironist **DAN HICKS & the Acoustic Warriors** and Schooner Fare; Thursday, Feb. 5, **DICKEY BETTS** and the Surreal McCovs; and Friday, Feb. 6, **ALLEN TOUSSAINT** and the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**, a high-stepping New Orleans outfit that plays everything from traditional parade-band music to Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Stevie Wonder. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, some very good pianists (who play the very

beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor), and **RED MITCHELL**, a very good bassist as well as a native New Yorker. He works with **KENNY BARRON** through Saturday, Jan. 31, and with the dashing and wide-ranging **ROGER KELLAWAY** starting Monday, Feb. 2. On Sunday, Feb. 1, trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN** join Mr. Mitchell. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** leads his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 1, and on Tuesday, Feb. 3, singer Gloria Lynne begins a six-night residence. On Mondays, **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI** play father-and-son guitar duets. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The soft-hued, dreamy murals in the Café Carlyle are by Marcel Vertès, and the sprightly jazz is by **GEORGE SHEARING** (piano and vocals) and **DON THOMPSON** (bass). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Guitarist **RORY STUART**'s quartet performs in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box on Wednesday, Jan. 28; **LUIZ BONFA**, the Brazilian guitarist who wrote much of the music for the movie "Black Orpheus," will be here Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1; and on Tuesday, Feb. 3, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** enters with his group. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and from nine on Mondays. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—The entryway, with its glossy photos of gorgeously coiffured singers, may remind you of a beauty parlor, but you're actually in a supper club. **MAUREEN MCGOVERN** has the mike starting Thursday, Feb. 5. Shows at eight-thirty on Thursdays and at eight-thirty and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. They are **HILTON RUIZ** through Saturday, Jan. 31, and **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A tiny jazz outpost in swinging-singles country. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with accompaniment from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer-pianist Howard Barry and bassist Bill Moring; and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**'s trio. Music from about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Out-of-towners may notice the sign above the bar which says "When you leave New York, you ain't goin' nowhere." This is a joke, of course. **ROLAND HANNA**, a short, round, buoyant pianist, works with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Jan. 28, Mercy Seat, a glittery, breakneck-tempo punk-gospel band, led by Gordon Gano of the Violent Femmes; Thursday, Jan. 29, the jazz-funk bands **KELVYNATOR** and **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR**; Friday, Jan. 30, Roomful of Blues and the Soozie Tyrell band; Saturday, Jan. 31, Bill Haley's Original Comets; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble, a septet

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by the banjo player Eddy Davis, is re-creating the so-called musical mayhem of Spike Jones and his City Slickers. "That Old Black Magic," "You Always Hurt the One You Love," "Laura," and the "William Tell Overture" are among the numbers that receive elaborate drubbings; kazoos, Klaxons, cap guns, and ratchets are among the instruments of torture. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**ART BLAKEY**, the propulsive drummer whose beaming, upturned face is on view above this club's bandstand, will be here in the flesh on Fridays and Saturdays with his youthful and spiffy **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. Music from ten. Dining.

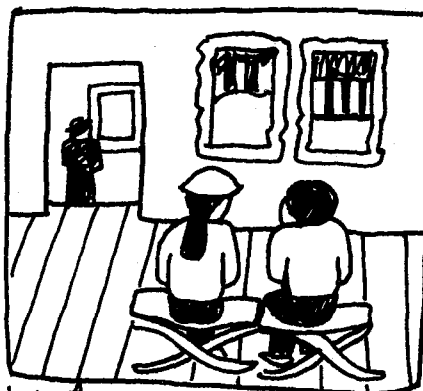
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thursday, Jan. 29, War, Rare Earth, and the reconstituted Vanilla Fudge, the late-sixties heavy-rock band that did slow, dopey, marathon versions of "You Keep Me Hangin' On" and "Season of the Witch;" Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, the **DAVE EDMUNDS** band; Sunday, Feb. 1, Jeff Lorber; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4, Bruce Hornsby and the Range; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, the Human League. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, Jan. 28, **MANNY OQUENDO's** salsa ensemble, **LIBRE**; Thursday, Jan. 29, blues crooner **BOBBY (BLUE) BLAND**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, the Afro-Caribbean dance band **MIKATA**; Tuesday, Feb. 3, Sugarloaf; Wednesday, Feb. 4, pianist Frank Ferrucci's Latin Jazz Ensemble, with Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**; Thursday, Feb. 5, jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER**; and Friday, Feb. 6, **RAS MICHAEL & the Sons of Negus** and the **MEDITATIONS**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. The club's annual new-music festival winds up on Sunday, Feb. 1, with a performance by saxophonist **JULIUS HEMPHILL** and others of "Yoruba Proverbs." The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 28, the Rova Saxophone quartet; Thursday, Jan. 29, trombonist **RAY ANDERSON's** quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, multi-instrumentalist **SAM RIVERS** and his Rivbea Orchestra. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 3, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will lead his quartet through Coltrane ballads, chant-along West African dance numbers, and his own driving spiritual-enlightenment music. **GIL EVANS'** shimmering, electrified orchestra holds forth every Monday except Feb. 2, when the Microscopic Septet will fill in. Music from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club, now a venerable ten years old. Wednesday, Jan. 28, the Fabulous Pop Tarts and Chill Faction; Thursday, Jan. 29, the Silos and the Bureaucrats; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, the **JOHNNY COPELAND** blues band; Sunday, Feb. 1, the Mighty Mofos; Monday, Feb. 2, the Opportunes; Tuesday, Feb. 3, O.K. Savant and Tanaka; Wednesday, Feb. 4, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; and Thursday, Feb. 5, the Magnolias and Gut Bank. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The Terrace Bar features a little fireplace, in which little urban fires sometimes burn, and reliable—sometimes incandescent—piano-bass teams. **BOB BOROUGH**—the hip but down-home singer-pianist whose repertoire includes several songs by or about his hero, Charlie



Westman

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Parker, and bird-oriented material like "Skylark" and "Baltimore Oriole"—is here with bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Sunday, Feb. 1. On Monday, Feb. 2, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** take charge. Music from around ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Hard-blowing alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his quintet (trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, pianist **HAL GALPER**, bassist **STEVE GILMORE**, and drummer **BILL GOODWIN**) are on the premises through Sunday, Feb. 1. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, another altoist, **CHARLES MC PHERSON**, brings in his quartet. Mondays belong to the crisp, swinging **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz and comedy. Baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** heads up a combo through Sunday, Feb. 1, and on Wednesday, Feb. 4, pianist Roy Meriwether moves in with his trio. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Guitarist Mick Goodrick and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 31, and on Monday, Feb. 2, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** go to work. On Sundays, Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI**, a duo for over a decade, play quietly fervent, highly melodic, room-stilling jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DON CHERRY and **NANA VASCONCELOS**—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8.

ANGELA BOFILL, **STANLEY CLARKE**, and **DAVE VALENTIN**—With Pieces of a Dream. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8 and 11:30.)

ORDINAIRES—With Mary Feeney. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 2-3, at 8.)

MCLAIN FAMILY BAND—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.

JOHNNY MATHIS and **HENRY MANCINI**—Five performances, at which Mr. Mancini will direct an orchestra and a seven-member chorus. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 4-8, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—The Billy Taylor trio, a jazz orchestra conducted by Ernie Wilkins, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble, Carmen de Lavallade, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-6060.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GRAHAM CAMPBELL—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

LOUIS ELSHEMIUS (1864-1941) and **JOHN GRABACH** (1880-1981)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

CHERYL GOLDSLEGER / KAREN RIEDENER—Monochromatic paintings and drawings with mazelike arrangements of such architectural forms as chairs and stairs. / Photographs. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

HARRIET KORMAN / ROBERT LOBE—Abstract paintings. / Sculptures—the result of hammering sheets of aluminum against trees and rock formations. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Impasto paintings on sheets of shaped Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

DAVID PARK (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JON SCHUELER—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BARBARA SCHWARTZ—Painted cast-aluminum wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SANDY SKOGLUND—Paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.) ... An installation entitled "Neo Auto," consisting of a wrecked car that the artist has reclaimed, painted, and filled with hundreds of twisted forks. Through Feb. 8. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

ANTHONY TONEY—A retrospective of his paintings from the late thirties to the present. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

GREGORY WILLIAMS—Landscapes with a surreal character. Through Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Prints by both Bauhaus members (Feininger, Albers, Klee) and artists published by the Bauhaus (Léger, de Chirico). Through March 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seascapes on canvas and on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LOTHAR BAUMGARTEN—Conceptual work combining photographs of Indians in Venezuelan rain forests with text. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RONNIE BOGAEV—Photo-Realist oil paintings of interiors, incorporating still-lives and Italian landscapes seen through windows. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

JAMES BOHARY—Abstract monographs that the artist did in Barcelona. Through Feb. 17. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY (1907-81)—Abstract geometric paintings completed between 1950 and 1981. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

NICOLA DE MARIA—Small paintings depicting star emblems that could be seen as symbolizing doors or windows, among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Surrealist paintings and objects from the forties, most of them on exhibition for the first time. Through Feb. 28. (Zabris-
kie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mon-
days.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP (1887-1968)—A small retro-
spective that includes ready-mades (four
Mona Lisas), posters, and prints. Through
Saturday, Feb. 7. (Luhning Augustine &
Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Paintings from throughout his
career in a show that complements the art-
ist's retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum.
Through Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Armstrong, 50 W.
57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Recent abstract paintings.
Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th
St.)

ROBERT LAHOTAN—Impressionist still-lives, in-
teriors, and landscapes. Through Saturday,
Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th
St.)

TERRENCE LA NOUE / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)
—Heavily textured, tapestrylike paintings
on stiffened unstretched canvas. Through
Saturday, Jan. 31. / Portraits of friends, still-
lives, and interiors, including his studio.
Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E.
57th St.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—A dozen figurative
bronzes. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Marisa
del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

NABIL NAHAS / ALAIN KIRILI—Nonobjective paint-
ings whose gold tones were achieved without
the benefit of gold leaf, though it is hard to
believe. / Abstract sculptures in cast alumi-
num that was heated in a way that makes it
look like painted wood. Also, works in terra-
cotta and wood. Through Feb. 14. (Holly
Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open
Mondays.)

KATHERINE PORTER—Large-scale expressionist
paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Janis,
110 W. 57th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Abstract paintings in an
acrylic medium to which rust or steel filings
have been added. Through Feb. 18. (McKee,
41 E. 57th St.)

DANIEL QUINTERO / JORGE CASTILLO—Recent paint-
ings and drawings—figures, chiefly—by a
Spanish realist. / Paintings. Through Satur-
day, Jan. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ODILON REDON (1840-1916)—About thirty
prints. Through Feb. 14. (Fitch-Febvre, 5 E.
57th St.)

BRUCE ROBBINS—Recent works on paper.
Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Blum Helman,
20 W. 57th St.)

BEN SHAHN (1898-1969)—Prints, drawings, and
watercolors. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Din-
tenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) ... Photographs
from the thirties. Through Feb. 14. (Photo-
find, 138 Spring St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Prints and drawings.
A retrospective of the artist's work is cur-
rently at the Whitney Museum. Through
Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Schoellkopf, 50 W. 57th
St.)

ANDY WARHOL—Black-and-white photographs
that have been stitched together into sets
(one a great self-portrait). Through Saturday,
Jan. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

LYNTON WELLS / DOUG OHLSON—New paintings
and drawings. / Abstract paintings. Through
Feb. 21. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

STILL-LIFE SWAP—A painting apiece by four still-
life specialists—Janet Fish, Sondra Freckel-
ton, Nancy Hagin, and Harriet Shorr—each
of whom has used a still-life subject suggested
by the others, in addition to one of her own.
The paintings all include a pair of amber
candlesticks, a blue plate, a fish-shaped vase,

and a ceramic pitcher. Through Saturday,
Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Works by Oskar Kokoschka and
his contemporaries. Through Saturday, Jan.
31. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CAROL ANTHONY—Handmade cast-paper boxes
filled with objects (pears, apples, ladders) also
made of cast paper. Through Saturday, Jan.
31. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

DOMENICO BIANCHI—New abstract canvases
painted in oil and encaustic. Through Satur-
day, Jan. 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142
Greene St.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO / MARY FISH—Mosaic-like
paintings on shaped canvases. / Allegorical
paintings based on Sumerian myths. Through
Saturday, Jan. 31. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568
Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

MURIEL CASTANIS / VLADIMIR GERMAN—Sculptures
made with cloth and epoxy, which look like
marble, granite, or patinated metal. / Small
seascapes (the artist resides in Far Rock-
away) interrupted only by a fishing boat
puffing away in the distance. Through Satur-
day, Jan. 31. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broad-
way.)

NANCY CHUNN—Paintings in which chains, gears,
and other machine parts are juxtaposed with
maps of politically unstable countries such
as South Africa, Nicaragua, and Lebanon.
Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Feldman, 31
Mercer St.)

ED CLARK—Recent abstract paintings. Through
Feb. 8. (Art 54, at 54 Greene St. Open Sun-
days.)

HENRY DARGER (1892-1972)—An untutored art-
ist who labored obsessively on colored draw-
ings to illustrate a nineteen-thousand-page
story he wrote. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4.
(Esman, 70 Greene St.)

ERIC FISCHL—Nudes predominate in vivid-col-
ored oils and in charcoal drawings, all from
the past five years. Through Saturday, Jan.
31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

THOMAS GRUENEBAUM—Collage paintings by the
art dealer. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Ingber,
415 West Broadway.)

ODED HALAHMY—Abstract metal sculptures.
Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Meisel, 141
Prince St.)

DAVID HARE—Freestanding wood, bronze, and
steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.
(Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

ROBERT KAUPELIS—Large abstract paintings on
canvas and on paper, a few with a house, sail-
boat, or tree seen here and there. Through
Saturday, Feb. 7. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open
daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

EDWARD KOREN—Monoprints of this artist's dis-
tinctive creatures—the hairy ones. Through
Friday, Jan. 30. (Solo Press, 578 Broadway.)

JANNIS KOUNELLIS—Canvases and constructions
with stinging content and understated form—
in one work, a concentration camp is evoked
with several open gas jets. Through Saturday,
Feb. 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

GERALD LAING—New bronze figures. Through
Feb. 21. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

LOUISE LAWLER—A goblet with gold lettering
that reads "It cost \$590,000 a day to operate
an aircraft carrier. 1986." Also, other glasses
with messages, and photographs. Through
Feb. 14. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

JACKIE LIPTON—Abstract paintings in oil and
wax. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Condeso-
Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

OLIVIER MOSSET—Four large abstract geometric
paintings. Through Feb. 11. (Gibson, 568
Broadway.)

GLADYS NILSSON—New watercolors of cartoonish

figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kind,
136 Greene St.)

FRANC PALAIA—Trompe-l'oeil polystyrene fres-
coes and three-dimensional photographs.
Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bryers, 111
Greene St.)

JUDY RIFKA / KEN GOODMAN—Paintings on paper,
with nudes and still-lives as their subjects. /
Paintings of a wood puzzle, a maze, two
jacks, and so on. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4.
(Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

FAITH RINGGOLD—Quilts with texts and painted
illustrations that detail life in Harlem today.
Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Steinbaum, 132
Greene St.)

JACK TWORKOV (1900-82)—Works on paper.
Through Feb. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broad-
way.)

MARY JOAN WAID—Landscapes and still-lives
that incorporate self-portraits—the artist's
face seen in a hand mirror, for instance.
Through Feb. 21. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

ROBERT WILSON—Drawings, furniture, and props
from his recent theatrical productions.
Through Feb. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JOAN WITEK—Oil pastels on paper. Through Sat-
urday, Jan. 31. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 35 Woos-
ter St.: Works by nine emerging artists.
Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesday evenings
until 8.) ... EXIT ART, 578 Broadway: Joan
Downey, Shelagh Keeley, Komar and Mela-
mid, and others have each contributed a work
expressing the experiences of an artist living
in a new country. Through Feb. 14. ... TOLL,
146 Greene St.: A collection of works by art-
ists who like to start off with neutral imagery
(a thumbprint, a newspaper photograph) and
go on from there. Chuck Close, Barbara
Kruger, Julie Wachtel, Richard Artschwager,
and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

DENNIS ADAMS—Work from the past ten years,
including the full-scale bus shelters and
kiosks for which he is known. Through Feb.
21. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Expressionist paintings
from 1969 to 1986. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.
(M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon
Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DIKE BLAIR—Vertical (eight feet high by one and
a half feet wide) paintings and collages in
mixed mediums that include glass, Masonite,
Styrofoam, and artificial plants. Through
Sunday, Feb. 1. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Ave-
nue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays
through Sundays.)

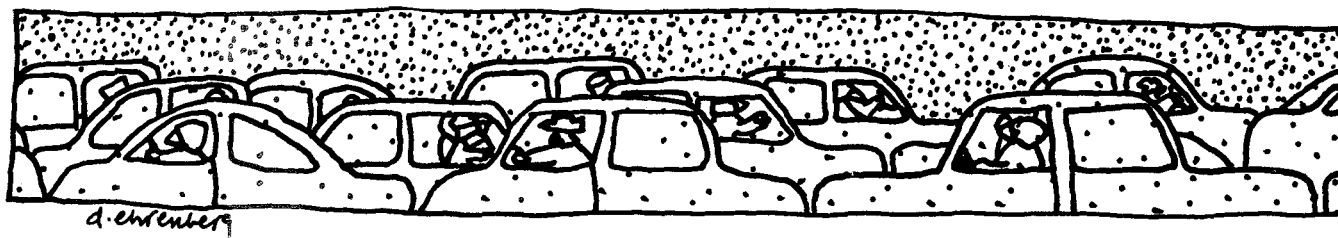
ROSEMARIE CASTORO / RUSSELL SHARON—Charcoal
drawings, plus a few small stainless-steel
sculptures. / Bright-colored figurative wood
sculptures. Through Feb. 8. (Bromm, 170
Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon
Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PAULA COLLERY—Sphere-shaped paintings.
Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Six-to-Six, 626
E. 14th St., near Avenue B. Thursdays
through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Abstractions from all phases
of his career—from monochrome canvases of
the fifties to three-dimensional paintings of
the eighties. Through Feb. 8. (Gorney, 204 E.
10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through
Sundays.)

C. S. H. JHABVALA—Detailed cityscapes of New
York and New Delhi done in watercolor or
pencil by an architect and city planner who
lives here part of the time and there the rest.
Through Feb. 8. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St.
Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

SUSAN ROTHENBERG—Some of the horse paintings
(1974-80) that attracted so much attention
when they were first introduced. Through



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 28. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

CHRISTINA SCHLESINGER—Three-dimensional landscape paintings, some with holy cards collaged to them. Through Sunday, Feb. 1. (Zeus-Trabia, 437 E. 9th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

JOHN TORREANO—The Wolff Gallery has been transformed by the artist into a showplace for his many diamond-shaped, often jewel-encrusted, works. Through Feb. 15. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEW YORK STUDIO SCHOOL**, 8 W. 8th St.: Twentieth-century Italian drawings, most of them by artists who were active between 1910 and 1960. Through Feb. 26. (Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) ... **P.P.O.W.**, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Prints with political themes by contemporary artists and by artists from the thirties. Through Feb. 8. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) ... **P.S. 1**, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Art with Community" is the title of an exhibit of all kinds of works produced, on the one hand, by artists in collaboration with others (Deborah Ossoff worked with senior citizens in Far Rockaway) or, on the other, by artists who use a community as their subject (Agnes Zellin photographed shoppers in malls and celebrators at religious festivals in Astoria, Queens). Through March 22. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI (1876-1957)—Vintage prints by a sculptor. Through Feb. 28. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN (1882-1966) / **RENÉ BURRI**—Among the hundred or so prints are portraits of Henry James, Auguste Rodin, and others, made for the artist's 1913 book called "Men of Mark." / Color prints documenting the American space program. Through Feb. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WILLIAM EGGLESTON—Color photographs, almost all of which were in a show at the Modern in 1976. Through March 7. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroids of full-body-tattooed Japanese men and women (the Irezumi)—the completion of a three-year project. Through Feb. 21. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

BARBARA KASTEN—Photographs of interiors, in, among other buildings, the Equitable Center in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, that the artist altered with mirrors and theatrical lighting. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

RICHARD ROSS—Large color prints of museum interiors around the world. Through Feb. 28.

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(Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. ... An exhibit of more than sixty prints by Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), including the only extant woodblock with a Bruegel drawing on it. Through March 15. ... A display of ancient Chinese artifacts, part of a gift to the museum from the late Ernest Erickson. ... "Dance" is the theme of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15; and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. ... Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Tuesday, Feb. 3. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." ... A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Both shows through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) ... Performance at the museum: A contemporary version of Oskar Kokoschka's 1909 one-act play "Mörder, Hoffnung der Frauen," in English translation. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. For tickets, call 360-3503.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. ... A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, Feb. 4) is at the Robert Schoellkopf Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. ... Portraits of carnival performers by Walt Kuhn (1877-1949). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," an entertaining display of decorative objects, appliances, and photographs, plus a few paintings, prints, and sculptures, all reflecting the fascination the machine held for American

artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. ... A retrospective of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Some of the early work is figurative. Through Feb. 23. (A complementary show—ending Tuesday, Feb. 3—is at the Armstrong Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan: Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhart (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Starts Friday, Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of anti-nuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Maciej Toporowicz (performance), Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Susan Hadley, Bradley Sowash, and others (dance and music performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 9.

NOTE—Charles Moulton will wear electronically amplified tap shoes in his performance, "Tapnology." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 30-31 and Feb. 6-7, at 11. Through Feb. 14.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd



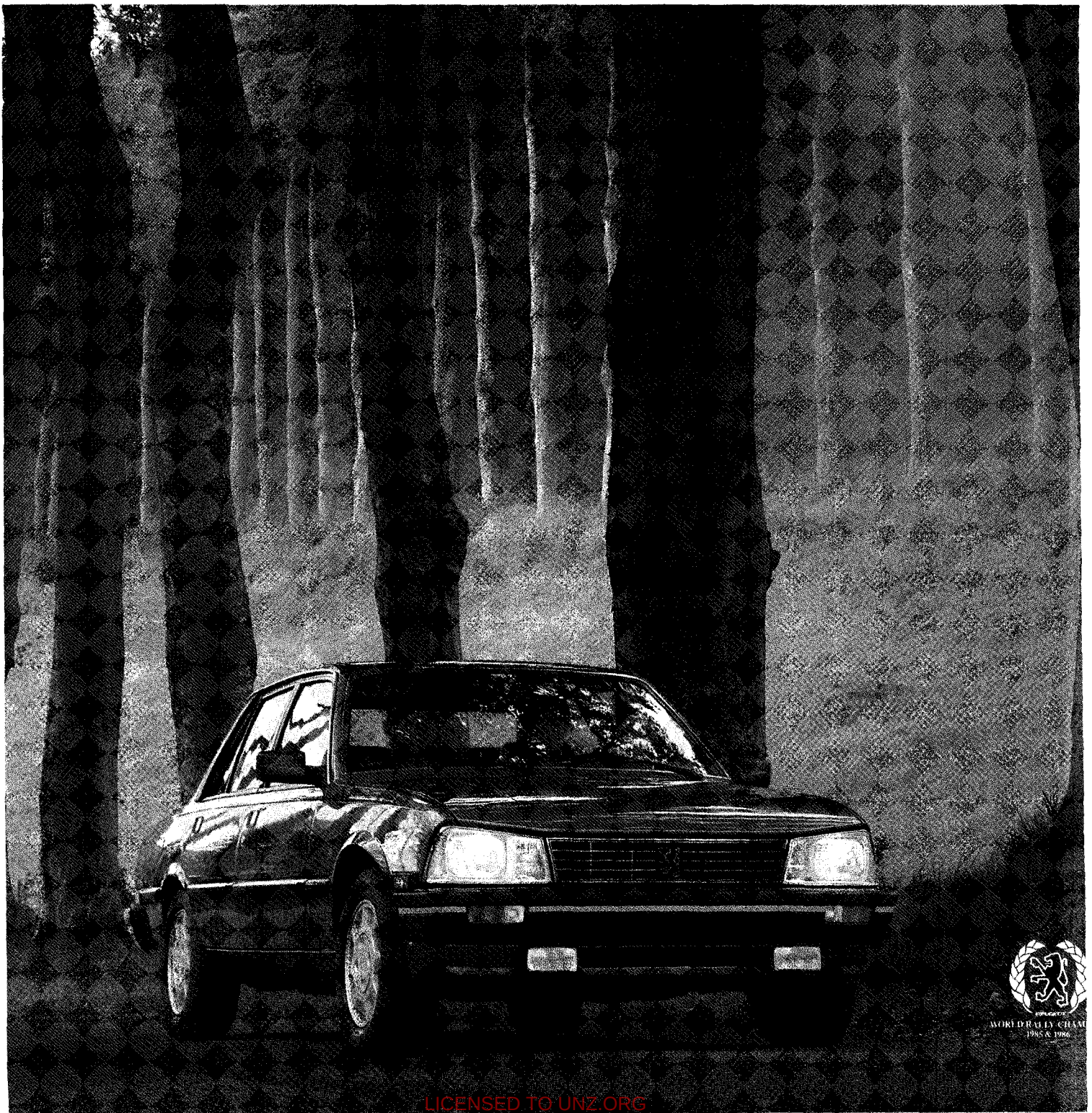
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While many European performance sedans are clearly models of engineering excellence, they still have a tendency to be a little rough around the edges. For their makers' inspection, we respectfully submit the new Peugeot 505 STX V-6 2.8i.

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To say the 505 STX is roadworthy is an understatement. It features fully-independent suspension, variable power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering, front and rear anti-sway bars, and front-ventilated disc brakes enhanced by a computerized anti-lock system.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kay Griffel, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Eva Randova, William Johns, and Jorma Hynninen; James Levine. . . . Monday, Feb. 2, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; Julius Rudel. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Ariel Bybee, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gail Gilmore, William Johns, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House, 362-6000.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Mara Waldman conducting William Henry Fry's 1845 opera "Leonora." The production, staged by Stuart Heyman, is the first of this work in more than a hundred years. (Fashion Institute of Technology Auditorium, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 29-31, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: A Hindemith-Chopin-Mendelssohn program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30: A Siegfried Matthäus-Brahms-Schumann program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello.

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Gunther Herbig conducting—Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: An Ellen Taaffe Zwilich-Bruckner program, with Marc-André Hamelin, piano. . . . Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: An Ezra Laderman-Mahler program, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Stefania Toczyska, mezzo-soprano; and Rene Kollo, tenor.

ISRAEL SINFONietta—Mendi Rodan conducting an orchestra making its first appearance here. With Roberta Peters, soprano, and Gil Shaham, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

FRANZ LISZT CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—A Hungarian group that performs without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a Haydn-Shostakovich program. . . . Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: Hugh Wolff conducting a Dutilleux-Schumann-Bloch program, with Mr. Rostropovich as cello soloist.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a series of "Meet the Moderns"

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programs, this one of works by six East Coast composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF THE 92ND STREET Y—Yoav Talmi conducting, with David Bar-Ilan, piano. (Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—A joint concert with the Ensemble Josquin Des Prés, an instrumental group from France. Gregg Smith will direct. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

MUSICA SACRA CHORUS—Richard Westenburg directing Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana," with piano, organ, and percussion accompaniment; also, an a-cappella Mass, by Vincent Persichetti. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

CYPRIEN KATSARIS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

EMERSON STRING QUARTET—The third and fourth of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29, at 8.)

JUILLIARD CONTEMPORARY MUSIC ENSEMBLE—Paul Zukofsky conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday.)

PATRICK MASON AND DAVID STAROBIN—A joint one-hour recital by a baritone and a classical guitarist. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

CYNTHIA RAIM—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

GALIMIR STRING QUARTET—A program of twentieth-century music. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

NEW SOUNDS—With Margaret Leng-Tan, piano soloist; Wall Matthews, classical guitarist; and One Alternative, an instrumental trio. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2.)

KYUNG-WHA CHUNG—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

RALPH KIRSHBAUM—Cello. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—A Beethoven-Bartók-Tchaikovsky program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

SI-YO MUSIC SOCIETY—Chamber works by Mozart, Charles Martin Loeffler, and Mendelssohn. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace Univer-

sity, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-7150. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—A program that includes the premiere of a work by Dennis Kam. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3825.)

GERALD RANCK—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Presenting Sequentia in a program of medieval English music. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

JULIANNE BAIRD AND EDWARD CARROLL—Soprano and trumpeter, with an assisting ensemble performing on period instruments. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

DAVID BUECHNER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

RUTH LAREDO AND CHRISTOPHER O'RILEY—Playing piano solos and a Rachmaninoff duo-piano piece. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

ALDO CICCOLINI—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

CHARLES LIBOVE AND NINA LUGOVOY—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

JUDITH OTTEN, RAFAEL FERRER, AND JAMES HAMLIN—Soprano, piano, and trumpet. (Americas Society [formerly the Center for Inter-American Relations], Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CARMIT ZORI—Violin, with Charles Ambromovic, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

JEFFREY SIEGEL—A program of Liszt's piano music, performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The first of three concerts. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson trio in a joint concert. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.) . . . With Steven Tenenbom, viola, and Peter Wiley, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of Spanish and Flemish music from the sixteenth century. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

CLASSICAL QUARTET—With Colin Tilney, forte-piano. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ORFORD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

IVO POGORELICH—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

KIMBALL WHEELER—Soprano, with assisting artists, including George Tsontakis, who will conduct the premiere of his "Kinnell Songs." (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

JULIANNE BAIRD AND COLIN TILNEY—Soprano and harpsichord. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

CASCADE SOLOISTS—A chamber-music ensemble. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

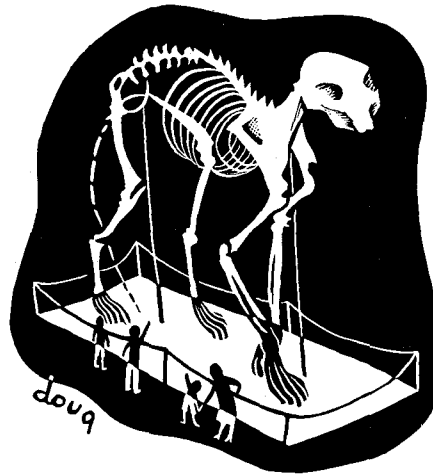
RICHARD TEITELBAUM—Collaborating with Takehisa Kosugi and Ushio Torikai in a vocal and instrumental performance, on synthesizers, violin, and samisen. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JESSYE NORMAN—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

ROBERT McDUFFIE—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

RAPHAEL TRIO—With Lawrence Dutton, viola, in an all-Schubert program. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—With Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Robert Stallman, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 5.)



NEW ZURICH QUARTET—With James Kreger, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

CONTINUUM—An all-Ives program, with the Florilegium Chamber Choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

SPOLETO FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—A Haydn-Prokofiev-Brahms program, with Kathryn Selby, piano, and the Meliora Quartet. The third in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

NOTE—The Fresk Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 15, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 2, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

SCHUBERT BIRTHDAY CONCERTS—WALL-TO-WALL SCHUBERT: A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Ruth Laredo, André-Michel Schub, and Gilbert Kalish, all piano; Ani Kavafian, violin; and the Mendelssohn String Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, from 11 to 11. From 5 to 6:30, amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in with members of the Mannes College of Music Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester, for performances of the overture to "Rosamunde" and Symphony No. 8.) ... **SCHUBERT SOCIETY**: A second free concert. Performers will include Brenda Harris, soprano; Ben Holt, baritone; David Jolley, horn; the Amsterdam Quartet; and the New Amsterdam Singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—A film of a 1969 performance of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, with Daniel Barenboim, Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Jacqueline du Pré, and Zubin Mehta. Isaac Stern will introduce the film. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 864-1414.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30, and Nets, Thursday, Feb. 5, at 7:30. ... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7:35; Boston Bruins, Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7:35; and Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:35. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:05. ... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:35.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

TRACK MEET—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30, at 6.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**: Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. ... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—The first in a series of three programs of readings of letters written by literary figures. This one, arranged by Christopher Ricks, will concentrate on the eighteenth century and will include Galway Kinnell reading from the correspondence of William Blake. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.) ... **Peter Kane Dufault** and **Charles Wright** reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7. No tickets necessary.) ... **Jane Alexander**, **Peter Riegert**, **Paul Sparer**, and **Jerry Stiller** reading from the short stories of Anton Chekhov, Bernard Malamud, John Updike, and John Sayles. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th

St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 6:30.) ... **Frances Fitzgerald** reading from her book "Cities on a Hill." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—The thirty-third annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, porcelain, and the like, assembled by seventy-four dealers. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 28-31, from 11 to 9; Sunday, Feb. 1, from 1 to 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 18. ... **EVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. ... **André Watts**, Feb. 8. ... **Cleveland Orchestra**, Feb. 13. ... **Kiri Te Kanawa**, Feb. 15. ... **Czech Philharmonic**, Feb. 16. ... **Plácido Domingo**, Feb. 18. ... **Academy of Ancient Music**, Feb. 22. ... **Brandenburg Ensemble**, March 1. ... **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): **Vladimir Ashkenazy** and **Elisabeth Söderström**, Feb. 8. ... **Lazar Berman**, Feb. 9. ... **Philadelphia Orchestra**, Feb. 10 and 24 and March 2. ... **Cleveland Orchestra**, Feb. 11 and 14. ... **San Francisco Symphony**, Feb. 12-13. ... **American Symphony Orchestra**, Feb. 15. ... **Warsaw Sinfonia**, Feb. 15. ... **Orchestra of St. Luke's**, Feb. 17. ... **Warsaw Philharmonic**, Feb. 19. ... **New York Pops**, Feb. 20. ... **American Composers Orchestra**, Feb. 22. ... **Opera Orchestra of New York**, Feb. 22. ... **Salzburg Musici**, Feb. 23. ... **Zoltán Kocsis**, Feb. 26. ... **Montserrat Caballé**, Feb. 27. ... **Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra**, March 1. ... **Boston Symphony**, March 4-5. ... **Vienna Philharmonic**, March 6-7, 9-10, and 12-13. ... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): **Leona Mitchell**, Feb. 8. ... **Marenda Gaither-Graves**, Feb. 15. ... **Jupiter Symphony**, Feb. 16. ... **Waverly Consort**, Feb. 19 and 21. ... **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**, Feb. 22-24 and March 3-5. ... **Mark Peskanov**, Feb. 22. ... **Irene Gubrud**, Feb. 26. ... **Juilliard String Quartet**, Feb. 28. ... **Ensemble for Early Music**, Feb. 28. ... **Andras Schiff**, March 1. ... **Kathleen Battle**, March 1. ... **Maurice André**, March 8. ... **92ND STREET Y** (427-4410): **Garrick Ohlsson**, Feb. 11. ... **New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y**, Feb. 14 and March 7-8. ... **Chamber Music at the Y**, Feb. 24-25. ... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): **Arlene Auger** and **Dalton Baldwin**, Feb. 10. ... **Deller Consort**, Feb. 19. ... **Orlando String Quartet** and **Lilian Kallir**, Feb. 21. ... **Tokyo String Quartet**, Feb. 27. ... **Polish Chamber Philharmonic**, March 4. ... **Guarneri Quartet**, March 7. ... **Simon Estes**, March 9. ... **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): **Orpheus**, Feb. 8. ... **Philharmonia Virtuosi**, Feb. 17.

DANCE—The Merce Cunningham Dance Company, at City Center, March 3-8. ... **The Feld Ballet**, at the Joyce Theatre, March 3-15.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks—"Death and the King's Horseman," written and directed by the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka, winner of the 1986 Nobel Prize in Literature. ... **A new production** of a current London musical, "Starlight Express," with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber and lyrics by Richard Stilgoe. The actors, all on roller skates, portray an array of locomotives, railroad cars, and related parts. ... **The long-awaited "Les Misérables,"** a musical based on that apotheosis of Romanticism by Victor Hugo. It comes to us in an English adaptation—by Trevor Nunn and John Caird—of the original French version by composer Claude-Michel Schönberg and librettist Alain Boublil. Herbert Kretzmer translated the lyrics.

OTHER DATES—Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 9-10. ... **A Paul Klee retrospective** will open at the Museum of Modern Art on Feb. 9. ... **Lincoln's Birthday** is Thursday, Feb. 12. ... **Washington's Birthday** will be observed on Monday, Feb. 16. ... **Spring Armory Antiques Show**, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 5-8. ... **New York Flower Show**, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, March 7-15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Jan. 29: At 6, "A Man Escaped" ("A Condemned Man Escapes," 1956; directed by Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier; at 8:15, "Package Tour" (1984; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian); and, at 10, "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Jan. 30: At 6, "Angi Vera" (1980; Pál Gábor; in Hungarian), with Veronika Papp; at 8, "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1974; Jean Eustache; in French); and, at 10, "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

Jan. 31-Feb. 1: At 4, "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen; at 6, "Angi Vera," at 8, "Mes Petites Amoureuses," and, at 10, "The Aviator's Wife."

Feb. 3-5: At 6, "The Crazy Family" (1986; Sogo Ishii; in Japanese); at 8, "Mes Petites Amoureuses," and, at 10, "Every Man for Himself" (†).

From Feb. 6: At 6, "Painters Painting" (1973; Emile de Antonio), a documentary; at 8, "Amulet of Ogum" (1975; Nelson Pereira Dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "Une Femme Douce" (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "The Color Purple" (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1600) "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Jan. 29: "The Morning After" (†). From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor. From Jan. 30: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow. Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Feb. 5: "Crimes of the Heart" (†). From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) "The Color of Money" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Feb. 5: "Sweet Country" (Michael Cacoyannis), with Jane Alexander and John Cullum.

From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262) "The Morning After" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

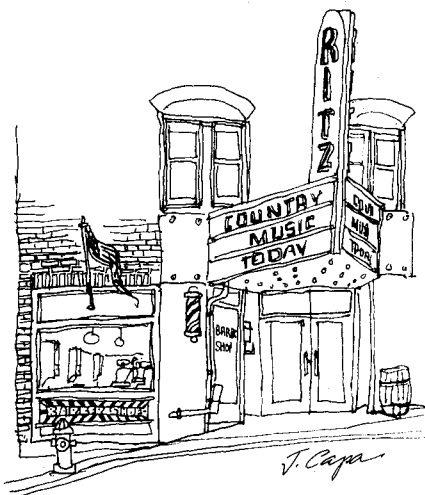
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 30: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Justine Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller),

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Feb. 5: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon. From Feb. 6: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

CINEMA 1 AND 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Defense of the Realm" (David Drury), with Gabriel Byrne.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. From Feb. 6: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (Francis Coppola), with Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†). From Jan. 30: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow. Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"My Sweet Little Village" (Jifi Menzel; a Czech film).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "The Color Purple" (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Jan. 30: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary

Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) "The Morning After" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 3: "The Hour of the Star" (1985; directed by Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From Feb. 4: "Filming Othello" (1978; Orson Welles), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Cannes Goods: International Festival of Award-Winning Commercials" Jan. 30-31: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda. Feb. 1-2: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès. Feb. 3-4: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan. Feb. 5: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese). Feb. 6-7: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre L  aud.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Feb. 6: "Come and See" (Elem Klimov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: (Separate admissions) "My Beautiful Laundrette" (Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warneke, and Daniel Day Lewis; and "Men..." (†). From Jan. 30: (Separate admissions) "Men..." (†); and "Cannes Goods: International Festival of Award-Winning Commercials."

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Morning After" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 5: The New York Gay Film Festival.

From Feb. 6: To be announced.

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).

Theatre 4: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

Theatre 2: (Matin  es only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Something Wild" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Mona Lisa" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Jan. 29: Theatre temporarily closed. From Jan. 30: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur

Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Something Wild" (†).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 5: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†).
From Feb. 6: "One Woman or Two" (Daniel Vigne; in English and French), with Gérard Depardieu, Sigourney Weaver, and Ruth Westheimer.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brighton Beach Memoirs" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Thérèse" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "Comic Magazine" (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese). From Jan. 30: "Ménage" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "El Amor Brajo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Ménage" (†). From Jan. 30: "Malandro" (Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 5: "The Morning After" (†). From Feb. 6: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy. From Jan. 30: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.

Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From Jan. 30: "Comic Magazine" (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.

From Jan. 30: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "Blue Velvet" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso; and "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From Jan. 30: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 29: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor. From Jan. 30 (tentative): "Ménage" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "The Mosquito Coast" (directed by Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 3: "Touch and Go" (Robert Mandel), with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Theatre 4: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).

Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (†).

Theatre 6: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.

Theatre 4: "The Color of Money" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 29: "The Color Purple" (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

From Jan. 30: To be announced.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (No performances Tuesday, Feb. 3.)

R.K.O. NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 5: "The Morning After" (†). From Feb. 6: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

R.K.O. WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Something Special" (†). From Jan. 30: "Deadtime Stories" (Jeffrey Delman).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Jocks" (Steve Carver). From Jan. 30: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone.

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: "Assassination" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland. From Jan. 30: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; directed by Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

Jan. 30-31: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.

Feb. 1-3: "The Sound of Music" (†); and "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.

Feb. 4-5: "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Feb. 6-7: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 28: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Dead Ringer" (1964; Paul Henreid), with Bette Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford.

Jan. 29-31: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore.

Feb. 1-3: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Feb. 4-5: "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" (†) and "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (†).

Feb. 6-7: "The Harvey Girls" (1946; George Sidney), with Judy Garland, John Hodiak, and Angela Lansbury; and "Summer Stock" (1950; Charles Walters), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, and Eddie Bracken.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 28: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Jan. 29: "A Day at the Races" (1937) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935), both directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Jan. 30: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhemina Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Entre Nous" (1984; Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou, Guy Marchand, and Jean-Pierre Bacri.

Jan. 31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

Feb. 1: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; "Treasure" (1923; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film); and "The Golem" (1920; Paul Wegener and Carl Boese; a German silent film).

Feb. 2: "Head" (1968; Bob Rafelson), with the Monkees; and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Feb. 3: "The Learning Tree" (1969; Gordon Parks), with Kyle Johnson; and "Kong's Harvest" (1974; Ossie Davis).

Feb. 4: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985; Yvonne Rainer); and "A Film About a Woman Who..." (1982; Yvonne Rainer).

Feb. 5: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972; Woody Allen), with Allen.

Feb. 6: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.

Feb. 7: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert; and "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting, Joan Plowright, and Denholm Elliott.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 28: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "The Would-Be Gentleman" (1960; Jean Meyer; in French), with Louis Seigner and Jacques Charon.

Jan. 29: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1919; Carl Dreyer; a Danish silent film); and "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French silent film, with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud.

Jan. 30-31: A three-hour program of Three Stooges films.

Feb. 1: "Beethoven" (1936; Abel Gance; in



- French), with Harry Bauer; and "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French), with Edwige Feuillère.
- Feb. 2: "Not Wanted" (1949; Ida Lupino and Elmer Clifton), with Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle; and "I Accuse My Parents" (1944; Sam Newfield), with Mary Beth Hughes and Robert Lowell.
- Feb. 3: "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; and "Call Northside 777" (1948; Henry Hathaway), with James Stewart and Richard Conte.
- Feb. 4: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian); and "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian).
- Feb. 5: "At Long Last Love" (†); and "Can-Can" (1960; Walter Lang), with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.
- Feb. 6-7: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Bongo Man" (1982; Stefan Paul), with Jimmy Cliff.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)**
- Jan. 28: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945; Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "The Fan" (1949; Otto Preminger), with Madeleine Carroll, George Sanders, and Jeanne Crain.
- Jan. 29: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "Man Hunt" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, and John Carradine.
- Jan. 30-31: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Frederic March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.
- Feb. 1: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Human Desire" (†).

- Feb. 2: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.
- Feb. 3: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
- Feb. 4: "Tin Pan Alley" (†); and "The Great American Broadcast" (1941; Archie Mayo), with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and John Payne.
- Feb. 5: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker), the second in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939 †).
- Feb. 6-7: "The Guardsman" (†); and "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: Jan. 29 at 2:30 and 6: "Henry V" (1944; directed by Laurence Olivier), with Olivier. . . . Jan. 30 at 2:30: "The Iceman Cometh" (1946; Sidney J. Furie), with Michael Caine, Nigel Green, and Gordon Jackson. . . . Jan. 30 at 6 and Jan. 31 at 2: "Gone to Earth" ("The Wild Heart"; 1950; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Jennifer Jones, David Ferrar, Cyril Cusack, and Sybil Thorndike. . . . Jan. 31 at 5: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, and Sarah Miles. . . . Feb. 1 at 2: "Charlie Bubbles" (1967; Albert Finney), with Finney, Colin Blakeley, Billie Whitelaw, and Liza Minnelli. . . . Feb. 1 at 5: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. . . . Feb. 2 at

2:30: "Blow-Up." . . . Feb. 2 at 6: "Charlie Bubbles." . . . Feb. 3 at 2:30: "Sunday Bloody Sunday." . . . Feb. 3 at 6: "Frenzy" (1972; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, and Anna Massey. . . . Feb. 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . Feb. 6 at 2:30: "Walkabout" (1970; Nicolas Roeg), with Jenny Agutter. . . . Feb. 6 at 6: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1982; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman. . . . Feb. 7 at 2: "Walkabout." . . . Feb. 7 at 5: "Frenzy."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Growing Up with Rockets" (1984; Nancy Yasecko), a documentary. . . . Jan. 30 at 3: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959; Roger Vadim; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Jeanne Moreau, and Annette Vadim. . . . Jan. 30 at 6:30: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (1961; Jean-Gabriel Albicocco; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers, and Françoise Prevost. . . . Jan. 31 at 2:30 "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." . . . Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Purple Noon" (1960; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Alain Delon, Marie Laforêt, and Maurice Ronet. . . . Feb. 1 at 2:30: "Banana Peel" (1964; Marcel Ophüls; in French, with English subtitles), with Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . Feb. 1 at 5:30: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes." . . . Feb. 6 at 3 and 6:30 and Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 5:30: Four different programs of films by Rudy Burckhardt.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century Film from American Archives," a program of sixty-nine pristine 35-mm. prints, from 1894 to 1915, arranged in six programs. Through Jan. 31: Program I, "An Age of Innocence," contains thirty-five films from 1894 to 1904, with showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2. . . . Feb. 1-7: Program II, "Pleasures and Pitfalls," contains twelve films from 1904-07, with showings Sunday at 3, Tuesday at 1:30, 4, and 6:15, and Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AT LONG LAST LOVE (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy—a relentlessly vapid pastiche of thirties Art Deco romantic-mixup movies. With Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, Eileen Brennan as a comic Irish maid, John Hillerman as an unflappable valet, Duilio Del Prete as a debonair gambler, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, they sound smug, though Madeline Kahn is fairly funny. Also with Mildred Natwick and M. Emmet Walsh. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 5.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly, and Criterion Center. . . . Olympia Quad; through Feb. 5.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS—The 1982 play—the first in Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical trilogy—was acclaimed as a deepening of Simon's talent, a move beyond wisecracking Broadway entertainment to something true. The film is a faithful version, adapted by

Simon himself and directed by Gene Saks, who staged the play for L.A. and Broadway, and it features such celebrated performers as Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, and Judith Ivey. They certainly help, but the whole experience of this lower-middle-class-family drama set in 1937 is so drab that even these performers finally fade into the dark wallpaper. The material doesn't have the noisy abrasiveness of many of Simon's earlier plays-into-films; you're not subjected to verbal exchanges that beat a tattoo on your skull. However, it's not exactly an improvement to get near-realistic misery: his life as a horny fifteen-year-old (Jonathan Silverman), with a closed-minded, suspicious mother (Danner). This woman who kills any possibility of domestic pleasures—it's like living with a hanging judge—would breed rage. But Simon doesn't seem to know what to do with her (or with the boy's responses to her). The film's tone is jokey nostalgia. The boy sees the lunacy in his mother's behavior, but he sees it humorously, as if it gave him no pain. Simon instinctively makes things easy and palatable, and there's a penalty: it's the retrograde, peepless snooziness of the picture. You come out feeling half dead. (1/26/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling devilry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and,

with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forrest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of loneliness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . 34th St. East; through Feb. 5.)

THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Paris; through Feb. 5. . . .) D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 6.)

DOWN BY LAW—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema.)

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF (1980)—The setting is a nameless Swiss city where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Jean-Luc Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. In French. (Public Theatre; Feb. 3-5, at 10.)

UNE FEMME DOUCE (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoyevski's "A Gentle Creature"—Bresson's first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of Bresson's big films, and, like all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Public Theatre; starting Feb. 6, showing at 10.)

THE GUARDSMAN (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the jealous husband (in disguise from his flirtatious wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. The cast includes Roland Young, Ann Dvorak, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6-7.)

HEARTBREAK RIDGE—Clint Eastwood, who directed, plays (so to speak) a Marine gunnery sergeant—a Medal of Honor winner from the Korean War and a decorated Vietnam vet—whose abhorrence of being put in a passive sexual position seems to be what makes him super-tough and manly. The marines in his platoon stand waiting while Old Gunny wraps his jowls around witless scurrilous insults, all involving what he's going to shove up their orifices. In the last half hour, the film presents proof of what Gunny's training does for his platoon: it celebrates Grenada as a victory that evens the score, after a tie in Korea and a loss in Vietnam. This movie is offensive on just about every level. Written by James Carabatsos; with Marsha Mason, Mario Van Peebles, Everett McGill, Moses Gunn, Eileen Heckart, Bo Svenson, Boyd

Gaines, and Arlen Dean Snyder. (12/29/86) (Criterion Center.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. The cast here includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, Beryl Mercer, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

HUMAN DESIRE (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which had been turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures. Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. The movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style irksomeness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. Directed by Frank Oz. (1/12/87) (New Gramercy, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY (1938)—Immensely entertaining. The fourth and perhaps the most charming of the Andy Hardy series, Louis B. Mayer's make-believe vision of Middle America. There's a sweet sly joke: Judy Garland saying softly and tentatively to Mickey Rooney, "I sing, you know." In addition to Judy (who sings "In-Between"), the girls in Mickey's life include the teen-age Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, and Cecilia Parker, as his sister. Lewis Stone is Judge Hardy, and Fay Holden his wife. George B. Seitz directed. The songs include "It Never Rains But It Pours." (Regency; Feb. 4-5.)

MEN...—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

MENAGE—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, one night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Jan.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29.... ♪ Lincoln Plaza; starting Jan. 30....
 ♪ Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hang-outs, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Guild.)

THE MORNING AFTER—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember ever meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, and Waverly.... ♪ Bay Cinema; through Jan. 29.... ♪ Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin; through Feb. 5.)

PLATOON—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozier—a psycho, whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious,

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7

but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema.)

SOMETHING WILD—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie; there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta, Dana Preu, and Margaret Colin. (11/17/86) (New Carnegie.... ♪ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (1965)—Whom could this operetta, set in Austria in 1938, offend? Only those of us who loathe being manipulated and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. The dauntless, scrubbed-face heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, and Marni Nixon. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Cinema Village; Feb. 1-3.)

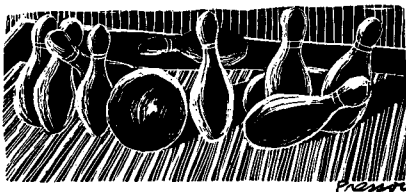
STAR TREK IV: THE VOYAGE HOME—Things are fairly comatose in space, and you may start feeling passive and depressed, but then the seven crewmates travel from the twenty-third century back to twentieth-century San Francisco to save a pair of humpback whales, and the encounters there between the seven and the more primitive San Franciscans allow for a few modest jokes. Here's a typical scene: Chekov (Walter Koenig) has been badly injured and is unconscious in a hospital, where

he is about to undergo an emergency operation. In order to save him from the barbarities of twentieth-century surgery, Bones (DeForest Kelley) hurriedly—and furtively—cures him by placing a small disk on his forehead. The scene is meant to be comic, but, with Leonard Nimoy directing, Chekov doesn't wake immediately—he wakes gradually; and when he's asked his name and rank he takes so long answering that any possible humor leaks out of the scene (which has no other reason for existence). Some of the kidding around is fairly lighthearted, and William Shatner's Kirk is less stoic here than in "III"—he's pleasantly daft. The others in the crew also have an easy, parodistic tone. But the picture doesn't have much beyond the interplay among them and the jokey scenes in San Francisco. The shots are framed like old TV, and you won't find much suspense, or any colorful, villainous adversaries—no one like Ricardo Montalban's fiery Khan in "II" (the only stirring film in the series), and no one as amusing as Christopher Lloyd's funky, hissing Klingon in the generally lethargic "III." There's practically nothing to look at, and almost every effect involving the actors is too slow. The crewmates are supposed to be technical wizards of the twenty-third century, but they deliver their lines as if they were ancient tortoises who had to get their heads out and up before they could say anything. It's a relief to hear two San Francisco garbagemen talk, because there's some energy in their voices, and when Madge Sinclair turns up for a minute, as the captain of the S. S. Saratoga, her crisp, urgent tone is like a handclap. Screenplay by Steve Meerson, Peter Krikes, Harve Bennett, and Nicholas Meyer; story by Nimoy and Bennett. Catherine Hicks is the teary-eyed marine biologist; Jane Wyatt and John Schuck also turn up. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.... ♪ Loews New York Twin; through Jan. 29.)

THÉRÈSE—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. For Thérèse, carnal passion and spiritual passion seem fused. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is too measured for you to get any sense that you're observing life in a convent. He walls off Thérèse's inner struggle, and since nothing happens to her outwardly, she becomes only an aesthetic or possibly erotic object. And after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY (1937)—Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and Sophie Tucker in an oddball M-G-M film, directed by Alfred E. Green. There's a good song—"Got a Pair of New Shoes." (Regency; Feb. 4-5.)

TIN PAN ALLEY (1940)—Big, splashy, pinheaded musical in the tasteless Twentieth Century-Fox style, with Alice Faye (the Fox queen of the thirties, on her way down), Betty Grable (scheduled to become the Fox queen of the forties), the Nicholas Brothers, Jack Oakie, Billy Gilbert, and that Fox inevitable John Payne. The numerous songs include "Honey-suckle Rose," "You Say the Sweetest Things," "The Sheik of Araby," "On Moonlight Bay," and "K-K-K-Katy." Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 4.)



REFLECTIONS ON JULIE

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absolute passion
for Billie Holiday.

Tells me bluntly
she sees nothing
in Picasso.

And then there's
her legs...Julie's legs.

SILK REFLECTIONS
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Silk Reflections
Pantyhose.
In 21 inspiring
colors and designs.

They built



Genoa from Cotton
and 14th century

ABOVE: View of Genoa from the
Taras-Pan-Sides, and 14th
century



the bridge.

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At the height of their power under Suleyman, the Ottoman Turks ruled large areas of Europe, Asia and Africa. Faced with the imperial need to understand a bewildering variety of conflicting cultures — and the compelling need to maintain their own — they attempted the impossible, and succeeded. They created an art that harmonized opposites — austere and lush, concisely clear and impenetrably complex — and found pure beauty in pure design. In doing so, they made of themselves and their art a bridge between East and West, a bridge that still serves the modern world.

That's one reason why we are supporting this exhibition and why we urge you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the art of innovation knows no boundaries, including the seemingly impossible, and that one of the noblest works of art is a bridge between cultures.



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National Tour:

National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, January 25, 1987-May 17, 1987
The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL., June 13, 1987-September 7, 1987
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y., October 4, 1987-January 17, 1988

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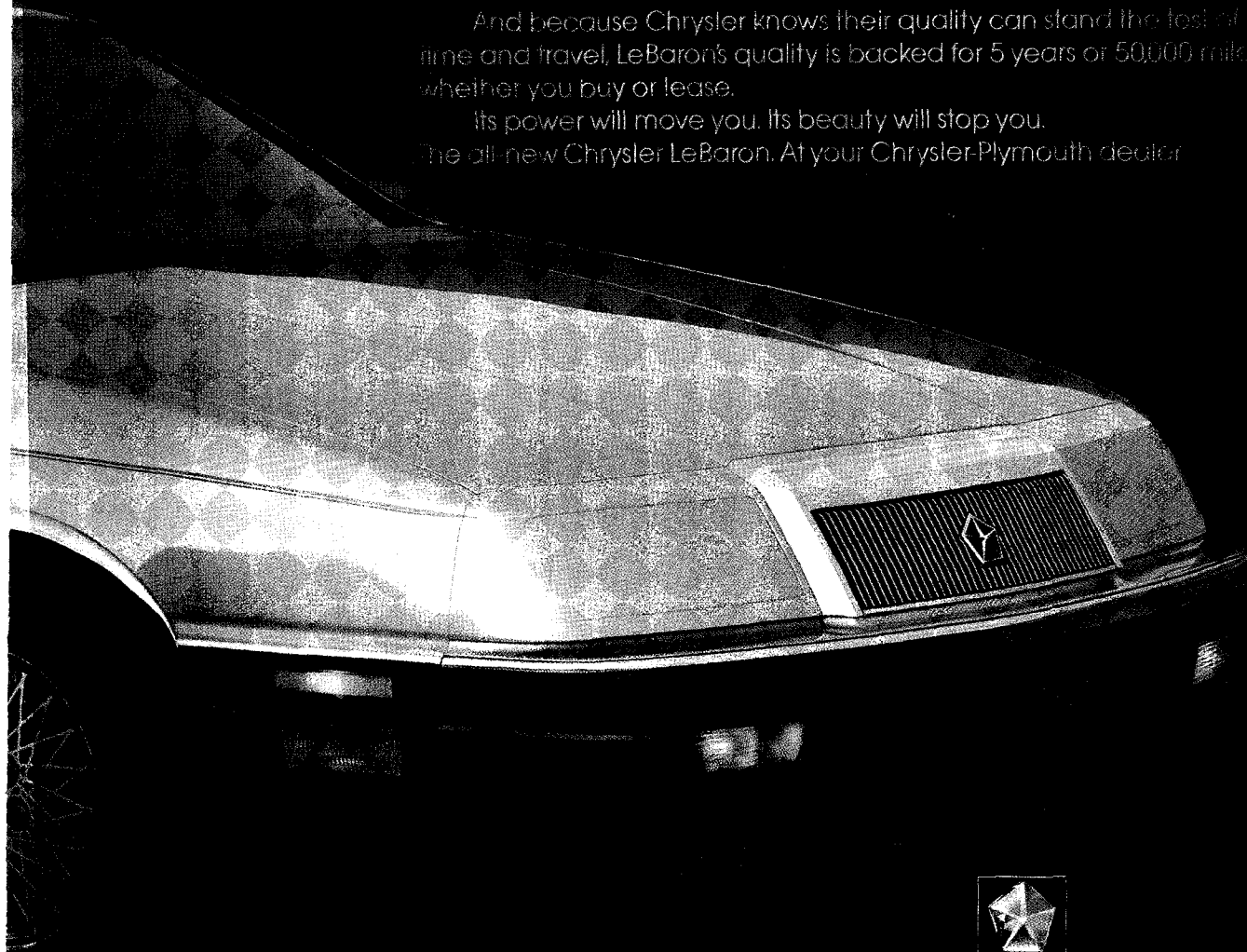
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

POLITICS and fashion have always had a close resemblance. The political person and the fashionable person are both interested more in collective man than in individual man. Both would like to start a contagion: neither is interested in originality except insofar as it promises to be popular; neither is interested in the new thing unless it is also going to be the next thing. Yet something in all of us rebels against this kinship; we have some feeling that people's political views should be formed by something other than fashion—or “mere fashion,” as we are likely to say. Politics, we'd like to think, deals with the world and events, and responds to the world and to events. Lately, misgivings have been aroused by news from Madison Avenue that the national mood of happy feelings and patriotism which was apparently both induced and politically used by the Reagan Administration has run its course, in politics and also in commercial advertising. That much has the sound of good news, for the patriotism was curiously unconnected to the main virtue that gives patriotism its dignity—a willingness to make sacrifices. And this virtue (for example, in the matter of being willing to pay higher taxes to reduce the federal budget deficit) has itself been notably absent. Yet the manner in which the change has come about is disturbing. Until just the other day, waving the flag, playing “America, the Beautiful,” and merely using the word “America” over and over seemed to be the ticket to getting a candidate elected or a product sold. Well, that's all finished—at least, according to a recent article in the *Washington Post* by Barbara Lippert called “It's the Morning After in America.” The young, in particular, are surfeited with this

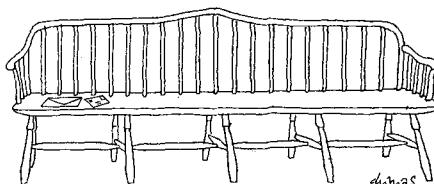
variety of patriotism, her sources tell her. Advertisers, she reports, are done with the “feel-good-America patriotic bender,” and are “just waking up to the new climate.” The new climate is “cynical as hell,” one advertising man tells her. “Finally, the baby boomers have taken over,” he goes on. “Basically, they don't even see this America stuff in . . . commercials. They just want to work fifteen hours a day and go to restaurants and eat grilled vegetables.” Another version of this morning after is offered by the *Times*, in an article called “Liberals Peek Out and See Spring.” “Concepts” that were “out of vogue” in the capital, we are told, are suddenly chic—concepts such as “Medicaid expansion, work programs, compassion, commitment, conscience.” Not only that but “Washington hostesses” now fail to “wince” if homeless people are mentioned at their dinner parties. What's more, “belts with a peace-symbol design sell well in fashionable boutiques.” To be sure, the reported new vogue for compassion and conscience might seem to be on a collision course with the reported vogue for cynicism. Apparently, it is just that both are in reaction to the same thing—the political mood of the Reagan years. This is the “pendulum” theory of politics with a vengeance. The politics of the Reagan years is being rejected because people are “patriotism-sated,” and their new mood requires something else. For some it's cynicism, for others it's conscience, but, whatever it is, it has come into being, it seems, only in response to what went before, and independently of

whatever may actually be happening in the world. Fashion may be indifferent to events, but events, which are impervious to fashion, continue to take place.

Nature

WHAT was New York like forty years ago? Why, there were jazz bands everywhere—you went into a coffee shop for breakfast (a nickel, breakfast cost, for steak and eggs) and chances were that Benny Goodman and Dizzy Gillespie were jamming at, like, nine in the morning. Many bohemian and interesting people lived in the Greenwich Village section, and Peter, Paul, and Mary hung out down there, or almost. And poetry! You could stand in the middle of Eighth Street with your eyes closed and throw a snowball (it snowed more then: nice, clean snow) and chances were you'd hit a poet—either that or a man who would repair your shoes for you. Another person you might hit was a Brooklyn Dodger, and he would say something in a funny sort of fractured English. But then events took place, some of them having to do with Donald Trump, and we're left with New York as it is today. Also, all famous jazz musicians died.

Ten thousand years ago—this is all true—New York state was filled with mastodons, woolly mammoths, Jefferson's mammoths (the Jefferson's mammoth looks as if he should be wearing a knit scarf and carrying a chemistry book in his trunk; he represents the megafauna that did well in school), enormous ground sloths, tapirs, and giant beavers. *Beavers five feet tall.* “We don't know all that much about the giant beavers, though we do have a very nice skull,” said David Steadman, a paleontologist with the State Museum in Albany, when we talked with



him last week. "They seem to have been too big to live in burrows, to lead the modern beaver life style. I dressed up as one for our Halloween party last year." We were talking to Mr. Steadman (who had been described to us as "brilliant" and "very, very smart" by some other people) because he helped put together the State Museum's new permanent display on New York during and immediately after the Ice Age.

Ten thousand years ago, by which time the ice had receded from New York, and the state's first human residents, wandering Paleo-Indian hunters, had entered, is not so long ago. It's only about four hundred generations ago. We know five generations in our own family—that's an eightieth of the way back to the Ice Age. No one, unfortunately, wrote down anything that was happening back then, so even the best archeologists can only guess. "The Paleo-Indians are known mainly from their stone tools, so anything you can tell from a spear point, fine," Mr. Steadman said. One can tell a surprising amount from spear points; the flint for some New York weaponry, for instance, came from North Dakota. "They wouldn't carry points, because once they're sharpened they're pretty fragile—too easy to break. They'd carry blanks, and when they wanted a point they'd chip one," Mr. Steadman said. A little more is known about the animals, but only a little. A fragment of carbonized mastodon hide found outside Milwaukee a few years ago forced revision of the widely held belief that mastodons were shaggy creatures; a life-size model built by the museum taxidermist, David LaPlante, is the first in the world to be appropriately clad in a sort of brown Astroturf. "Mammoths did have long hair, but primarily as a windbreak thing," Mr. LaPlante told us.

And what became of the giant beaver, the enormous ground sloth, the mammoths woolly and Jeffersonian, the mastodon, the tapirs, and the rest? "I'm a big believer in the theory that those paleohunters pretty much wiped them out," Mr. Steadman said. "These animals had evolved in the absence of human predators, so you could probably walk right up to them with your fluted-point spear and stick it in. The population of the Indians probably increased geometrically, because the area contained unlimited resources. But within a thousand years they man-

aged to wipe out most of the things they had been eating."

SOME other news from nature: The Amateur Astronomers Association of New York—an organization whose following seems to be overwhelmingly male, and divided between men in their middle years and boys wearing letter jackets from the Bronx High School of Science—presented at its most recent monthly lecture a local professor, Samuel Storch, who talked about all the things there are to see in the sky, and especially about the hundred and ten anomalies listed by Charles Messier, a French astronomer of the eighteenth century, who, from his Paris rooftop ("He could hear the bells of a hundred churches while he observed"), hunted for comets. Since a comet would show up as a slight fugitive smudge in his two-inch telescope, Messier catalogued all the permanent smudges, so he wouldn't always have to stop just after he swept by them and wonder what they were. "The celestial nuisances," he called them. (He himself was known as "the comet ferret.") To each he assigned a number: Messier 1 turned out to be the Crab nebula in Taurus, M 31 the Great galaxy in Andromeda, M 42 the Great nebula in the sword of Orion ("All the younger folk look at Orion and see He-Man," said Professor Storch, who leads regular star-watching expeditions), and so on.

Professor Storch projected a number of beautiful pictures on the screen: the Lagoon nebula; the Eagle nebula; the Omega, Swan, or Checkmark nebula; the Ring nebula ("like a little tiny Cheerio"); the Dumbbell nebula; the Owl nebula; the Black-Eye galaxy; the Sombrero galaxy; and many other Messier finds. "Two and a half centuries ago, they were nuisances. Now they are the backbone of observing," Professor Storch said, and he recommended that everyone, on a night next month with a clear sky and a weak moon, dress warmly and go out to try and find all hundred and ten Messier objects in that single night. "Around the middle of March, we can pick up all but one or two of the objects," he said. "Just as the sun is setting in the west, you pick up M 31. Then you work your way slowly back east until you come to Heartbreak Hill—that's in the Virgo cluster, where there are easily a dozen and a half galaxies in a tiny piece of sky. They look like chalk

smears. If you get past that, you work your way through the summer skies and then the autumn, and just as the sun is rising you should pick up the last two or three. In 1984, I got a hundred and seven out of a possible hundred and nine. I could have had a hundred and eight, but my line of sight was cut by a tree three blocks away." The middle-aged portion of the crowd seemed to especially enjoy Professor Storch's talk, while a few of the Bronx Science contingent made occasional wisecracks and took out what looked like homework. But everyone nodded agreement when he said, "We have to hunt very hard with our six-, eight-, and ten-inch telescopes to see some of these objects. And to think he could see them from the middle of Paris with his two-inch scope! What a dark sky he must have had! No sodium-vapor street lights, that's for sure."

ON another cold day, a day when the Ice Age seemed only five or six thousand years ago (during the Ice Age, Mr. Steadman had said, you could just walk right up to the edge of the ice sheets), we found ourself following a pair of Urban Park Rangers around the northern end of Central Park—part of which was added to the Park only as an afterthought, and which still doesn't get anything like the traffic of the more pastoral south, even though, as one of the Rangers pointed out, it is cooler in the summer, because it is higher up and catches the breeze. It also seemed to be pretty well cooled in the winter. We didn't see any wildlife, though we went to Rabbit Hill. "There are also rats, two-legged and four-legged," said Louise, one of the Rangers, "and perhaps raccoons." Several years ago, some parrots escaped from their owner and lived in the Park quite happily, and they may still be there. We also saw some Japanese knotweed, and several of the wonderful Olmstedian bridges across the swampy, almost unknown (considering that it's a couple of hundred yards from Ninety-seventh Street) Loch.

LATER, we went out to the Bronx Zoo. If you go there in winter, it is practically deserted, and you have the animals to yourself—even the baby gorillas, who were tossing a big toy car around and slapping each other on the back. We also saw some wal-drapps (a Turkish sort of bird, for whom neither the word "beautiful"



nor the word "ugly" will do, but who certainly isn't in between, either), a Bali mynah, a Fly River turtle, a least weasel, a white-crested laughing thrush, an Indian mongoose, a pen-tailed bettong (a tiny, amphetaminic kangaroo), a Kodiak bear (sound asleep outdoors in the rain), some gibbons, and a nene, or Hawaiian goose. The nene was surrounded by a fence, but between us and the fence—on open ground—another animal suddenly flashed by. It ran to a tree, it scratched in the dry leaves, it patted them with its small hands. It could have *bitten* us if it had wanted to—there was no cage. We looked at this small creature, a squirrel, for a long time, and felt the beginnings of an epiphany—something about realizing that nature was close at hand and all around us and inside us, too—but then we heard a roar from the general direction of the polar bears and went off to investigate.

00501

AS April 15th draws closer, and more than nine million conscientious, law-abiding citizens in our neighborhood gird up once again to support Oliver North et al. by sending more than fourteen billion not previously withheld dollars to "Internal Revenue Service, Holtsville, N.Y. 00501," a reader has asked us, not unreasonably, "Just what and where is this Holtsville, anyway?" Herewith a carbon of our "Dear Reader" reply:

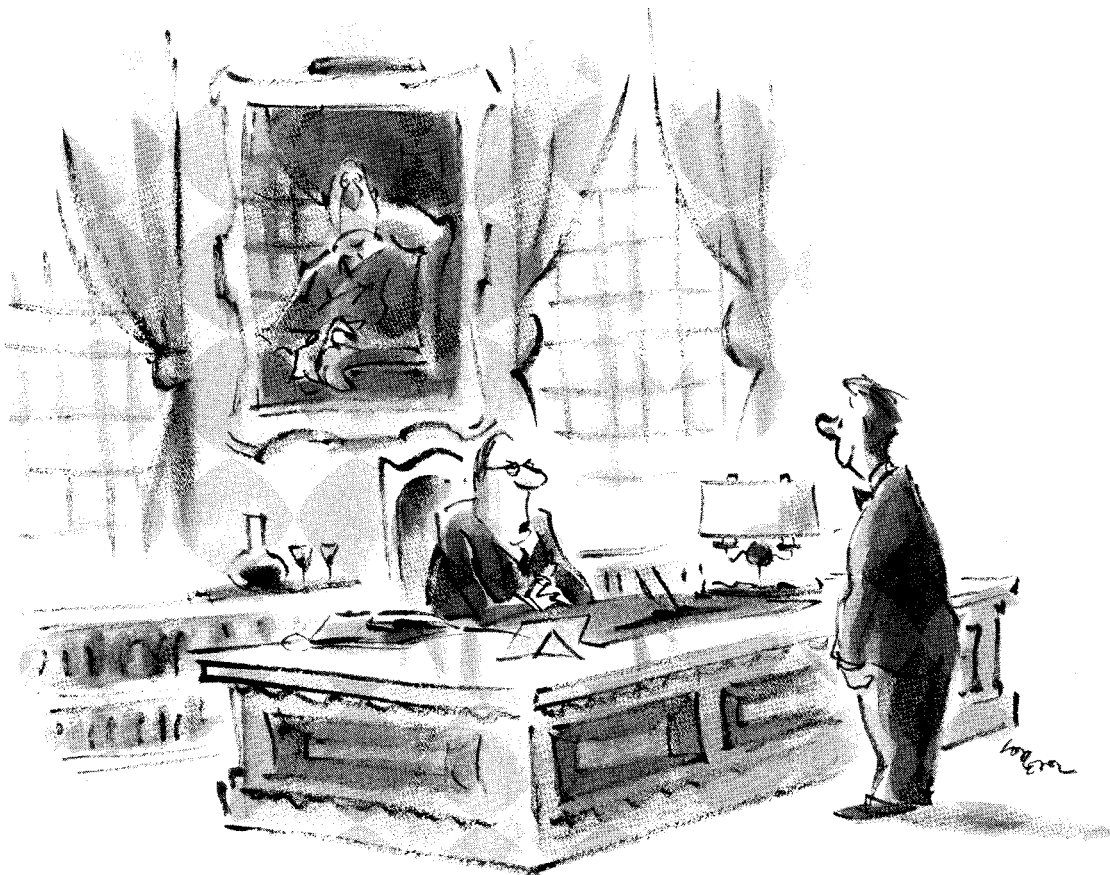
Holtsville, N.Y., which for some reason we had always thought was up around Utica or Troy or one of those places, turns out to be, insofar as it exists at all, on Long Island. It's near Patchogue, Bay Shore, and their ilk—about an hour and a half from Manhattan (when there's no railroad strike) on the L.I. Expressway. Exit 61. Don't look for any "Entering Holtsville" signs, because there aren't any. Don't look for a police station or a mayor's

office or a town hall. Negative. Yes, Reader, there is a Holtsville firehouse (volunteers, three spanking engines, one rescue-squad vehicle). It's characteristic of the mystique of Holtsville, N.Y. 00501, that ninety per cent of the dispatches you and your kind address to Holtsville never physically pass through its post office but instead are trucked, in their hundreds of thousands, straight to the I.R.S.'s Brookhaven Service Center (Brookhaven is an honest-to-goodness town, and Holtsville lies within it, more or less) from the *Hicksville* mail-processing center, thirty-two miles to the west; even some tax returns posted as far east of Holtsville as Montauk follow that route. Holtsville is served, it may not surprise you by now to hear, by four hospitals, none of which are in Holtsville.

Now, where were we? Oh, yes. We learned much of the foregoing at the United States Post Office, the very hub of Holtsville, at the intersection of Long Island Avenue and Waverly Avenue, and not far from Genevieve's School of Dance, Drake Bakeries, Samsons Auto Sales, County Wide Ice Cream, and Fritz's Deli. Our

mentor was none other than the Holtsville postmaster himself, Jerry Minogue, who has been on the scene three years; whose lobby bulletin board alerted us to the F.B.I.'s search for Gilbert Winfield Chilton, WANTED for Interstate Transportation in Aid of Racketeering-Bribery; and who was kind enough to give us a no-nonsense territorial description of Holtsville—about sixteen square miles, bounded on the west by Nichols Road, on the east by North Ocean Avenue, on the north by Portion Road, and on the south by Woodside Avenue. The area within these confines, where Minogue's faithful carriers make their appointed rounds—the post office also has three hundred and sixty actual boxes, for folks who like to fetch their mail themselves, and a figurative "P.O. Box 400," don't ask us why, for the editor of the I.R.S. center's house organ—has thirteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine inhabitants. *Their* zip address is Holtsville, N.Y. 11742. Holtsville, N.Y. 00501, you see, is used exclusively for tax-related correspondence destined for the B.S.C.

Postmaster Minogue graciously of-



"Let me put it this way, Haroldson. Here at Bannister, Redman & Pinter, we do not consider life one part Seagrams and two parts fun."

ferred to guide us on a tour of Holtsville, which he said we could pretty much blanket in twenty minutes. It consists mostly of single-family, single-story, modestly proportioned private homes, we observed, some of which, we heard later, are going, these bizarre days, for the equivalent of a half-million or so first-class stamps. Holtsville, much of which a generation ago was farmland (potatoes, strawberries), has three grade schools and a junior high, which are in the Sachem Central School District (local children go on to Sachem High School, which is in the hamlet of Lake Ronkonkoma); a cemetery, the Patchogue Hebrew (but no synagogue or church); a Y.M.C.A. (but no Y.W.C.A.); several pizza parlors; and a used-furniture store. Among the larger commercial enterprises are ISC Cardion Electronics, the Grumman Corporation, the Precision Container Corporation (cardboard), and Metropolitan Distributors (tobacco, candy, sundries). We were driven past, but in twenty minutes couldn't gambol in, Holtsville Park, which used to be a Brookhaven town dump but now has three swimming pools (Olympic, diving, kids') and three resident bison, whose descendants, our knowledgeable escort informed us, would, aeons from now, trample flat the ground they tread, as had their ancestors out West, aeons ago, enabling the Great Plains to claim that name.

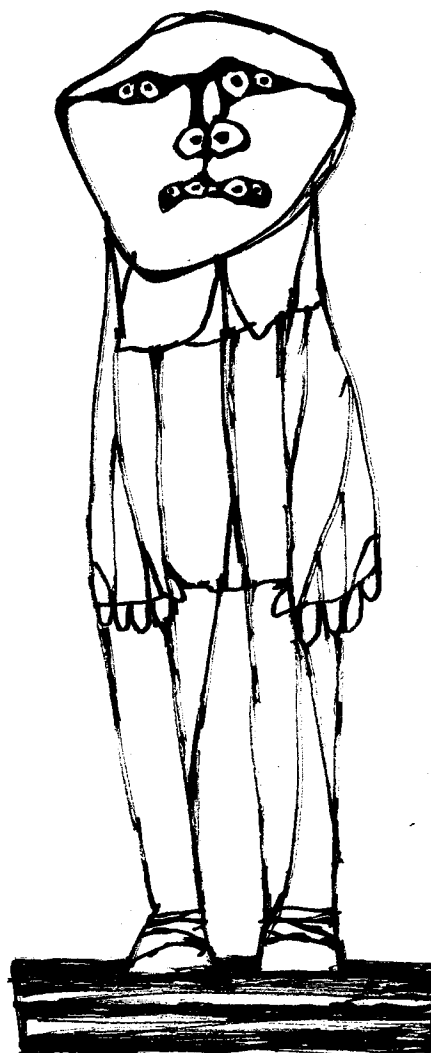
Mr. Minogue deposited us at Holtsville's primary *raison d'être*, also probably its *pièce de résistance*—the I.R.S.'s sprawling Brookhaven enclave. There we were welcomed by the center's public-affairs officer, Joanne Luciani, who is a true-blue Islander, and by its director, Bob G. Hughes, who is a Texas transplant and, though he has been at Holtsville (or Brookhaven) for three years now, still wears cowboy boots to work. On prominent display in his office was "The Price Waterhouse Guide to the New Tax Law." "I'm just a dumb country boy," Mr. Hughes told us, "and I've read it three times." His center, we learned, is the latest—dating back only to 1972—of ten such regional collection points around the nation. The B.S.C. is responsible for processing returns from New York City, Long Island, Westchester and Rockland Counties, and all of New Jersey, and it covers a whopping half-million-plus square feet of floor space. It was built, for thirty-two million of your 1972 dollars, on sixty-seven acres rented to the federal

government by the town of Brookhaven, which has ever since collected an annual two million dollars as its reward. The center has six computer systems, a permanent staff of two thousand, and at peak seasons, like late winter and early spring, again as many temps. It handles roughly twenty-eight million pieces of mail a year. In 1985, it tallied up nearly ninety-four billion dollars, including thirty-three million in gift taxes and eighty-nine million in diesel-fuel taxes. The B.S.C. operates around the clock, and it likes to have its mail delivered at midnight, so it can extract your hard-earned funds—it boasts a couple of computerized envelope-slitting and sorting contraptions, each of which can cope with as many as twenty-five thousand bar-coded missives an hour—and get them banked and starting to draw interest for the feds that very afternoon. (But at one stage of your money's passage along the processing pipeline, we were

elated to perceive, nobody had yet figured out an automatic, electronic, or robotic substitute for the paper clip.) Scattered around the premises are boxes in which employees may, if they choose, put their personal returns postage-free. Mr. Hughes said that he himself, however, always mails his in, mainly to check the response time but also in order not to seem to be depriving the Treasury Department he works for of a rightful twenty-two cents. He also said that his return gets reviewed every year and that that's as it should be. He is fifty-five, and when he retires it will be to Long Island, the climate of which he finds infinitely preferable to that of Texas. "Long Island people have received me beautifully," said the I.R.S. panjandrum, who gets *his* household mail through the post office at Medford, N.Y. 11763. Mr. Hughes has but one complaint about his job. "I live only one point three miles from the center, but I don't know where I live," he said. "Is it really Medford? Or is it Patchogue? Or maybe Holbrook? When I arrived here, I naturally wanted to learn who'd cover my home in case of fire, so I called several departments, and the Medford department was good enough to say that it might. Incidentally, when people ask me where I work—where, that is, Holtsville is—I generally say something like 'We're on Long Island. Suffolk County. Vicinity of Patchogue. You can't miss it.'"

Holiday

THE holiday celebrating the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., is settling gradually into American life. Dr. King's meaning and message are as difficult and necessary today as they were when he lived and took the most important steps since our Civil War to right the worst wrong in American life, so it is perhaps not surprising that the meaning and the message still engender discomfort, uneasiness, and controversy. Not the least surprising aspect of it all is that King is the first pacifist in this country to be honored by a holiday. In some parts of the nation, observance is not enthusiastic, not heartfelt; in others, there is no observance. In Arizona, the recently elected governor rescinded a decision by the previous governor that the state should celebrate the occasion. Yet in most of the United States the holiday proceeded smoothly, and for millions of schoolchildren it came and went as part of the established



Joe Blow

order of things—as if it had always been there. They were hearing about King for the first time, but then they were hearing about everything in our grownup world for the first time. We went down to P.S. 234, in lower Manhattan, the other day to talk to some second graders, and to hear what they thought about Dr. King, whose life they had heard something about from their teacher, Mrs. Laura Schwartzberg. P.S. 234 started as an annex, but it will soon have a building of its own, which is under construction nearby; for now, it occupies a wing of Independence Plaza, a high-rise apartment building that looks out on the Hudson a few blocks north of Battery Park City. In our experience, second graders still have in them somewhere a

two-year-old, which can break out at any moment, but they also have in them an incipient adult—say, a twenty-five-year-old. During our visit, the twenty-five-year-old clearly had the upper hand in many cases for a lot of the time.

When we entered, the children were sitting in two rows on the floor around a blackboard, being led in a word game by Mrs. Schwartzberg, a young woman with short red hair, whose manner combines warmth and authoritative-ness. After the game was over, we asked the children what they thought about Dr. King. Hands shot up.

"He was a very nice man," Moira, a girl Mrs. Schwartzberg called on, said, with an air of summing up.

"He was a man who was trying to get them the right to do what they wanted," a girl named Jessie said.

"Which people?" we asked.

"Black people!" chorused the class, which included a number of black children.

"They wanted freedom," Jessie went on. "They wanted to be able to do whatever they wanted to do."



"Don't you have any pot holders that aren't cute?"

"Martin Luther King and his friends blocked the road in front of the White House," Ian said. "The cops couldn't move them. There were too many. One of the people made a speech saying to let them have freedom."

Mrs. Schwartzberg stepped in to say, "You are all talking about freedom. What *kind* of freedom do you mean?"

Hands strained to give answers.

"Rosa Parks couldn't sit on the bus where she wanted to," Simon said. "She *had* to sit in the front of the bus."

"The *back* of the bus!" many called out.

"White people also wanted to sit in the back of the bus, and they couldn't," Amanda said.

"White people made more money," Reggie said. "They went to college more, and learned more. Martin Luther King was assassinated."

"White people went to one bathroom, and black people went to another bathroom," Seth said. "I wonder why. It's a waste of pipes."

"Everything was separate," Mat-

thew said. "They couldn't go to the same bathrooms or movie theatres. They had a big water fountain for whites and a little water fountain for blacks. It was never black and white together."

A certain division was occurring in the class. In the front row, some of the more eager talkers were raising their hands so high and stretching them so far toward us that they had to inch forward on their knees to keep from falling, and the front row was getting nearer and nearer to us, but in the back row there was wriggling, and side conversations were breaking out. These began to get louder.

"All right!" Mrs. Schwartzberg boomed. "Now! One. Two. Three." By the time she reached "Three," all wriggling and chattering had stopped.

We asked the children what they liked best about Dr. King.

"He didn't fight with fists. He fought with words and stuff," Ian said.

"If he wasn't around, all the rules might have stayed the same," Dylan said.

"He was very kind," Kristine said.



THE LAUGH

S. L. carries me down the front stairs in the skinny channel of the stairwell and then the slowly spreading space of the hall with the front door open, through a screen door, to the streaked, busied air outside, where the rain falls heavily, without wind, without lightning.

"Let's go out. We'll steal an umbrella. Let's have us a little breath of *airea purea*: a man needs a little peace." S.L., my adoptive father, is talking.

Sometimes, when I concentrate, it's as if I had fallen down a deep hole.

"Let's just take this blue jobby." An umbrella. "We got a houseful of eyes watching every little thing we do. We'll play truant here."

In the front room, people are talking, and the wooden house shivers with the voices. My sister, Nonie, who is thirteen, made a scene when the rain was a thunderstorm; and she convinced us all, in her terror (and her sense of terror), for a while that this was an irremediably bad world.

In the front room, the people are a party. Everything everybody notices is in one sense or another remarkable and strange. The cloud-ed-substance thing is in S.L.'s hand. He closes the screen door quietly: coarse blond hairs on his arm grow wet and flat—wet disks, half disks. Then, just above me, a heavy blue moon opens and rides and thumps in oscillant and scary and amusing repetition. Blue light gathers on the sad oscillations of S.L.'s eyes: on the rounds of his eyes, on his forehead, on his hair glides the color blue. The watery coherence of the rain and of my breath, as opposed to the crashing of voices behind us in the house, in the front room, is clear here, where I am, under the ribbed vault, the early example of twilight, the portable porch.

"You're good for what ails me," S.L. whispers. And: "Do you like me?"

He said, "I used to be

crazy about my father." Then he said, "I'm a good guy. You can like me back: it's O.K."

I was a three-year-old kid, mute still but not a cripple anymore, odd in mood but able to walk—adopted in a state of helplessness and now not helpless, only silent. S.L.'s mood is melodramatically gentle, the paternal-erotic. His throat moves with a skipping tempo. "I idolize you, kiddo . . ."

Raindrops hit the small, quivering roof of the tiny bandstand. The pergola of the umbrella shakes. "This'll flood out the farmers. Kiddo, pity the poor farmers." He stares at the rain.

Nonie is napping now. When the lightning part of the storm was over, she said, she experimented with, "*I wasn't scared*; Wiley was. I helped Wiley; he's sweet. I like him; I'm like a mother to him."

It's hard to imagine the self-approval in someone near you. Maybe it's impossible.

"Have you had enough of a whiff of *airea purea*?" How does life inhere in angels? Like melancholy in the forward plunge of a confession.

Daddy kissed my slightly abraded

throat. Nonie choked me when she was frantic. She was holding me as a shield and a companion against the storm, thinking maybe that any shield would do, or that the child's innocence was a shield.

The straining and visionary girl moves flatly in memory, painted on the occurrence of rain.

S.L. says, "It's hard. Women are hard. But would you rather share a house with an elephant? You look so serious, you make me laugh."

The me of my face when I was a child holds his attention. The rain falls with a curious regularity. Maybe S.L. thinks the child's face explains something. Perhaps it fails to explain it. Turning away sharply from the regularity of the rain, he closes the blue jobby and pulls open the screen door, and we go back inside the shade of the house. He lets the screen door slam—blam-rattle-ting-ting—and we are in a smell of damp, the momentary near-dark of the hall; we restore the umbrella: "After all, we're not thieves."

A woman crossing the hall, after using the bathroom; her face enlarges with the white of an abrupt smile: the sight of *us* does that. "Life's a strug-



"For God's sake, Felton, would you stop with that 'He-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e's So-and-So'?"

gle—I'm a quitter: how about you?" he says to her. She blinks and goes on smiling. Maybe quitters survive if they quit at the right time. Maybe not. Daddy is a grown and heroic sort of man; and the rule, then, is it's not necessary to spare him anything.

Talk from the front room is about a local problem. "—the itinerants, the farm itinerants get drunk . . ."

"Well, those heartless bastards who run things mess things up."

Cruel overseers, hallucinating figures in a field—befouled pastoral.

We're in the wide archway: everyone here has advanced past my state of ignorance. Leo Cohen, small nose,

large, doughy eyes, observes us. Also watching are Carol Forzheimer and Rosemary Ellenson, blinkingly; low-kneed, wide-bottomed Margaret Carl-sen: some clever quitters; others.

"Is yellow your favorite color? I read that it's unusual to have yellow be your favorite color."

"Does God know we're here? I ask you."

"God would approve if he knew, believe me."

S.L. is in an exalted mood; he's someone just now with an almost infinite soul.

"I don't mind the rain; I have the constitution of a horse. I'm a horse's ass, howsomever. Ha-ha."

The room has flutters in it. That is, the rainlight, the rain shadows are like that. In my view, they make a wind-shaken trumpet lily of my thigh. People's eyes flicker in this light like the faces of children seen running on the other side of a chain-link fence. The tactful oddities of vision are misrepresented sometimes by my smile. He carries me at an angle across the room. We go around and in front of people. A wet paint of amusement is on a childish face; a tide of shadows is loose in the room, over shoal after shoal of heads and chair backs and shoulders—minnow shadows. And big-lipped Daddy and I are here.

"I like horses' names: Spectacular Fool, Man o' War," he says to someone.

At a party, S.L. is a permanent agent of counter-chagrin.

A blond, thin man with a pretentiously romantic face is saying, in a frail but lyrical voice, "I would advise you to give a thirsty man a kiss." What does that mean? His tone is set, but his intentions are as yet unformed. It is Daddy.

A woman is speaking of someone: her voice has a tensed, springing quality, as if she were doing something onstage—that burst of energy and release of nerves in speaking at last: "He's *divine*, he's *not* ordinary, he's *dee-vine*."

Daddy is parading. Hope and I don't-know-what slither through the sad obliquity of the grown man's eyes in his face. "We're divine. Want to see? I'll show the world what divine is."

He rises on tiptoe, he rests me bumpingly on his upper chest; he walks: Is this the start of our divine and inexpert pantomime? I don't complain. I was carried past planets: people's faces, thumbled, squeezed, with colored protrusions—nothing here is without color: the hurrying fragments of parlor astronomy. "He won't say hello; don't ask him." S.L.'s eyes bulge a little. His lecher's instinct guides him in his



"I probably shouldn't admit this, but when it comes to war I'm just a big baby."

ironic timing, his un-ironic impulses in this parade. "We'll say hello later. For now, just look at him—believe me, this one can stand close inspection." He indicates my griefless eyes. Daddy's formal and determined gaiety is embarrassed. He is a prophet-poet-businessman—a businessman with high beliefs. He believes (but no one agrees) that his bitterness is a *high* bitterness. He's obstinately impertinent, almost silent. His silence makes his impertinence an aspect of character. He's dapper, also. The quality of intensity he has—well, he's a genius at some things: he's showing a pretty man's deeper self. He has a moralist's unheeding of others' impractical imposture of concern and assumption of unanimity: his pushiness has a funny, laughable edginess in it: a risk, a power. He waits for a beauty of mood to declare itself. His face doesn't have a whole hell of a lot of innocence in it.

The people there deal with the sight of a man who arouses emotion as if he were a woman, a child, a famous athlete. Someone not serious; the people there are permitted to be thieves of Daddy's mood.

Daddy does not have a large fortune or an army. He's not ever really cautious. Someone who causes feeling is not usually allowed to cause it as he wants. If the shows he puts on don't work anymore, he is dealt with differently. He can lie about it if he wants.

S.L. lifts me over his head; he moves his entire body beneath me; I'm on his shoulders. His head's between my legs. Oh.

He says, "You all up there, you all happy-go-lucky-psy-daisy up there?" Then: "Here we go."

The air near the ceiling is like partly dissolved cotton cloth. It has an irregular shininess and warmth. I feel as if I were in a windowless storeroom,

with the musical gasps of my suffocation in my ears. I'm isolated: eyes and skin and tongue—body and rear end. I see slantingly down and athwart people's hair, people's skulls. I see down through one of the windows of the room; I see outside, I see prodded, spectral pools, with plopping knobs rising and falling on them in the false dusk of the rain.

S.L. begins with mimicry of clowns; he's harshly clownlike, like circus clowns; he steps in an ornate way in and out close to the legs of seated visitors. Some exclaim, some laugh at once, some are polite—only that—and hide their distaste for this moment. We, Daddy and I, pass over the decorative divisions of the carpet. Many faces mirror the intricacies of what we do. I note especially two young ones, primroses with hot and transparent stares, youthful American eyes confronted by

a spectacle in someone's house. The parading child has the privileges of the well observed: sweet and gracious disdain. He is mostly solemn while Daddy trots in a quaint manner. Daddy says, "A laugh a minute keeps the doctor away." A children's-book thing, a sentiment. The comparative ease with which children die and are hurt makes them less valuable than grownups, except sentimentally.

Daddy reaches up and holds me differently, more tightly: one hand is over my stomach.

Then he jumps, his feet near each other. I am unbelievably, entirely, joyously jostled. I begin to laugh—doubtingly. Simply. I flute around and then plummet toward the hysterical falls and rises of real hilarity.

The irregular and ecstatic noise is like a saw blade or a broken axe in abrupt and eccentric command of at-



"Well, Eggleston, of all the philosophers, which ones would you most like to have join us for a drink?"

tention, as with the noise of slapped wood or the display of a real weapon in a real moment.

"Wiley's laughing—that noise will keep the devil away."

We are a sermon, S.L. and I. This is S.L.'s American sermon and boast. In general, I am a fine orphan. I am a portable item of theatre. I am, too, an entire arena for the effects of others, a happenstance theatre.

"Jump higher. Carry me next," a visiting child says.

No selflessness is necessary toward performers.

I keep the devil away when I laugh.

"Don't be fooled. We're not as cheerful as we look. Don't be too quick to jump to conclusions." He's being ironic.

He leaps from side to side. I hang on. The floor shakes. One woman in the room laughs on a very high, repeated note.

"I'm Esel the ass; I've come from Tennessee with water in a glass; don't wriggle too much, I'll fall on my ass; look who's laughing like a fool now."

In S.L. is a recurrent, maybe continuous, awareness of the compression between young girls' legs and of people's sexual pride and of the weight of buttocks and of souls present and of the boastfulness in grown men's arms. Such knowledge, his own, repels him unless he's elegiac. We dismiss such things in our family, although we know them—we know them lyrically, secretly. Dirty minds clarify such awareness. He is aware, but he's truly free of thought, unless he's quiet and opens a curtain to reveal a tableau of carelessly worded thought for his own ambiguous pleasure and pain or depression because of these unlyrical things. Or sometimes, when he's speaking to another man or woman, or to me, when he thinks I am a boy and must learn, his charity purifies what is dark in him, or so he believes. Or hopes. He's not wicked; he's not evil—now, at least. He believes or hopes this.

He has a heated, clumsy gait. I think performers' envies are soothed and dead in them when they're on-stage, since no one watching is more alive than they are; everyone is less alive and shares the performers' pretended dilemmas and real ones and maybe false qualities; S.L. has a version, a clumsy version, of the sorrowful sexual presumption of a famous or heroic performer, the heroic ego, the stagy ideality.

What he does for me makes him

FEEDBACK

You are down on your knees, but you are not praying.
You are holding the hollow body
of your cherrywood Gretsch Tennessean
guitar across your thighs,

and you are pressing the right side of your face
against the black grille of the Fender Bandmaster amp,
whose ruby pilot light glows like a planet in the dark.
You are listening to the last chord that fades into the black

cone of the speaker, which is ridged and grooved
like the walls of Hell, and leaves only a ghost vibration
in your ear. And you are waiting for your friend to lower
the tone arm of the black plastic G.E. stereo

onto the grooves of the record so you can imitate
Blue Cheer, Quicksilver, Jefferson Airplane,
and curve your shoulders over the guitar, like a bird
holding its wings in glide, while your friend

rocks and jerks, gives himself over to the pulse
that drives you deeper and deeper
to the center of your teen-age hearts. You are raw
and born for the distortion that lives beyond your ears

in the darkness, and is too loud with fuzztone
and wah-wah pedal. And each note or chord you strike
in imitation is partially saved, suspended,
as you pull and pump the vibrato's thin blade

and stir the molecules of sound, as your long hair
obscures your faces, and you recede deeper, more separate
into your selves here in this world, on this earth,
in the converted garage with its brown Georgia-Pacific

panelling and green burlap curtains that hang
above the avocado-green carpet.

—MICHAEL COLLIER

not-Nonie, at this moment—now, at least.

The closed-off semi-peace and contradictory warfares of our symbolism, our dream, are a wide-awake, present-tense oblivion.

"We seem to be nice people," S.L. says. I'm above faces dosed with boredom or sentiment. S.L. walks wide-legged. I wobble. My adoptive mother Lila's niece: her long, gloomily amiable face is alight; her feet bend at a sharp angle; she is seeing how *some men love children*. She stares at the sight of how this man loves children.

"Summer rain dee rain dee rain. And you and you and you," he says to

her. "And love and love and love and love." His voice emerges from below me, from the flesh-and-bone tree I am perched at the topmost point of.

My fat nurse, Annemarie, is in the kitchen. The volumes of her breasts, I can sense them. I see through various archways as I'm portaged on S.L.'s major and argumentative flesh. We are wrapped in the scrawls and shadows of the erratic vandalism of the rain shadows. He walks rapidly, tilting from side to side. "Pay no attention to us; we aim to please; we're hogs when it comes to good times; here come the gigglers; have you ever seen two giggling angels of God like us?" I tilt on the metronome. The nearing noise of unwindowed rain: then we're on the side porch, a screened porch: "Hi, Grace; hi, John; forgive my dust." A full joy, an empty joy. Dainty, tickling transparencies fly everywhere, tickle and trickle, the haze of particles of



DWV.

water from the summer rain. Tiny bits of wet fly into my mouth. I'm molted into bits of feathery, rapidly discarded laughter, and into more such laughter when he makes me fall. Then I'm shaken by still louder laughter when I'm caught and jiggled. I'm outsprawled in the air. My legs are on him. I'm someone who laughs and laughs and doesn't scream. My bones are cantilevers; I fold surrenderingly downward—uncaring, helpless. The blessed child yells. His throat's thin. The sound is uncertain. The laughter has a physically enforced gentility, a will to live. Something kind enlarges the almost glazed look on S.L.'s face. The fact of childish surrender to gaiety is splattered with gurgles and spit-
tle—the machinery of this particular joy, of my *mirth*. My eyes are blurred, are smeared with satisfaction.

The two visitors on the porch laugh with me; I've introduced them to these noises; I shriek in an absence of doubt about my merriment, in an actuality of delirium without grief; a further outpouring, a vomit of more laughter comes from the rescued and purified and speechless child.

On the porch, the other laughs laugh in our style somewhat. Our laughter separates us from an age of corruption. Here is Only Jollity and Highly Assuaged Bitterness, Ironically Childish in a World Which Is Not, After All, Largely Spirit in Terms of Its Acts. Crude bellyings of noise damped by the rain, noisy with peace—the child is faint with oblivion in the rain.

My laugh, such as it is, whatever its tenor, plucks at Daddy's throat and eyes and chest and at The By-standers: *Damned nice people, but I wouldn't want them for best friends.* They are tested for casual gaiety,

for their knowledge of joy on a porch. A sustained stutter on the woman's part turns into a reciprocal and half-muted semi-shriek that ties her to the child's noise. She steals inside the nuttiness that the laughter has fitted over the child's this-way-amended beauty.

The child is not properly closed into himself. The man, John, companion of Grace, roars piteously, in gusts. Then he is quiet, manfully. Our gaiety is silly. The child's unpoliced splurts make John squint. He wants a drink.

"This child's pure pleasure," S.L. says.

John abruptly laughs and improves on the woman's laughing reciprocally with the child: he barks and roars with joined amusement. He stares at the

child and laughs in synchrony, a happy person on a porch in the rain in a small town.

God has little to do with gaiety—this one example of it, anyway. This is just a party and Daddy and a child . . . Daddy's doing it.

The child is hypnotized by noise and rapture. S.L. is now impassioned in his own laughing and grinning, like a crazed servant in an old play. He goes dancing down the damp porch inside the shattered bell of the limitlessly loud rain. He dances past the tingling screens. S.L. shouts, "Hi ho, the more the merrier. The more! It's *merrier!*" I pass into trembling and still laughing soundlessness.

These pro-kid people, adjudged good souls—at least, in-a-way—are pro-what-the-kid-and-his-father-are. My putative father. The adoptive guests adopt the sentiment of S.L.'s show. It's not really a show now. They aren't snobbish or complete or closed into themselves, either—hardly more than I am.

The noisiness pleases S.L. greatly. He huffs. He turns in circles along the complex wall of wet screens and soaked yews. It's damp here and reeking with rain odors. I'm resigned to prolonged and agonized spasms of delight, to blacking out in marvellous fits, to excruciating discoveries of further states of an amused existence.

"Here," the woman says. A stuffed Scottie is on a chair; she holds it up to me. I grab; I miss it—a laugh racks me. S.L. gets it, hands it to me. I clutch it, the smelly effigy that shepherds me in naps and dozes on occasion or when I resist sleep accompanies me in the fields of my childish imagination. The crazed bliss painted on my mind, on its inner curves, is tinted with the nature of ill health



and the rain and weak comfort, and then takes on, or becomes, the startled, limitless inner state of sleep, of astonishment of this other order of astonishment. Think of a cripple not physically crippled: that luminosity. I regarded my circumstances as being sleep-and-play partly in the care of the Scottie. I'm shaking. I prefer the company of the toy dog to the company of most people.

"Look at him," John said. "He's an ace jockey up there."

"We got us a center fielder, if you ask me. We outdid ourselves this time." That's what Daddy said.

Daddy swings me down and around, down and around in a circle; he holds me upright for a second. In the vague glass of the air, Daddy's eyes have a turtled look—they are like turtle shells, his eyes. I am often dark in spirit. My eyes can pompously, assertively glow in the manner of children. No one quite knows how to make it happen for certain that the darkness goes away in S.L. and the strutting starts. Each person in this household has a system for trying to do that. I reached for and took from another chair a garish and partly destroyed turkey-feather warbonnet. It is black, red, and yellow-and-white. John and Grace help the child mount the somewhat too large crown of battle on himself. Beads and feathers partly conceal my face. A long tail of feathers wound dancingly down my back. And Daddy's. The woman and I look at each other. She has the open and plundered and bony look of having recently shrieked. That toneless, pleased, unedited shriek hovers in the air. I was used to less demonstrative women: my real mother; Lila; Nonie; my nurse—women like Red Indians in my view of things...

The averted man, S.L., reseated on his large shoulder the staring, feathered boy, who held the stuffed Scottie under his arm. We set off.

I'm bonneted and galloping, atop Daddy, inside the circling and noisily droning pseudo dark of the rain. S.L. is intoning something under his breath which I don't hear. His fleshy shoulders whop me with each step he takes. In me are noises, a tattoo of illness, nausea, and hurt and pleasure, complex and indeterminate but felt as space and known as beauty; i. e., something that awes the child. I mean me. My mood and mock illness used the sounds of rain the way a dream will use an outer noise—the sound of rain now—a constant metamorphosing re-

minder and goad to belief. I'm played with by various forces of transport. My recurring blindness rolls and slips. We left the porch. The warbonnet jerks and slaps and tickles me. We're on the sun porch. (Or it's named *the sunroom*.)

On S.L.'s head the hairs float queerly against my trembling thighs—the child's thighs. S.L.'s head repeatedly hits the thin wall of my stomach. The pale- and dark-apricot hues of the sunroom are as glittery

as flies' wings to my eyes, now, in the diminishing noise of the rain. The trick of comprehension is to somersault through the disconnections of real life, and of one's attention in real life, to a moment, a summary—as in a dream, when it explains the amnesiac central character's dilemma in a comprehensible image, finally. Daddy is jumping, hopscotch fashion, past watching children. He says, "This rodeo is hitting the road." His feet hit the floor. My banged and solemnly rioting self floats above his joke, his pun. I am quite happy, and without much, if any, doubt concerning my happiness. No, I am very doubtful.

Where are you taking me? O.K. I'll go along. The house, the false dusk, the rain: Daddy's feet far below on the sunroom floor: fearlessness is in me, a burst of freed-from-Nonie-ishness. I confess that I'm happy. I make a crowing noise. My will, my selfishness—what can I do? I suppose this is what comedy is. I am akin to drunks and other shouters. In America. I know. I remember. The orange light of a lamp and the brown shadows around it have the manifold enormousness of a stared-at and altered dandelion (altered in color, in deepened tones, and in violation) that I lie on the ground near and bring my eye close to—a dandelion's tampered-with and ballooned and floating reality. This is like that but *inside the house*. I'm a Scottie-clutching version of the child my dead mother knew. I'm S.L.'s heir. I see the unstill gloss in real life of the mad natural flowers of light on the walls of a room in childhood. American light. Painted, shadowy. The room blooms with my corrected satisfaction, mine, with my life



here—always. I say it openly, suspecting an error. The room is as convincingly to me the direct presence of good as the direct sight of God would be, accompanied by trumpeting angels, a sunset, and appropriately arranged clouds—in tiers. I don't imagine him approaching in Lightning and Terror. This is a boast. Daddy's hair is bunched and disordered by my grip. I liked very much being a child. I pass a dirt-speckled ceiling light fixture with a dead fly in it. Its shadow is distorted. My chin strikes the underflooring of bone beneath the orangy apricots of Daddy's hair. I bounce among many skull-lights. What sort of sweetness is that? It hurts. I don't want to make pleasure stupider or less remarkable than it or grief is, but I liked banging my chin that time, not the next time. The child grinned; the child grinned and was knocked out. My life has so much glamour in it that it seems very difficult to deal with it sensibly. The child cries out *drunkenly* in the stifling airborne moment atop his father's movements: the substantially pleased child is astride his father in the disordered air. The child commences the lifelong anticipation of the next branch and twist of joy.

"Wiley likes it," Nonie shouts. She trots alongside and pulls at S.L.'s belt and then his arms. She's restored. Her face is pink and pretty with her requirements, her politics. For S.L.'s anguished unpairedness that we have, he and I, now, in the rainlit moment—we are swallowed up by the yellow-ochre-and-black leopard light of the room in the rain.

He halts, bends forward, to tease me, to make me laugh. The noise rose



ZIEGLER

precipitously and burst from me. My laugh filled my ears and mouth, spread downward into my throat. More noises rise and pass through me and out my shuddering and, I guess, anguishedly unpained and happy mouth. If God and my real mother had appeared in a blast of light, as they do in my dreams, I doubt whether I would have stopped my noisiness right away and focussed my eyes and mind on them. I might have signalled, *Leave me alone, I'm busy now, Momma and God; I'm having a really good time.*

S.L. and I are massively galloping around the room in fits of continuing enjoyment, much of it surprised and obstinate. I am slipping down. I clutch at his hair. He exclaims and grabs my hands. The room's altering spaces confuse me, and I depart from my senses in a ready admission of the in-

adequacy of my mind. My small-knobbed spine is untied. I am a child buried in this sand. I am costumed in a hot blur of union with him.

Union? One recognizes it mentally if one absents oneself from it. I neither recognize it nor suspect it, and am not absent from it. Simply I look through his eyes. My eyes and mind are wedded to his, to him; they are gifted vibrations of response mimicking some things in him; and the light I see I see as his son and do not owe my comprehension to my own sense of things or my own skills at seeing and feeling but to being his son and being on his shoulders.

Many of my glimpses of the room are grownup, are at a different pitch from my vision as a child. The terms of description confer an unnecessary awe—it was a regular, although absolute, gyration of the spirit, even the

waking spirit. The exhaustion of laughter is not like the exhaustion of speech—it is not mimicry. In this exhaustion the movements of S.L.'s legs pass into the fragments of bone and muscle of my body, and my spine, a boy's spine, is fused to his, to a man's, and I am a giant; I am; I am a giant dancer. And then we shared a breath: mine fit into his: I can feel the air on our beard-stubbed face—mine is that other, grinning one. His big face is the one I've seen. My little face is less real to me than my big face is. My belly has a large bony nose on it—his skull. His hair is realer and closer to my eyes than my legs are. My buttocks trail into the complex arrangements of his neck and shoulders. His legs, his spine support me amply. The vibrations in being joined to him include such useful notions as that the ceiling and Daddy's skull cannot hurt me—that is to say,



*"Beneath that gruff exterior he's a sucker
for reruns of 'Casablanca.'"*

my courage is immense; I'm foolhardy—a hardy fool, it turns out. I'm well shielded in him, in a way—so to speak—I am a journeyman practitioner of his rites of excitement. I lessen Daddy's sense of loneliness.

His grief is abridged. When people say I'm an angel, is this what they mean? I have lost parts of myself, I have no shell that is complete—it is reasonable that I'm like this; I am only partially a boy. Partially a *body*—I have comparatively little flesh of my own. How unfamiliar and how shocking real life is—any real life partly appalls me—it is too real, too vivid, too resounding. Too brief. We are never still, S.L. and I, my compound self—what choice do I have if S.L. proposes such a real moment as this?

Does he invent this marriage of ours by accident? By design? Without earnest purpose? My splashed and radiant mind is radiant and splashed with him, his mood, his ability here today. I am bridal and emergent. I am at the discourteous and emotionally jostling disposal of the ventriloquial and otherwise transforming sensations of union with him, with his ghost in me. I'm the tongue of his spirit even when I hoot or laugh, or whatever, in a voice he never had. This ghost demanded speech in me all along. After a divorce, how will we live? I'm careless. His ghost, or somebody's, comes. This

visiting is permitted, this possession of the soul by a soul. His ghost fills my mouth with his stale breath and fresh longings and old ones and pleasures and opinions about the nature of being cured, of being healed. I give myself up to being the cave of his ghost. I become a mouthpiece with biggish lips, sore and real, and large—it's not clear who I am. My anomalous descent and nauseated ecstasy blur me. I can live and survive this, too, one way or another. When I feel confident, it's S.L. usually, his arrival, my escape from me into his giant companionship. My ignorance is me. I-don't-know is pretty much who I am unless his mind, his breath are fitted onto me. My legs, mind, hands are enclosed. I choke.

I'm dead. Deadish. He's still. He stands in the dining room. My heart-beat—when it persists and is not swallowed up in his—pushes his mouth, his rough skin, his rough breath away from me. My nerves, my senses race in reaction—the room is one of my skins, and Daddy and I are in it. It's his room. This is sort of a moment of failed union—I go from body to body, from room to room, this body, that one, his mood, my feelings, this moment, the next one. He wants to interfere, he may always want to interfere. My expansion trembles with the presence of my own breath in the immediate vicinity of the world.

S.L.'s large head is now above me. I'm held against his chest. I see the pads of his cheeks, his moistly corrugated lips: he says, "Will you remember me, will you remember my hair? I'm going bald, sweetiekins. I have very nice hair; will you remember that I was a *blond Jew*?"

Hey there, Wiley, we both had our nightmares, didn't we, sunshine? Want me to shut up?

Yes.

Yes. I do.

I love you, your pitiable frenzy. Your character of violence and intrusion and sympathy.

In the damp air, sweatily, the child is inside a large shadow; he's in a tower of skin, a merged self. I lay against his chest and felt the skeletal armature of shoulder blades and other bones as a pulsing cage or shapeless place larger than I was and in which I was enclosed. I talk about the physical world obstinately because the physical world is where I lived when he was alive and I was with him. S.L.'s musculature muffles me. His body is more pungent than mine. His is fleshier and better put-together and more interesting than mine. In the real moment. The climate of sensation is inflamed here—what a soreness of soul is in him—I share it, half share it. I make a number of claims, but it is a matter of some conceit, and even of faith, that I try not to claim too much.

Peace? Evil? No questions, that's what he likes—us and peace. The view from the unworded depths in him is of the unknown nature of the violence of one's destiny. And that of others—depths that become heights in the air; we are airborne, we are prisoners for a moment in the earthy shadows of our ordinariness—is that right? He hurts me only in the way of making me feel this, and in my longing for him and for this to continue. The movement of blood in his chest is like the movement of nightmare in me. Maybe it's an illusion that I know him, that I know him at all. I feel him, though, as a steady presence—S.L.-with-me. It's not a real portrait of him. I'm not my father. S.L. whispers to me some biographical information that he meant at the time: "I'll tell you about me: I won't wear another man's shoes or kiss another man's woman, but I'll tell another man's jokes." He said that. He gave me some of his biography so that he could say as the climax to his carrying me, "I'll be a father to another man's child."

—HAROLD BRODKEY

PERSONAL HISTORY

THE LIFE IT BRINGS—II

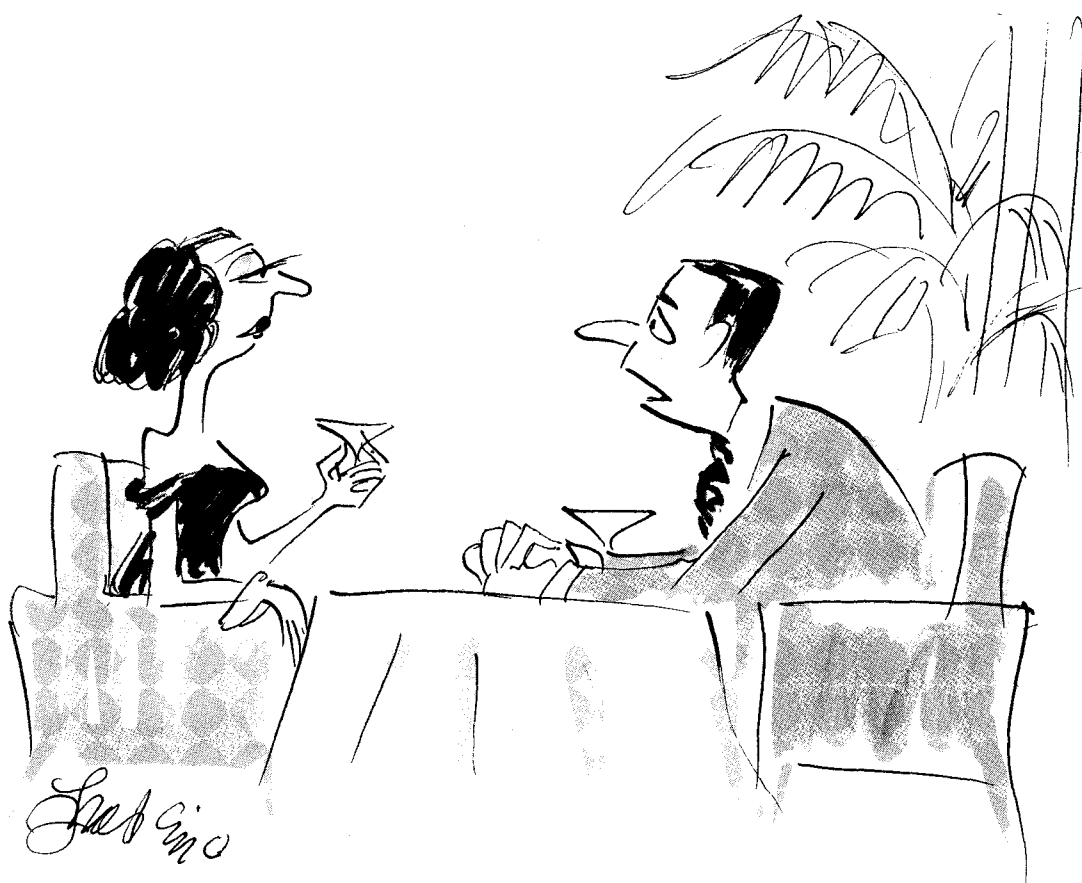
IN the fall of 1957, I went from Harvard—where in various capacities I had spent the previous ten years—to the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. Not long after arriving there, I went to a party given for and by the local physicists and their wives. Among the guests was Freeman Dyson, who was then, as he is now, a permanent member of the Institute. (My own appointment was as a one-year visitor; I had got my Ph.D. in physics from Harvard two years earlier.) One of the wives asked Dyson what, in a general way, he thought of Princeton. Without batting an eye, Dyson responded, “Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.” Although I was extremely impressed by its literary panache, I was not sure quite what to make of Dyson’s answer. It was years before I came to realize that nothing Dyson says can be entirely anticipated. The quotation itself turned out to be from a hymn entitled “From Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” which, Dyson later explained to me, he had often sung in chapel at Winchester, his public school. At the time, I was not quite sure what to make of the Institute, either. One of my professors at Harvard had said that to tell anyone there about an idea before one had published it was “like throwing a silver coin into a den of thieves.” Another described the weekly “confessionals” held by its director, Robert Oppenheimer, during which all the temporary members were expected to say what they had accomplished by way of research the previous week. I was told that it was all right to say that you had done nothing, but if you claimed to have done something that turned out to be either wrong or trivial you were in trouble. I had decided, given all this advice, that I would say nothing to anyone.

I actually arrived in Princeton via Los Alamos, where I had spent the previous summer. The Los Alamos Laboratory was then actively recruiting

young physicists, and the idea of spending a summer in New Mexico was immensely appealing. At that time, I had no hesitation about working in a place whose principal mission was the design and construction of nuclear weapons. I feel I should make this clear and not try to attribute values to myself when young that I acquired only later. My main concern then was that I might not get my “Q clearance”—the highest form of government clearance, which was needed if one was going to work in a weapons laboratory. This was the tail end of the McCarthy period, and I had a great-aunt who was an avid reader of the *Daily Worker*. She was such an iconoclast that it is difficult to believe she actually belonged to anything, but I was afraid that the F.B.I. would find out—they probably already knew—that she was at once my great-aunt and a subscriber to the *Worker*, and that that would queer my summer in New Mexico. In the event, various F.B.I. people did interview me, and my friends and neighbors, and, to my relief, I was cleared.

Los Alamos was then an entirely

closed city, surrounded by barbed wire and set in wild and beautiful surroundings. I was both poor and single. As a consequence of the former, I had no car, but I did manage to buy a serviceable red bicycle. As a consequence of the latter, I was housed in a primitive wooden dormitory that was a residue of the war, during which it may well have housed several Nobel Prize winners. I shared an office in the “theoretical building”—a few miles away and up a hill—with a brilliant young physicist named Kenneth Johnson. Like me, he had been a student of Julian Schwinger’s at Harvard. (He is now a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he has had an extremely distinguished career.) Our office was tucked away in a kind of aerie, far from the main collection of offices. Since no one seemed to have any work for us to do, we spent the time doing whatever was left of the physics problems we had been working on the previous winter. Our tranquillity was interrupted a few weeks later, when an entire galaxy of superstars in theoretical physics appeared at the Laboratory. They were



“Betty, am I just a sequel?”

going to work on controlled nuclear fusion—the use of the fusion of light elements to produce nuclear power—which was then a classified project and is now, as an open research project, the focus of an immense amount of successful activity. Among the newcomers was one of the most gifted American theoretical physicists, Francis Low. I will tell a little about Francis, since the friendship that I developed with him that summer—a friendship that has lasted thirty years—played a decisive part in whatever firsthand knowledge I have of the effects of nuclear weapons.

Francis celebrated his sixtieth birthday in 1981, as the provost of M.I.T. When he took the job, he said he would do it for exactly five years—no more, no less—and then return to teaching and research, which he has done. But in 1981 a group of us produced a “birthday book” for him, and in it I told of the time—the summer I am talking about—when Francis and I went to Nevada for a weekend to watch the atomic bombs. Put like that, it sounds frivolous, and, in a way, it was. Although all of us at Los Alamos had our Q clearances, we were in a sense divided into two classes—what I used to think of as the “adult world” and the “children’s world.” The adults, of which I was not one, knew the “secret”—the secret of the hydrogen bomb. The children—the rest of us—didn’t know it and (at least, this was the feeling I had) were not going to know it until we became adults; i.e., actually began working on weapons. The hydrogen bomb was an eerie presence that permeated the Laboratory. It was, at least in my hearing, never discussed openly. There were rumors that several were stored just below the mesa, in a floodlit and heavily guarded cave. It was also rumored that if you knew the secret your travel abroad would be restricted, so you would not be in a position to give it to anyone else. I did pick up odd bits of information, like the word “shake.” This was a unit of time—I can no longer remember how many nanoseconds it was, but “in two shakes of a lamb’s tail” was the origin—that was used to measure the interval, in the detonation of a hydrogen bomb, between one shock-wave signal and the next. There is a sequence of events—fission, fusion, fission—separated one from the other by a certain number of shakes, which is how, it was explained to me, one could distin-

TICS

Not as multitudinous as spiders, still they are not welcome, a new one arriving too often, a visitor born—uncalled for, out of wedlock—like one of Leeuwenhoek’s wee manikins, first thought to generate spontaneously as maggots form in meat, self-delivered, satchel in hand and the hand suddenly finding itself unable to reach for the phone, to push the buttons, to meet with another voice, it just will not, and the following week the feet, the feet will not carry one out of the house, ambling down the familiar street to a neighbor’s friendly Sunday brunch.

—PHYLLIS JANOWITZ

guish the bomb’s seismic signal from that of an earthquake.

This was also a time when atomic bombs were being routinely tested in the Nevada desert, and one would come across a group of one’s colleagues discussing in arcane terms the results of a test with some name like Newton or Kepler. After one of our tennis games (Francis and I played innumerable games of tennis; he was very athletic, and very likely the only physicist to have served in the ski troops during the war), Francis told me that the following weekend he was going to Mercury, Nevada, to see one of these tests. I naturally assumed that he was on some assignment from the “adult world,” and it was only years later, when we were discussing it, that he told me that, like me, he had gone just out of simple curiosity. He said—this was after the tennis game—that if I asked our division leader, Carson Mark, I might be able to go along. Mark, an amiable Canadian who had been at Los Alamos since the war, was agreeable, provided that I paid for my own transportation; he did not see any reason for the Atomic Energy Com-

mission to subsidize my weekend. Thus, the three of us found ourselves in a small plane that took us from Los Alamos to Albuquerque, where we took a commercial airliner to Las Vegas.

In Francis’s birthday book I describe our arrival in Las Vegas around nine in the evening and our immediate repair to a large gambling casino. Some mathematicians (not at Los Alamos) had just made a complete analysis of the casino game of blackjack and had devised a game-theoretic scheme that, if one could remember it, would guarantee that one would lose one’s money at the slowest possible rate. At Los Alamos, this strategy had been run off hundreds of thousands of times on one of the large computers when it was not doing weapons calculations. The results were summarized on a pocket card, which we had with us. The bomb test had been scheduled for the following morning, and an arrangement had been made with the casino that if the test was cancelled a blue light would turn on; otherwise, at a designated hour all the Los Alamos personnel would head for Mercury. At about one in the morning, in the pitch dark, we drove fifty miles through the barren Nevada countryside to Mercury. Bomb tests were conducted at sunrise; this apparently had to do with photography, since the explosions were filmed. I managed to get a brief nap on a cot in the main test-control center before someone, perhaps Francis, woke me up to say that we were to go outside. It was still very dark. We stood in a small group, shivering in the cold. Carson Mark distributed smoked glasses and told us, in any case, to face away from the explosion, which would otherwise blind us.



d. ehrenberg



"I don't suppose you get many sovereign rulers in here anymore?"

Someone counted over a loudspeaker backward from ten to zero. There was a flash of light, and after a few seconds we all turned around. My first thought—and this seems to have been common to many people who saw these tests—was "My God, that's beautiful!" An orange-red-rose cloud was rising out of the desert, and it *was* beautiful. Then, as it cooled, it turned darker and darker—a purplish-black, menacing color. When I look back on that moment, I think of the lines Robert Oppenheimer remembered from the Bhagavad Gita, after the first bomb explosion:

I am become Death
The destroyer of worlds.

The rest of that day I also described in Francis's birthday book. After we had had a few hours of sleep, Carson Mark drove us out to the site. The surface of the land seemed fused, like the surface of the moon. Signs indicated where the radiation level was still high, and we closed the windows of the car to keep out the radioactive air. It was very silent. We stopped at a tower, where a small group of technicians was installing an atomic bomb for the next morning's test, which had been code-named Galileo. We climbed several hundred feet above the desert on the shaky, swaying tower and

watched them put the pieces of the bomb assembly together. It was still very silent, except for the clicking of some vacuum pumps. Then we were taken to a small, low building, which was covered in concrete and set away from the rest. Carson Mark opened the door, and what I saw caused me to start backward. The concrete hut was filled with atomic bombs and parts of atomic bombs—enough, no doubt, to destroy a continent. The heart of an atomic bomb is a perfect sphere of plutonium or uranium. I was given one of these spheres—about the size and weight of a bowling ball—to hold in both hands. Don't drop it. It had a bright, silvery sheen and gave off warmth—radioactivity. Prior to my writing the article for Francis's birthday book, we exchanged memories of this visit. I discovered that I had misremembered some of the chronology. But, most important, we could not agree whether or not she was there. In the bomb storehouse, I said, there was a woman, who sat knitting, while a man—perhaps her husband or a boyfriend—filed on the high explosive wrapped around the metal sphere that is the heart of the bomb. As I talked to Francis, and as I write this now, I see her there dressed in a sweater and a skirt, knitting silently while this man files on a bomb. What was she doing

there? I don't know and didn't ask. When Francis and I talked about the visit, he could not remember her. I wrote to Carson Mark, and he didn't remember her, either. But I *knew* she had been there. It somehow became the meaning to me of the whole visit. Though every prospect pleases. Only a short time ago, I saw Francis at someone else's sixtieth-birthday party. We hadn't seen each other for a while, and we talked of this and that. Suddenly, he looked at me and said, "You were right. One morning, I woke up and I had an absolutely clear vision of that scene. She *was* there."

As I reread what I have just been writing, I am afraid that it may give the impression that I was made wise—*instantaneously* wise—by seeing the bombs; I mean wise about nuclear bombs. I was not made wise. I was made foolish. I had not completely entered the "adult world"—I still did not know all the secrets. But I had seen bombs explode, and I had held one in my hands. The effect of this was to give me some feeling of power to which I was not entitled. I wanted the aboveground testing to go on. I thought that it was all very important and necessary. I thought that if Adlai Stevenson, who had run against Dwight Eisenhower on a platform that included the abolition of above-



"Your friend Andy thinks I'm sexy."

ground testing, could only come to Mercury he, too, would see how important and necessary it all was. I thought that if I could only get to see him I could persuade him of this. There are times in life when it is better not to get what one wishes for, and this was certainly one of them. As it happened, I was then going out with a girl who lived in Lake Forest, Illinois, and whose family knew the Stevenson family well. I had arranged to stop over and visit my girlfriend on the way to Princeton. Francis and I drove in his car as far as Lake Forest, where he dropped me off. At dinner, I told my girlfriend's mother about the bomb tests and what I took to be their great importance. I knew so little about weapons technology that I don't see what I could have told her about their importance or, above all, about why we needed to test in the atmosphere. In retrospect, such tests seem so crazy to me that I can't imagine what I said. In any event, she was enough impressed by my presentation to persuade herself that it was just what Governor Stevenson needed to hear. The next day, we went for cocktails to Libertyville, where Stevenson lived. After

some social chitchat, my hostess left me with him, and I began my spiel—whatever it was. After a few sentences, Stevenson simply got up and went away. He said nothing. He simply walked away. I was terribly—and probably deservedly—embarrassed. He had heard enough foolishness on this subject from "experts," and he did not want to hear any more—and in his house, at that—from the likes of me. By this time—1957—the responsible scientists were beginning to agitate for a test ban. It was eventually endorsed by President Eisenhower but was not signed by President Kennedy until 1963, and then in a limited form.

Before I came to Princeton, I had met Oppenheimer only once. It had been a very strange experience, and it had given me some sense of the complexity of his character. The meeting occurred at Harvard, just prior to the summer I have been describing. I had by then been accepted by the Institute—something that was for me a culmination of everything I had ever wanted for myself in physics. All during the time I was studying physics—first as an undergraduate, then as a graduate student, and then as a post-

doctoral student—I had been quite sure that each of these steps would be the last. I was, I realized, surrounded by brilliant people—some near-geniuses, and a few real geniuses, like Schwinger—and I didn't see how I was going to play much of a role in the subject. That I would actually get to go to the Institute for Advanced Study, which was in those days unique as a center for postdoctoral study in theoretical physics, seemed so unlikely that I applied almost as a joke—a private joke. Then I was accepted, and not long afterward Oppenheimer came to Harvard to deliver a series of public lectures.

The lectures were given in Sanders Theatre, which was filled to capacity. For physicists of the present generation—Oppenheimer died in 1967—it must be difficult to imagine what a presence he was in our field, and what an electrifying public figure. He had a somewhat opaque,

often poetic way of using language, and an odd, clipped diction that commanded attention. Withal, I do not have the foggiest recollection of what he said in the lectures, except that in the last one he dealt with the revolution in our thinking brought about by quantum mechanics. I was seated directly behind two classic silver-haired, rather formidable Boston dowagers. A gentle miasma of violets surrounded them. Oppenheimer had, on the stage, a small blackboard. At one point in the lecture, he said that to make things precise he had to write down the fact that in quantum mechanics position and momentum don't "commute." It is not important to know what that means. Very few people in his audience did. He took a chalk and carefully wrote $qp - pq = i\hbar$. The two ladies clutched each other for reassurance. Perhaps they thought that the formula was going to explode. I was tempted to lean over and tell them that it was all right—that Oppenheimer was just showing off a bit—but I didn't, because it would have destroyed the beauty of the moment.

After the lecture, thinking that it might not be unreasonable to introduce

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myself, since I was about to come to his Institute, I went to the speaker's platform. There was a line of admirers, and I waited my turn. When it came, I introduced myself. He stared at me flatly with those extraordinary blue eyes. On this occasion, they looked like ice. I don't know if it was a deliberately hostile look, but it certainly wasn't friendly. Instead of retreating in total confusion, I managed to convey the fact that I had just been accepted at his Institute and would be in Princeton in a few months. An extraordinary change came over him. His face lit up like a sunrise. He started telling me about the other people who would be visiting the Institute that fall—P. A. M. Dirac, Niels Bohr, T. D. Lee, C. N. Yang, and on and on. It sounded like the guest list at a Nobel Prize banquet. When he finished, he said, "Lee and Yang are going to teach us about parity violation"—a sensational new discovery that they had made a few months before—"and we are going to have a ball."

"Have a ball"—those were his exact words. I can hear them as I write this. I went away walking on air. Years and years later, I read Oppenheimer's letters to his younger brother, Frank, who died in 1985. They are beautiful and wise letters. In one of them, written in 1934, when Frank Oppenheimer was studying physics at Cambridge University, Robert refers to "physics and the obvious excellences of the life it brings." "The obvious excellences"—that's what that conversation with Oppie in the spring of 1957 gave me a glimpse of.

MY first day at the Institute for Advanced Study was not an entirely auspicious one. I had driven from my parents' home, in Rochester, New York, in a recently purchased Morris Minor convertible. It was raining, and the Morris's ancient canvas top leaked water like a sieve. I arrived at the Institute soaking wet and absolutely filthy. My only thought was to get the keys to what the acceptance brochure had described as my "garden apartment" and go there immediately to take a bath. I went to what appeared to be the main building, where I was directed to a large office. I tried to avoid touching anything, since I felt that I would rub off on it. A secretary gave me some keys and then said that Oppenheimer wanted to see me. This seemed very unlikely under the best of circumstances and incon-

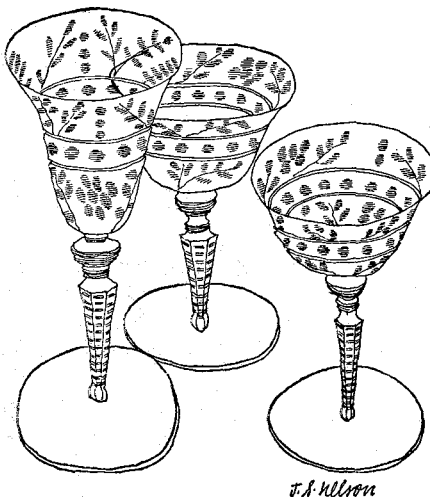
ceivable in the present one. "No," she said, "Dr. Oppenheimer wanted to see you as soon as you arrived."

I went into his office. He was, as was usually the case, dressed in one of his custom-made suits from Langrock's, the local bespoke tailor. Certainly by physicists' standards, Oppenheimer was a wealthy man, and he knew how to enjoy his money. He looked at me amiably with those remarkable eyes and waited for me to say something. There was a horrible silence. The only thing I could think to say was that I had just come from Los Alamos. He had lost his security clearance in 1954 and, I would imagine, had not been back to Los Alamos since. There was more silence, and then he asked, "What's new and firm in physics?" The use of the word "firm" in that context was vintage Oppenheimer. I am not sure I could answer the question *now*, after working for thirty years in the field. I said nothing whatever. He then began a brief explanation of the latest news on the work that had followed Lee and Yang. As it happened, I knew very little about it, since I had been working in a completely different branch of elementary-particle physics. Again, I said nothing. After a while, he must have decided that he was dealing with a cipher, and he dismissed me, after extending a strange invitation. Pointing vaguely in the direction of his house, the director's mansion, which usually had a horse or two grazing in the back yard, he said that he and "Kitty"—a reference to his wife, whom I had never met—had "a small collection of pictures," which I might come over and look at sometime. I did not have the slightest idea what he was talking about, but thanked him for the invitation. Some weeks later, on my first visit to his house, I noticed

that the "small collection" included, among other things, a van Gogh. I gather that he had inherited the collection from his father and had never added anything to it.

I found my way to the "garden apartment." It was the most splendid dwelling I had lived in in my adult life, most of which had been spent in student housing. Oppenheimer told me later that he had personally selected the furnishings, which came from Knoll Associates. The next day, much improved by a night's sleep, I went in search of my office. The physicists were then distributed in two Georgian-style red brick buildings. In what became my building, Freeman Dyson had his office. In the other building, Lee and Yang had their offices. In the main building, the renowned Swedish astronomer Bengt Strömberg had just been installed in what had been Einstein's office, to begin a new astronomy program at the Institute. The younger people all had office-mates; mine was a young Italian physicist named Giacomo Morpurgo, who is now a professor at the University of Genoa. After exchanging a few words with him, I got down to my most pressing problem—how to stay out of the Army. All during graduate school, and during the two years after that, when I worked as the "house theoretician" at the Harvard Cyclotron, I had been consistently deferred, on the ground that I was in an essential profession—a profession in which I was, of course, an absolute novice. Ironically, now that I was about to begin my real career in physics the Army had decided to draft me. This was a terrible blow, for all sorts of reasons. Being out of physics for two years—especially elementary-particle physics, a field that was then changing every few weeks—would probably have ended my career. I would not even sure if the Institute would take me back, and, needless to say, I had no other job.

I decided that despite the peculiar impression I must have made the previous day the only thing to do was to discuss the situation with Oppenheimer. I went to his office with my draft notice but now got no farther than his secretary. My case, it turned out, was routine. Oppenheimer must have been spending half his time in those days writing to the draft boards of his various young charges. The next day, I was given a copy of his letter. To my great regret, I seem to have lost it. But I remember very clearly what it said. It was two pages



long. In one and seven-tenths pages, he made a masterful summary of modern physics, from Einstein and Bohr to the present. The last sentence said something like "Dr. Bernstein has now joined us to continue in this activity"—words to that effect, but put better. It was the only mention of me in the entire letter, but I was deferred again, at least for a year.

That having been taken care of, I now had to figure out what to do with the rest of the term. As I have mentioned, my appointment was for a single year. There was no mention of a second, and there was no guidance as to what one was meant to do during the year. But I had been functioning that way for the two years since I got my Ph.D., and it seemed to me like a perfectly natural *modus operandi*. While I was at Los Alamos, Francis Low had introduced me to his friend and colleague Marvin L. Goldberger, who was known to all of us as Murph. I know it may seem overfamiliar, but I can't think of Marvin L. Goldberger as anything but Murph, so that is how I will refer to him. Murph has been president of the California Institute of Technology for nearly a decade. When I first met him, he had just moved from the University of Chicago to Princeton, where he would remain until he went to Caltech. Apart from being a superb theoretical physicist, Murph is one of the funniest people I know. He loves to laugh, and so do I, so we hit it off at once. Also, we were then working on similar things—the electromagnetic interaction of electrons with other elementary particles. This was a "hot" field at the time. In fact, Murph went on to invent the basic technique—the so-called dispersion relations—that became the standard way of dealing with these phenomena. He suggested that summer that when I came to Princeton in the fall I should look him up and we might do some work together. I called him, and, typically, he immediately invited me over for dinner. Murph and his wife, Mildred, lived a mile or so from the campus, in a complex of wooden houses that looked as if it were left over from an Army base, and that quartered the visiting and relatively junior faculty. Many years later, during two semesters in which I was a Ferris Professor of Journalism at Princeton, I lived in either the same house or one just like it.

In the next few days, Murph and I set to work, and not long afterward I got my first view of Freeman Dyson's



"Miss Eisenhart, considering the weather, I've decided to take the afternoon and February off."

legendary ability as a solver of mathematical problems. It was early in the morning, by Institute standards—most people worked at night and were not seen until after noon. Murph had come up with a nasty-looking integral equation. It doesn't matter much what that is, except that it was nasty. He had divided the terms into two groups, one of which was labelled $G(x)$, for "good of x ," and the other $H(x)$, for "horrible of x ." We were standing at the blackboard staring morosely at "horrible of x " when Dyson came in with his morning cup of coffee. He studied our equation. Murph asked, "Freeman, have you ever seen one like this?" Dyson said no but that he felt particularly strong that morning. He copied down our equation and disappeared. In about twenty minutes, he was back with the solution. It was rediscovered by other people later and bears their names, but what Dyson did still seems to me an incomprehensible conjuring trick. Over the years, I have watched him solve many different kinds of mathematical problems, and I often wonder what it must feel like to be able to think with such rapidity and

clarity in mathematics. While you are doing so, does everyone else appear to be going in slow motion? I cannot imagine. It is something that surely cannot be taught—at least, not to me. But I have learned enough mathematics to get pleasure and delight each time I see it happen.

Goldberger and I, after working for a couple of months, produced an article—a mixture of review and original work—that summarized what was then known about the electron interactions with nuclear particles like protons and neutrons. By this time, this field was no longer in the mainstream of the physics being done at the Institute and elsewhere. The mainstream now had to do with exploring the consequences of the revolution wrought by Lee and Yang; that is, the discovery that many of the cherished symmetry principles of physics have only limited validity—a discovery that we still do not understand on a deeply fundamental level. Lee and Yang were giving a series of weekly lectures in which they told us where things stood. If the truth be told, I paid rather little attention to these lectures—partly be-

cause I was working with Murph on something else, partly because I was lazy, and partly because Oppenheimer had assigned me a task that took up a certain amount of my time. As I have noted, the Institute had decided to move into astronomy and had just appointed Bengt Strömgren to a professorship. Oppenheimer—I assume it was Oppenheimer—decided that we all needed to learn something about astronomy. This was before the modern Big Bang theory and the discovery of quasars and pulsars and the rest. While I was at Harvard, I had taken a course in classical astronomy, which I had found extremely dull and had immediately forgotten. But Oppenheimer made it quite clear that the junior members were meant to attend Strömgren's lectures on a regular basis. I listened to the first one in a semistupor, deeply absorbed in some aspect of something I was doing with Murph. My trance rapidly vanished when I heard my name mentioned. Oppenheimer announced that there would be printed notes, and, to my horror, that I would do them when I had a chance. After the lecture, I explained to Oppenheimer that I knew nothing about astronomy. "Good," he said. "This will give you a chance to learn it." I. I. Rabi once told me that when he was a young postdoc he was told by the great Otto Stern to do a certain experiment. "They told me that it was an honor, and I was in no position to refuse an honor," he said. In this spirit, I decided that I would keep my mouth shut and do the notes. Fortunately, Strömgren was a marvelous man, who understood the situation. He gave me each week a meticulous set of his own handwritten notes, and I had very little to do except see that they were printed and ready the following week. I looked for them recently, but I seem to have lost most of them. I hope they did somebody some good.

The hierarchical aspects of the Institute—at least, as they were in the academic year of 1957-58—are worth commenting on, since they contributed to the general atmosphere in which we did our work. There were three classes of physicists. There were the permanent members, like Dyson and Yang and, a little later, Lee. Then there was a class of visitors that Oppenheimer used to refer to as "our special friends." These were people like Niels Bohr, P. A. M. Dirac, and Wolfgang Pauli, who were encouraged to visit whenever it was convenient for them.

Both Dirac and Bohr appeared from time to time that year. Then there were the temporary members. These were divided into two subclasses, the larger of which consisted of people of great distinction who had jobs—permanent jobs—at famous universities and were visiting the Institute on a sabbatical. These people, clearly, did not have to worry about their future employment. If they ended by doing nothing for their entire Institute year, they could nonetheless return refreshed to places like Harvard, Stanford, and Berkeley. Then there were the rest of us, who had neither jobs nor reputations and were therefore under a great deal of psychological pressure to produce something. Some of the people in this category found the strain too great. One of my predecessors from Harvard simply walked out of the Institute in midsemester and joined a monastic order. He is now married to a former nun and, when I saw him last, had returned to physics. My own response to the pressure was very simple. Since I had always assumed that I *had* no future in physics, I decided that I might as well enjoy myself and wait and see what, if anything, would happen. Fortunately, I soon found a colleague who was in the same boat and had roughly the same attitude. His name was Michael Cohen, and he is now a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Cohen is one of the foremost eccentric wits in physics. He had been a student of Richard Feynman's at Caltech and had produced a brilliant thesis. Having been in proximity to the Master for several years, Cohen—who was, in any case, a talented mimic—could do Feynman to a T. This would be put to the test a few years later, when Cohen's tenure was being decided at Pennsylvania. The deliberations of the sitting committee were interrupted by a call from

Caltech. It was Feynman. At this time, the University of Pennsylvania was interested in luring Feynman east, so one of the members of the committee eagerly went to the telephone. A conversation with Feynman ensued, which ended when Feynman said that one of the reasons he was thinking seriously about Pennsylvania was that it would give him a chance to renew his collaboration with his former student, Cohen. This was too much, and Cohen's jape was unmasked. He got tenure anyway.

If I had any tendencies to pretentiousness, of which I had little, an hour with Cohen dealt with them. We used to take walks in the woods in back of the Institute. On one of these expeditions, when Cohen learned that I had been the house theorist at the Harvard Cyclotron, he remarked, "There are the house theorists and the field theorists"—an unfavorable comparison of my activity with that of the very powerful, mostly German-speaking field theorists who were assembled at the Institute that fall. They were known as the *Feldverein*—roughly, "the field-theory corporation." Dyson was working with them, and after several weeks he produced a fundamental paper on the mathematical foundations of quantum field theory.

Since Cohen and I thought of ourselves as being at the far infrared end of the local social spectrum, we were astounded that fall to receive invitations to a party at the Oppenheims'. At first, we thought that this was one of those routine academic affairs in which all faculty members with initials from "A" to "M" are invited to have tea on Wednesday with the president. However, a few discreet inquiries satisfied us that it wasn't. We showed up at the party together and realized almost at once that we were in over our heads. I recognized John O'Hara and the governor of New Jersey, among others, and none of our physics colleagues. Nor had anyone warned us about Oppenheimer's Martinis. He mixed them very strong—I suppose to see what would happen. A factotum passed them around on a tray, and each time one's glass was empty another tray would magically appear, along with the odd hors d'oeuvre. Cohen and I admired Oppenheimer's remarkable collection of paintings, had a couple of Martinis, and then decided to get as far away from the action in the house as decency would allow. We found a quiet spot at the bottom of the Oppenheims' garden. It was a lovely



fall night, and we settled next to a flower bed for a pleasant interlude of conversation. From time to time, the factotum would appear with his tray, and we would have yet another Martini. By now, each time I moved my head various constellations appeared to go off into orbit. Cohen was lying face down, intently studying some sort of weed, when I spotted Oppenheimer and Kitty heading in our general direction. It was midnight, and I suppose most of the other guests had gone home. I tried to alert Cohen that the Oppenheims were in the vicinity and closing fast, but he did not seem much interested. The matter became urgent when Oppenheimer and his wife stood directly over Cohen. In an attempt to make conversation, Oppenheimer said to her, "Kitty, this is Michael Cohen. He comes to us from Feynman, Los Angeles, and many mutual friends." This caught Cohen's attention. He propped himself up on one elbow and said, amiably, "Yeah," whereupon Oppenheimer and his wife continued their walk. Somehow, we got home. The next day, Cohen came to me with the information that this had been the Oppenheims' "fun" party and that we had been invited because the Oppenheims thought we might be "fun." "If I had known," Cohen added, "I would have told some Jewish jokes." He had an essentially inexhaustible supply.

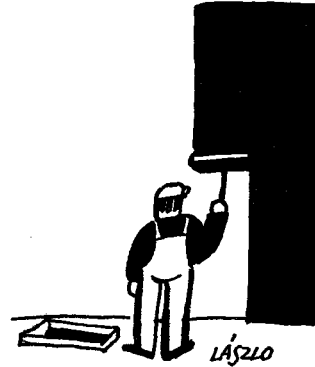
In the spring, I, too, gave a party, to which I invited Oppenheimer, and, much to my astonishment, he accepted. When I got word that he was coming, I alerted everyone, and we all put on our best clothes. He, on the other hand, showed up in a jacket with worn cuffs and elbow patches, which must have been left over from his student days. I guess he felt he would fit in better. Except for the occasional party, the principal social activity was touch football. A number of us played nearly every afternoon when the weather was good. It was hard to say if this was before work or after work, since everybody's working hours were so idiosyncratic. There was a French mathematician, for example, who was experimenting with a twenty-five-hour day, which meant that his mealtimes and so forth had a secular drift with respect to the rest of us. In fact, that year the mathematics section of the Institute—traditionally one of the strongest—was heavily weighted with French mathematicians. Among them were Jean Leray, a senior professor at the Collège de France, and J.-P. Serre, his

junior colleague, who was regarded as one of the rising stars of French mathematics. It happened that I found myself on the touch-football team with the younger French mathematicians. We were distinguished by our great enthusiasm and nearly total lack of discipline. The only play I could get the group to run was one that they called *la Statue de la Liberté*. They liked the name. It was a sure loser, but we ran it again and again. On one occasion, one of my teammates lost a contact lens, and the game stopped while some twenty of us got down on our hands and knees to search for it. One of the onlookers—we usually attracted a crowd—was the aforementioned Leray. His curiosity was aroused by the spectacle of all of us rooting around in the grass. He asked Serre what we were doing. Serre replied, "We are playing American football, and we are looking for the ball." We must have made a lot of noise, because a notice eventually appeared in the main building which read, over Oppenheimer's signature, "Members are kindly requested to play touch football out of earshot of the library."

Once a week, there was the celebrated physics colloquium at the Institute. This was a great occasion. Not only did all the members attend but so did the Princeton faculty, sometimes the graduate students, and visitors from elsewhere. The really hot colloquia were not announced publicly, in order to keep the attendance down, but still the word got around, and the relatively small lecture room would be filled to overflowing. The room was rather near my office, so I could time things to get a seat in the back. The front row was reserved for the *Geheimrats*, with Oppenheimer sitting in the middle. My proximity to the lecture room and my propensity to work weekends led to an interesting incident. One Saturday, I came in to work to find the lecture room alive with floodlights. A television newsman—I think it was Howard K. Smith; the celebrated interview with Edward R. Murrow came earlier—was interviewing Oppenheimer. I stuck my head in far enough to observe but not far enough, I thought, to be seen. What I witnessed revealed once again Oppie's incredibly complex

character. I think they were discussing what he used to refer to contemptuously as his "case"—the security-clearance hearing. When the cameras were rolling, he spoke in that soft voice, with his eyes lowered, producing an almost martyred effect. When the cameras stopped, there was a different Oppenheimer—the "smiling public man," discussing with Smith the "in" French restaurants in New York, or the best beaches in the Caribbean (the Oppenheims had a home in St. John). The interview was a bizarre form of show business. At some point, Oppenheimer caught sight of me and said I could watch as long as he couldn't see me—an odd request, which, of course, I agreed to.

The year began with the colloquia of Lee and Yang, which I have mentioned. At the first one, I noticed that there was an empty chair next to Oppenheimer. He explained that it was for Dirac. P. A. M. Dirac, who died in the fall of 1984, was one of the founders of the quantum theory. He was a legendary character. I will not repeat the Dirac stories here. Some of them I wrote about at the time of his death. Most of them have to do with his extraordinary laconism; he had almost a mania for saying all, and *only* all, the right things—not one word too many. But I do want to describe the impression he made on me the first time I saw him. The colloquium was well under way when the door opened. In walked Dirac. His white hair flew in every direction, and he was wearing, as I recall, a blue suit and a gigantic pair of muddy boots. I later learned that he had just come back from his afternoon walk in the woods, where, with the aid of an axe, he was making some sort of path in the general direction of Trenton. He looked like a character out of Shakespeare—a wild, ancient genius. He was, in fact, one of the great geniuses of twentieth-century science, and although I thought he was terribly old, he was then only about fifty-six—the age I am as I write this. He sat down and listened to the seminar with a look of benign bemusement, saying nothing. On his visits to the Institute, he would sometimes have dinner with a few of us, and one of the infrequent remarks I can recall that he made on these occa-



sions came in a conversation I was having with another young physicist about one of our seniors, of whom it was said that he had become very rich consulting. He seemed to live very simply, and that raised the question of what he did with his money. I posed this question to my friend, who was at the same university. He said he thought that the man invested his money. That did not seem to me to resolve the puzzle, as I pointed out, since he would then simply have *more* money, which he also did not appear to spend. "Perhaps he loses it," Dirac, who had been totally silent, suddenly volunteered.

As I have indicated, there were two main lines of work going on at the Institute. Most of the young people were engaged in following up the discoveries of Lee and Yang. This work was evolving so rapidly that a colleague of mine remarked—and I shared his feeling—that he felt "like a very small dog chasing a very large truck." Most of the *Feldverein* were trying to sort out the foundations of quantum field theory—a herculean task, which is still very far from completion. While I was working with Murph, I more or less ignored both schools. But when that work was over I was again in the familiar situation of looking for a new problem. I thought that if I could somehow come up with a problem in the general area of the "weak interactions"—the forces that cause the slow disintegration of the elementary particles, and the sort of thing that Lee and Yang were working on—I could at least motivate myself to learn the discipline. I find it very hard to learn a new field of physics unless I am either teaching it or doing a problem in it. What happened was much more than I might reasonably have expected. Though the story requires a little physics, the important thing is not the physics but how the people involved worked together—how a scientific collaboration actually takes place.

The story begins when I was still the house theoretician at the Harvard Cyclotron. M.I.T. then had as a visitor the brilliant Austrian theoretical physicist Walter Thirring. Thirring, who is now at the University of Vienna, is as responsible as anyone for bringing Austrian physics back from the debacle of the war. He was, when I met him, in his late twenties. In his early twenties, he had written a profound monograph on quantum electrodynamics—the field theory of elec-

trons, positrons, and photons. It had caught the eye of Victor Weisskopf, at M.I.T., who compared it with the extraordinary monograph that Wolfgang Pauli wrote on the theory of relativity in 1920, when he was barely out of his teens. Weisskopf decided that Thirring's book had to be translated into English, and that I, notwithstanding the fact that my German was negligible, was just the person to do it. He got Thirring and me together, and we prepared an English edition of Thirring's book. It was more than a translation, because Thirring added a lot of new things, which I helped to write up. In the course of all this, Thirring gave me some of his papers to read. Among them was a paper that looked interesting in a vague sort of way but that I did not read carefully. I took it to Princeton, with the idea of reading it there.

Thirring's paper, which I finally got around to reading, had to do with what is called the hyperfine interaction. It is the magnetic interaction between two spinning particles, and it can cause small displacements in the electromagnetic spectra of atoms. The point is that in normal atoms it is a small effect. What Thirring noticed was that if the electron in an atom was replaced by a much heavier particle the hyperfine effect could become quite large. It was this point that I had in my head—although I was not sure precisely how the hyperfine effect was calculated. What I am trying to emphasize is that I really did not know much about the subject. Just about the time I was working through Thirring's paper, Lee and Yang—in collaboration with an old friend of mine, Kerson Huang, of M.I.T.—brought out a pre-print (a prepublication version) of a brief paper they had written on the capture of mu-mesons by the proton; mu-mesons, also known as muons, are very heavy electrons. The entire paper was written on a train trip

the three of them took from Rochester, where they had been to a conference, back to New York. The general subject of muon capture was well known, but the paper brought the theory up to date.

When I looked at this paper, it occurred to me that because of the mu-meson's large mass Thirring's observation might have some relevance. I had no idea *what* relevance, but at least this would be a good reason to begin to study Lee and Yang's work. All this happened on a beautiful Sunday morning in January. I had a date with a cousin of Cohen's in New York for that afternoon. I had estimated that it would take my ancient car about an hour and a half to reach her apartment house from Princeton, so I thought that if I left by one o'clock I would be there in plenty of time. This gave me a couple of hours to go to the Institute, fish out the paper by Lee, Yang, and Huang, and see if they had treated the hyperfine effect. I looked through their paper carefully, and there was no mention of it. My next thought was to go over to the Institute library and get a book that discussed the hyperfine effect in detail, so that I could learn about it. As I was heading across the snowy lawn to the library, I saw T. D. Lee walking in the opposite direction, toward his office. I knew him only casually then—he has since become one of my closest friends—but I thought he might not mind if I asked him about the hyperfine effect; they might well have considered it and found that it was not interesting, which would save me, I reasoned, a great deal of useless work. When I broached the question, Lee said that they had not considered it but that offhand he did not think it would make much difference to the capture process. I asked him if he wouldn't mind explaining that to me in more detail. We then went to his office, where he started computing on the blackboard in his remarkable calligraphic handwriting. His handwriting is so clear that one cannot imagine how it would be possible for him to make an algebraic mistake; indeed, I have never seen him make one. As he computed, he carried on a running dialogue both with himself and with me. The more he computed, the more animated the dialogue became and the clearer it became that a relatively large scientific fish was in the process of being caught. He had turned my inchoate question into what seemed to be the beginnings of real scientific discov-



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ery. In the meantime, I was sneaking glances at my watch, and at about one-thirty I told Lee that I had to leave. I thought to myself that I might be late for Cohen's cousin but I would tell her that it is not every day that one gets to work with a Nobel Prize winner. Lee and Yang had won theirs that very fall. I left for New York in a kind of fog.

I returned to Princeton late that night, and by the time I got to my office the next day it was close to noon. We had a set of pigeonhole mailboxes inside the entrance of the building, and in mine I found a note from Lee asking me to call him. I did so at once, and he informed me that Yang was now actively engaged in the problem and that, indeed, they had started to draft a paper, which he wanted me to see. They must have worked all night. I went over to his office, and he gave me several typewritten sheets and asked me to call him back after I had read them. When I looked at the first page of the paper in the privacy of my office, I was so happy that I nearly jumped up in the air. My name appeared as one of the three authors, and the names were in alphabetical order. This latter carried a subtle meaning,

since any departure from alphabetical order usually indicates some unequal distribution of credit. What they had done was much more—much, much more—than the ethics of the situation required. Making my naïve question into a scientific argument was entirely their contribution. I do not think that I would ever have been able to do anything like the complete job they did. In my own mind, I would have been more than satisfied if they had thanked me in a footnote for asking the question—something that is done all the time in physics papers. I was a completely unknown physicist, and they were at the acme of their profession. It was an act of generosity that I will never forget.

I was given the agreeable task of checking the formulas—a procedure that was interrupted by the coming meeting of the American Physical Society in New York. I had no job for the next year, so it behooved me to go to the meeting and see if I could find one somewhere. By this time, Cohen and I were “candling”—holding up to the light—each other's mail, which was readily accessible in the open boxes, to see if either of us had been offered a job. This was known to one

and all, and simply accepted as a given. However, I underestimated Cohen. Upon reaching the meeting in New York, I went immediately to the large message board, in the hope that there would be a message from some department chairman suggesting an interview. There was not. Of course, I looked under Cohen's name as well. There was indeed a message for him, which, needless to say, I read. It was from Robert Bacher, then the chairman of the Division of Physics, Mathematics, and Astronomy at Caltech. It said that he and Cohen might have some things of mutual interest to discuss, and suggested a place and time. I saw Cohen several times at the meeting, and—curiously, for him—he said nothing about it. I asked if he had got any nibbles, and drew nothing but indirection. When I got back to the Institute, I asked if anyone had heard that Cohen had got an offer from Caltech. Various people said various things, which only heightened my curiosity. Finally, in desperation, I confronted Cohen. He burst into triumphant peals of laughter. He had, of course, planted the note and had informed everyone at the Institute of what he had done, instructing various

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people to say various things if asked. I think he even got Dyson into the act. It worked, but I continued to candle his mail.

Apart from looking for a job, at which I was totally unsuccessful, my other goal at the meeting was to find an experimenter working with muons with whom I could discuss our work. In this, I was more successful than I bargained for. One of the first people I ran into was Valentine Telegdi—then at the University of Chicago and now at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic Institute, Einstein's alma mater, in Zurich—whom Murph Goldberger, who had been his colleague, was wont to refer to as "Mr. Muon." Telegdi, who is of Hungarian origin, is an extraordinary mimic and linguist, with an acerbic wit. To a student who once came



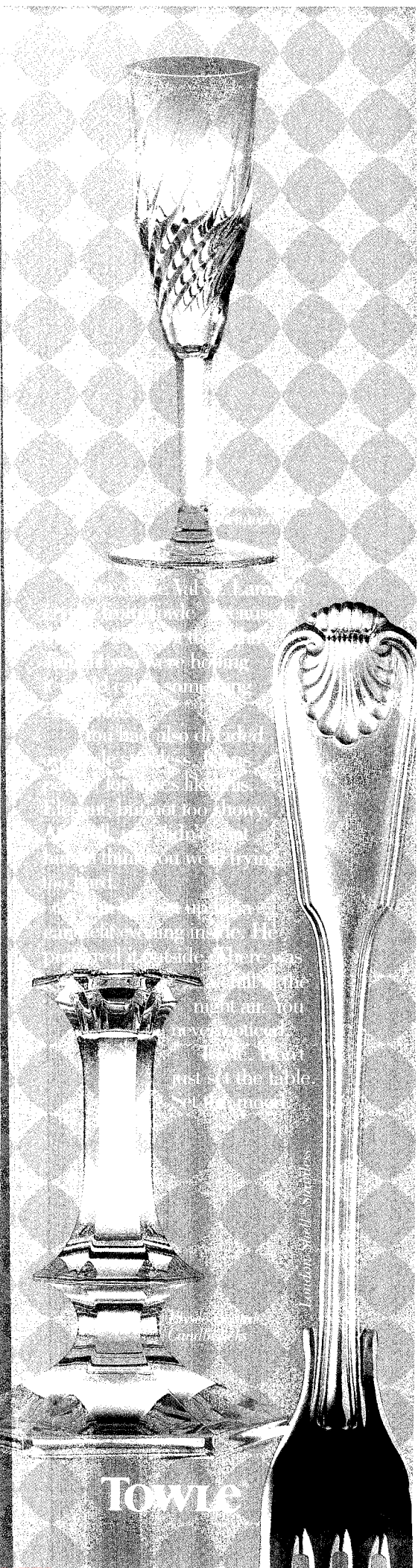
to him after working with another professor, he noted, "You are a ship leaving a sinking rat." He and I had always got along amiably in our few encounters, so I eagerly showed him the draft of our paper. I was absolutely stunned by his reaction. He said that he had seen work very much like ours which had been done by a well-known theoretical physicist named Henry Primakoff, of Washington University, in St. Louis. (Primakoff later moved to the University of Pennsylvania, and he died a few years ago.) Indeed, if Telegdi was the Mr. Muon of experimental physics, then Primakoff was certainly the Mr. Muon of theoretical physics.

There is nothing worse than finding out that a problem one has been working on—a good problem, at that—has apparently been done by someone else. I did not know Primakoff at the time, but I knew that he was a first-rate scientist and someone to be taken seriously. With heavy heart, I retreated to Princeton to break the news to my two senior colleagues. They were equally dumbfounded. They were receiving manuscripts, almost by the dozen, on a daily basis from all over the world on the general subject of mu-meson physics, and they had never seen anything by Primakoff on the hyperfine effect. They then began a literature search to see if by chance he might have published something that they had missed. That, too, turned up nothing. At this point, they had done everything required by the ethics of our profession. It is unnecessary, not to say impossible, to take into account whatever someone might have

written down in a private notebook. Part of being a professional physicist is having the courage to publish one's work. But Lee and Yang went beyond the conventional ethics—just as they had done with me. They called Primakoff and asked him if, indeed, he had done work on our problem. He said that he had, and that he was in the process of putting together a long manuscript—it was nearly done—and he would be pleased to send us a copy of his handwritten draft. It arrived a few days later, in a gigantic manila envelope. (In later years, I became familiar with Primakoff's handwritten manuscripts; we worked together off and on, following up the details of this problem. He had an elaborate, baroque

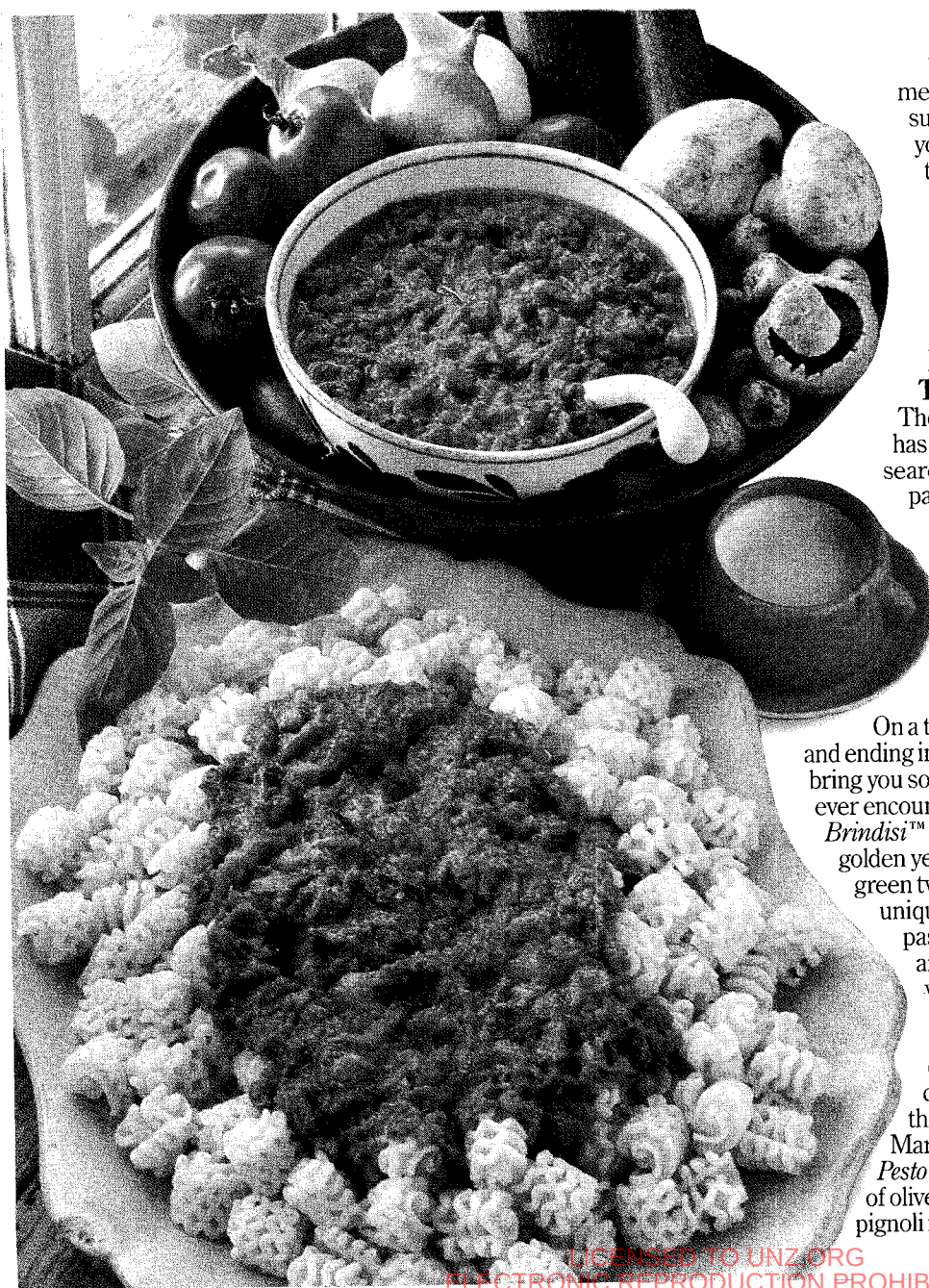
handwriting, and his equations were so festooned with marvellous symbols that they looked like something out of a medieval illuminated manuscript. He once said to me wistfully, in his slightly Southern accent, "I do not belong in this century.") It was clear that Primakoff had done things we had not done, and that we had done things he had not done, and that the obvious thing to do was to publish at least the preliminary version jointly, as a brief communication, after which Primakoff and I might continue the work. This was agreeable to everyone, and the paper came out as "The Effect of the Hyperfine Splitting of a Mu-Mesic Atom on Its Lifetime, by J. Bernstein, T. D. Lee, C. N. Yang, The Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, New Jersey, and H. Primakoff, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri." Here the lack of alphabetical order had to do not with degrees of credit but simply with the fact that two different groups of people were involved independently. Telegdi, in his inimitable way, always referred to our work as the BLYP—pronounced "blip"—effect, and his group at Chicago was one of the first to measure it.

Whatever else it may have done, my paper with Lee, Yang, and Primakoff solved the colloquium problem. By the time I got to the Institute, the weekly confessionals had disappeared, although every so often Oppenheimer would ask one into his office to discuss what one had been doing; however, it was more or less expected that one would give a colloquium, or part of a colloquium, during one's stay. This could be an extremely traumatic experience. Oppenheimer's behavior in





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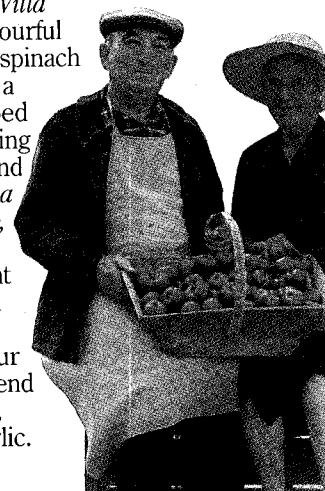
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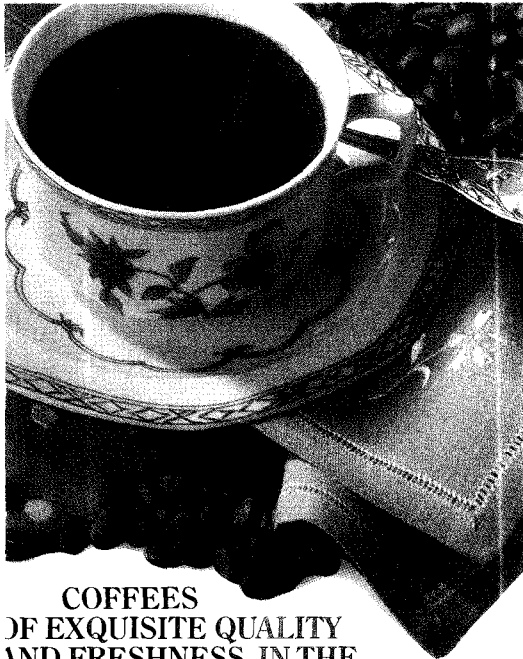
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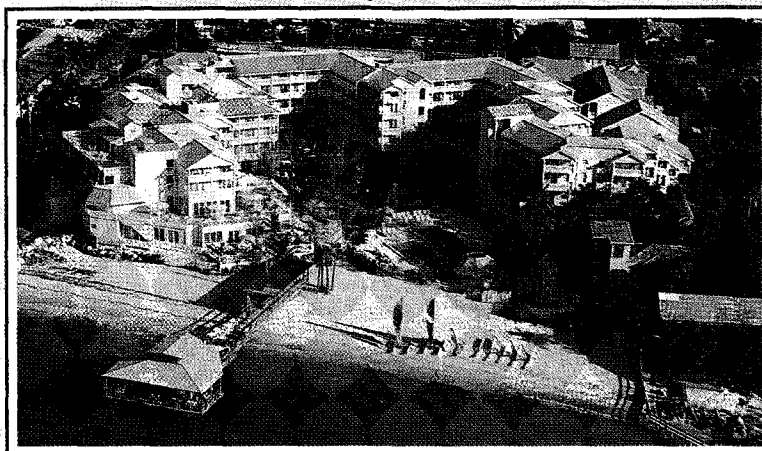
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these colloquia was occasionally maddening. He smoked incessantly—it finally killed him—and from time to time he would emit a racking cough. He often interrupted the speaker with some Delphic remark, after which he would look around—I guess to see if we had all got it. He could also be quite brutal. Someone told me that at a seminar at Berkeley, with a pneumatic drill rattling away outside the window, he interrupted the speaker to say, "How can I follow this, with all that noise out there—especially when that noise is making more sense than you are?" The only time he ever went after me was completely deserved. I had asked a truly idiotic question about the role of mu-mesons in astrophysics, and Oppenheimer said, in a scornful tone, "Mu-mesons are found at the University of Chicago, and not in the stars." At this point, Cohen, who was sitting next to me, whispered, "Bernstein, this is a good day to keep down in the trenches with the rest of the troops." I kept my mouth shut for the rest of the seminar.

I had, for most of the year, avoided giving a colloquium, on the legitimate—as far as I was concerned—ground that I didn't have anything to talk about. Now there was something to talk about, and, furthermore, Niels Bohr was visiting. In another act of generosity, Lee and Yang invited me to present our work at a colloquium in which several Institute members were to tell Bohr and the rest of the group what they had been doing. I recall giving my relatively brief speech in a daze. Bohr made a few comments—all of which were completely inscrutable, because he had a way of mumbling in every language. Oppenheimer made a few comments that were completely inscrutable because they were inscrutable. Oppie had a way of bringing into his comments or his conversation obscure (at least, obscure to me) references to God knows what. Many years after I left the Institute, I had a chance to turn the tables. Oppenheimer had come to New York to give a lecture, which he had entitled "The Added Cubit." Prior to the lecture, he had visited Columbia University and challenged some of his colleagues there to cite the source of his title; needless to say, no one could. He then told them that it was the Bible and gave them the reference. News travels fast in our profession, and by the late afternoon someone had told me the story over the phone, along with the correct citation. By a piece of blind

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luck, I ran into Oppenheimer in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel that evening. The first thing he said to me was "You're the son of a rabbi. Where does 'the added cubit' come from?" Ignoring the fact that my patrimony involves the other testament, I answered, without hesitation, "Either Matthew 6:27 or Luke 12:25: 'Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit into his stature?'" Oppie looked at me suspiciously and changed the subject. I never explained.

The most practical consequence of my collaboration with Lee and Yang was that I was offered a second year at the Institute. I recently came across the letter from Oppenheimer, dated February 21, 1958:

DEAR DR. BERNSTEIN:

With the concurrence of the Faculty in Physics, I am pleased formally to offer you an extension of your membership in the School of Mathematics of the Institute for Advanced Study through the academic year 1958-1959. We can make available to you a grant-in-aid of \$4,500 to defray the expenses of your extended sojourn in Princeton.

We all look forward with pleasure to having you with us for a continued visit.

As one might imagine, I was extremely relieved and happy to get this letter. I still had no other job, and even if I had I would have given it up to stay at Princeton. The forty-five-hundred-dollar stipend was identical to what I had earned the first year, which had represented the largest sum of money I had up to then earned. The rent on my apartment came to sixty dollars a month. There was, of course, a great deal of unworldliness about the place. I rarely, if ever, read the newspapers. I recall, in October of my first year at the Institute, being told that everyone was going out one night on the lawn in back of the main building to watch Sputnik, and not having any idea of what that was. Not long after my reappointment, the draft board must have bestirred itself, because I recently turned up a copy of a second letter from Oppenheimer to the board, dated April 8, 1958. It says, in part:

We have invited Dr. Bernstein to spend another year at the Institute for Advanced Study. The work he has done here during the academic year 1957-1958 has more than fulfilled our expectations. Everything I said in my letter of last year still applies, and we very much hope that it will be possible for Dr. Bernstein to continue his work in physics uninterrupted.

It gives me a nice feeling to think of Oppie writing those kind words so many years ago. As a result of this letter, I was once again excused from



The landscape, by nature.

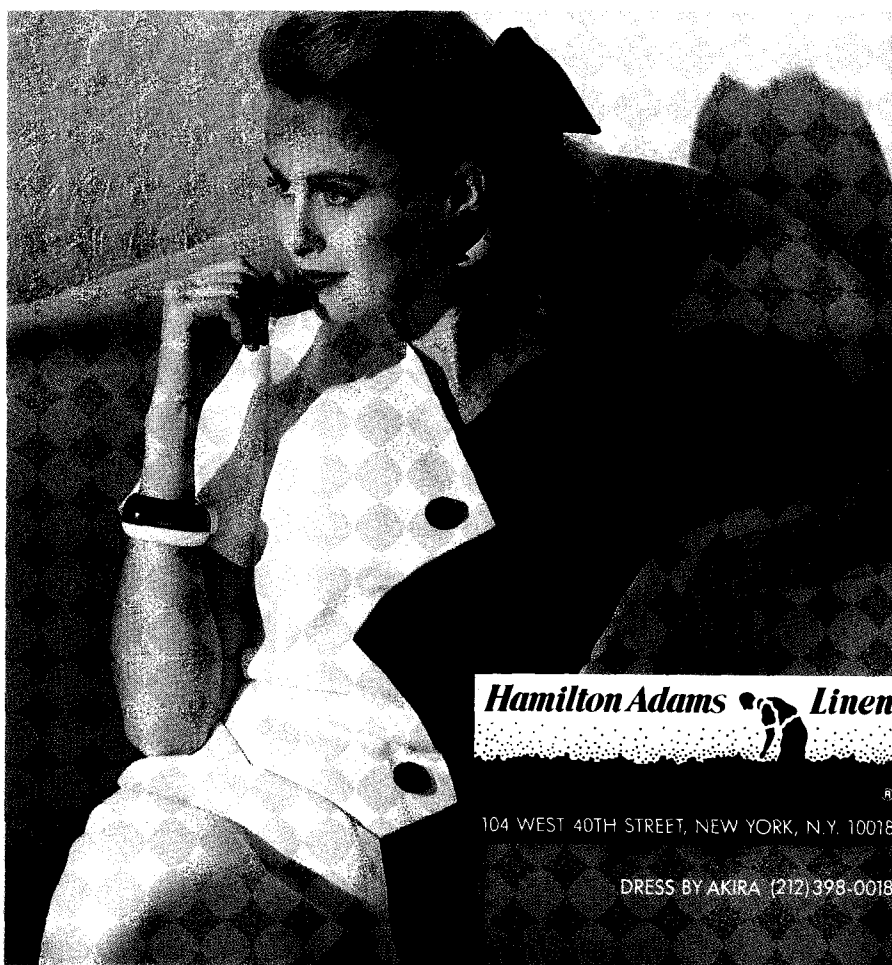
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the draft. I think this was the last time I ever heard from them. After all, I was approaching thirty.

NOW that the future had been settled for another year, this left open what to do for the summer. The Institute term finished in May, and almost everyone swiftly cleared out of Princeton. Michael Cohen had been consulting for a few years at the Rand Corporation, in Santa Monica, and had enough of an entrée to be able to persuade them to hire me as well. The going consulting rate was forty-five dollars a day—to me, a stupendous amount of money. My Los Alamos Q clearance was still active, and so it was, in early summer, that I found myself in Santa Monica, by the Pacific, at the Rand Corporation. Though every prospect pleases.

In "Doctor Strangelove," Stanley Kubrick referred to a think tank called the "Bland Corporation." I have no idea whether he ever visited the place, but, considering its appearance, one can imagine that he had Rand in mind. It was then housed in a two-story stucco structure on Main Street, literally within a stone's throw of the beach. In fact, I lived in a small condominium on the beach. The corporation had been founded, some years before, as an offshoot of the Douglas Aircraft Company. Rand stands for "Research and Development," and I think that some of the aircraft engineers at Douglas wanted a separate establishment where they could work on their ideas. It had much of the atmosphere of a small college campus, except that there were no students. There was a close connection to the Air Force; I think it is fair to say that the Rand Corporation's primary function at that time was to provide the theoretical underpinning for strategic air defense, including inventing the most effective ways for the Air Force to use nuclear bombs if we were ever called upon to retaliate. There were, for example, all kinds of experts on the Soviet Union, whose job was—at least in part—to select targets in that country whose destruction would cause the maximum damage. There was a symphony orchestra, made up of people who worked at Rand. There were tennis classes, one of which I taught along with Admiral Nimitz's daughter Nancy. This was, after all, Southern California. There was also a collection of wonderfully beautiful, suntanned, long-legged California girls employed as secretaries and re-

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ceptionists. Cohen and I fell in love—usually from a safe distance—with new ones every week.

The physics division was a kind of inner sanctum. To get into it, one had to check in with a guard at a desk in front of a heavy door; he looked at one's pass and compared the photograph with one's actual physiognomy each time one entered. I don't remember much about the sanctum, except that it had a considerable number of comfortable offices, one of which I had and one of which Cohen had. There were continual checks by people patrolling the offices to see that classified documents were not on the loose. I found almost at once that the whole atmosphere was stifling and depressing. Even Los Alamos had been nothing like this. Adding to the *on ne sait quoi* was the Falstaffian figure of the late Herman Kahn. He and Cohen were great pals. Cohen had once beaten him in an eating contest in a restaurant on Sunset Boulevard by distracting him at a crucial moment with a question about the strategic importance of fallout shelters. Kahn was then, as he was to do for most of his career, "thinking about the unthinkable"—about what would actually happen in a nuclear war. How many megadeaths, and all the rest. His book under that title appeared in 1962, and he had draft chapters, which he gave various people to read. I was one of them. I think he wanted some comments from me. The one comment I had I refrained from making. I found the whole thing appalling and absurd. Here we all were on this beach in Southern California, with palm trees waving outside the windows and beautiful long-legged California girls, thinking about megadeaths. I had no stomach for the work and gave Herman back his manuscript, thanking him for letting me see it. When I didn't offer any comments, he dismissed me as a nonentity. Poor Herman, may he rest in peace.

No one seemed to have actual work for me to do. That didn't matter much, since I had brought with me some calculations on muons, which I had started at Princeton. Several times a day, Cohen and I would visit each other in our offices. Our leisure came to an abrupt end when a panel of distinguished physicists appeared on what I gathered was an urgent mission. I saw all this much in the same way that the shrews must have seen the dinosaurs—from a remote ecological niche. I have been trying, with

mixed success, to put together what must have happened. In October of 1957, a physicist named Nicholas C. Christofilos—one of the Livermore Laboratory people—got the notion that the large number of electrons produced by a hydrogen-bomb explosion in the lower reaches of the earth's magnetosphere, just above the atmosphere, would persist there for an appreciable length of time. If enough of these bombs—say, a thousand per year—were exploded, it was reasoned, a shield of these particles would be produced which would destroy incoming enemy missiles. I think of this as a kind of antediluvian form of Star Wars—not that the present version makes any sense, either. The idea seems crazy now, but it was taken seriously at the time, and a series of upper-atmosphere tests was planned in the South Atlantic for that summer and fall, under the rubric Argus. In May, James Van Allen, a pioneer in this country's satellite program, had interpreted results from Geiger counters installed on the first satellites to mean that there were huge zones of charged particles—radiation belts—already trapped in the earth's magnetic field; they are now known as the Van Allen belts, and their existence had in fact been predicted by Christofilos three months earlier. It is at this point that things become somewhat murky to me. My recollection is that after the discovery of the Van Allen belts, and prior to the Argus tests, some scientists, such as the British astronomer Bernard Lovell, began making objections to the proposed tests on the ground that they might produce new radiation belts, which would interfere with the natural belts that Van Allen had just discovered. I don't recall that fallout was the main concern. I think that came later. There is no question that a few years afterward Lovell was making a vigorous public outcry against the tests, but I recall his name's coming up in discussions at Rand in the summer of 1958. In any case, these people had arrived at Rand in order to prove that the Van Allen belts would not be perturbed by the

tests. There was a great scurrying around, and at some point I found myself given several columns of figures to add up on a Marchant calculator. I don't have any recollection of taking part in the discussions of how these figures were arrived at, except that I am quite sure they had to do with possible deleterious effects of the Argus tests and their successors on the Van Allen belts, and were intended to show that the concern being expressed was misplaced. I spent a day or two adding up the figures and then went back to my muons. I more or less forgot about the whole thing.

This story has two after-echoes. The first occurred in the fall of 1960. By then, I had another temporary job, at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, on Long Island. Since I didn't need my Q clearance, it was no longer active. However, one afternoon the phone rang in my office. The call was from the Brookhaven security people. They said that a classified package had arrived for me from Rand, and they wanted my permission to open it. I said that I would not give my permission unless I knew what was in the package. They said they couldn't tell me, because it was classified. I told them that was their problem. They then phoned Rand. It turned out that the package contained a classified report—of which, it seemed, I was one of several authors—having to do with the upper-atmosphere tests. That much they could tell me, but no more, since my clearance was no longer active. The package was sent back, unopened, to Rand, and I never saw the report. It would be interesting to see it now, because—and that is the subject of the other echo—I think it was almost entirely wrong.

The results of the Argus tests were made public in March of 1959. (The chronology I am outlining I have taken from an unclassified 1976 report entitled "United States High-Altitude Test Experiences," by the Los Alamos physicist Herman Hoerlin.) They involved "small" bombs launched from the deck of a ship. "Small" means that their yield was in the range of about a thousand tons of TNT, in contrast to the Hiroshima bomb, whose yield was thirteen thousand tons. They exploded at an altitude of between two hundred and five hundred kilometres above the sea. The earth's magnetic field, whose poles are near but not at the geographic poles, produces "field lines," around which any electrically charged particles trapped there will spiral. The



particles move in helical orbits centered on the field lines. In a bomb explosion, heavy charged fission fragments are produced which decay into electrons. The electrons spiral around the field lines until they reach the points where the lines converge. They are then bounced back, and they continue to spiral back and forth between the points, meanwhile generally drifting to the east. In this manner, they form artificial Van Allen belts, and in the case of the Argus tests these were between ninety and a hundred and fifty kilometres thick; the actual number of trapped electrons, however, was smaller than had been predicted, and so their effects were negligible. Moreover, such artificial belts are not stable, because the electrons collide with other particles in the upper atmosphere and become untrapped. The belts created by the Argus tests, as Van Allen himself discovered, lasted only a few weeks after the explosions. The next test, Starfish, was another matter.

The Starfish test took place on July 9, 1962, four hundred kilometres above Johnston Island, in the Pacific, and involved a hydrogen bomb with a yield of nearly one and a half million tons of TNT. The effects of this test were completely underestimated by everyone, presumably including the authors of the report of which I was a co-author. As I noted, since I have never seen the report I do not know what mistakes were made. Everyone I have written to—the people who I thought were my co-authors—claims to have no recollection of such a report. There the matter rests. This explosion produced artificial radiation belts that lasted for years. An American communications satellite called Ariel began operating, in Hoerlin's words, "only intermittently as a result of the deterioration of the solar cells owing to the effects of the artificial radiation belts." Two other satellites stopped transmitting altogether. Hoerlin estimated that an astronaut orbiting the earth one week after Starfish would have received fifty rads of radiation per orbit; the yearly recommended maximum dose of radiation to the eyes, he pointed out, is twenty-seven rads. To the best of my knowledge, no one who was in the business of estimating what a test like this would do came close to

estimating numbers of this order of magnitude. In fact, to this day—judging from Hoerlin's report—no one knows precisely what happened. Starfish produced absolute outrage from people like Lovell. In May of 1962—two months before Starfish—he delivered an address to the British Institute of Strategic Studies in which he implored the superpowers to use the utmost caution in conducting such tests. After Starfish, he added a note to his address in proof:

This address was delivered to the Institute of Strategic Studies nearly four months ago. In this time there have been further space activities which underline the anxiety expressed in the last paragraph of my address. . . . The United States exploded the megaton bomb [and] thereby enormously confused the study of the natural radiation belts by setting up a new long-duration zone of trapped particles. A few more explosions of this type for military purposes by other of the Powers will obviously add so much artificially trapped material to the radiation zones that the investigation of the natural effects will have to be abandoned before we know their true nature or origin. . . . The need for international agreement about the use of space and the control of launchings, either of rockets or space vehicles, into it has become a matter of the utmost urgency.

In 1963, we signed the limited test-ban treaty with the Soviet Union, and all but underground testing was stopped—at least by the two signatories. The French continued to test in the atmosphere into the nineteen-seventies, and the Chinese did not stop such tests until 1980. As Hoerlin points out in his report, Starfish did not do lasting damage to the Van Allen belts, but that was only one bomb. Hoerlin concludes that it is "evident that the consequences of massive military operations in the upper atmosphere would be grave." I mention this because



Westman

although I have not worked on a classified project in more than twenty years and do not have access to the classified aspects of Star Wars, I do have the impression that there is an attempt to revive the old idea of using artificially created Van Allen belts to stop missiles. As far as I know, the physics of this was not understood then, and I have no reason to believe that it is understood very much better now.

Back to the events of the summer of

1958. After I'd had a few weeks at Rand, the ambience was really beginning to bother me, and I wanted to move on. But where? I had heard a rumor that Freeman Dyson was building a spaceship down the coast, in La Jolla, at the General Atomic company, which was a recently formed private company specializing in things like nuclear reactors. At the Institute, Dyson had kept pretty much to himself. I knew him only slightly. While I was at Rand, however, I received a letter from our secretary at the Institute reporting that Dyson was in La Jolla, and that he had gone down to a bullfight in Tijuana, where he had previously been bitten by a dog. I wrote him a letter saying that if any one of those three things was true he was having a better time than I was. A day or two later, the phone rang. It was Dyson. He suggested that I decamp from Santa Monica and come to La Jolla to join the Orion project. The project, funded by the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency (the same outfit that had funded the Argus tests), involved the design of a spaceship that would be powered by nuclear bombs and was intended to travel inexpensively to the outer planets. One of the goals of the group was to design a ship that could take freight to the moons of Jupiter at the per-pound cost of airmail to Europe. In "Disturbing the Universe," Dyson has given an account of Orion and of his ultimate disillusionment with the project for environmental reasons. The version I liked, which I don't recall his discussing in the book, was one in which the ship was to be propelled by chemical fuels until it cleared the atmosphere, whereupon the bomb-propulsion system would be used to provide the impulse that would move the ship at a speed of about twenty-five kilometres a second. At that rate, Jupiter would be a year away. By the time the nuclear-test-ban treaty put an end to the project, small test models had been launched using chemical explosions, and Dyson had also mapped out the parameters for a voyage to the star Alpha Centauri. The only thing I have to add is that, characteristically, he understated his own role in the project. He was, and still is, deeply committed to the idea of space travel, and he put every ounce of his energy and his extraordinary abilities into making the design work. He did every kind of physics and engineering. It was a remarkable tour de force, and, as far as I know, all that effort has simply

disappeared in a mound of classified reports. I spent the rest of the summer working with him on "opacity calculations"—calculations involving the absorption of radiation by matter. We wanted to get numbers out, not simply formulas, and once again I found myself behind a Marchant desk calculator, adding up columns of numbers. I recall that one Saturday I was in my office adding when Dyson came in. He noticed that I was using only three decimal places. He said we needed four. He then told me that he had once done a calculation with one decimal place too few, figuring that the errors would not pile up to any significant extent, and at the end of the calculation he had discovered that the answer was a hundred per cent wrong. With that homily, we started over, and he read the numbers to four places from a table, while I computed. In the end, we wrote a couple of reports, which have disappeared with the rest of the project.

In September, I was back in Princeton. Many of my friends and acquaintances had left. Cohen had gone to the University of Pennsylvania. T. D. Lee had gone back to Columbia. The *Feldverein* had gone back to Germany and Switzerland. There were new faces, of course, but the place did not have the same electricity it had had that first year. How could it have? I am not sure that the Institute has ever had, either before or since, such a collection of physicists at such a moment in the development of the field as were there in the academic year of 1957-58. Oppenheimer was right: we did have a ball.

ON Saturday, September 12, 1959, the French liner *Liberté*, under the direction of Commandant Georges Croisile, sailed from New York for Le Havre, on a six-day crossing. The voyage was known among many of the passengers as the Fulbright Cruise, since a large number of the people on board were young Fulbright fellows on their way to Europe for a year or two. I was among them; I did not have a Fulbright, but I did have a National Science Foundation Fellowship. I had always wanted to live in France, and late in the fall of 1958 I had decided to try to bring that about, and had applied for the N.S.F. Fellowship. Sputnik had frightened the government into doing something about the support of science in this country, and funds for fellowships and the like became more accessible. The fellowship

allowed one to do physics for two years anywhere in the world. I chose Paris—a new chapter in my life. In addition, I had accepted a job—not a permanent job, but the most joblike job I had ever taken. This was as a scientific associate, or junior scientist, with the theory group at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, Long Island—a laboratory that was largely devoted to the kind of high-energy physics I was interested in. It was not a job offer to dismiss, and I was able to work out an arrangement with the Laboratory which would give me a full year abroad, followed by a stint at the Laboratory, followed by another stint abroad. In other words, I would be able to use most of my fellowship *and* have a job to come back to—an ideal arrangement. That the job did not have tenure was of no importance to me. I was travelling light, with no one to support, and ever since my degree all my jobs had been on a year-to-year basis. This one actually offered a two-year contract.

Prior to my appointment for a second year at the Institute for Advanced Study, Oppenheimer had recommended me for another job abroad—as the assistant to Wolfgang Pauli, one of the architects of the quantum theory, who taught and worked at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic Institute. Pauli was an incredible character—identical to his own caricature, as Oppenheimer once remarked. To judge from photographs, he had been reasonably well formed as a young man—quite a dancer, again according to Oppenheimer. When I encountered him, he was in his mid-fifties. He was pear-shaped, with a massive head that nodded back and forth at various frequencies and in various directions depending on whether and how vigorously he agreed or disagreed with the speaker. He had won a Nobel Prize in 1945—rather late, considering the magnitude of his contributions to physics—for the so-called exclusion principle, which relates to the statistics of particles like the electron, and is the basis for the quantum-mechanical explanation of the periodic table of elements. He had a devastating wit and an utter contempt for shoddy work in physics. His comments could be withering. He had had several assistants and postdoctoral students over the years. I knew most of them. Victor Weisskopf had been an early Pauli assistant and had many stories, which he sometimes told us at the theoretical-physics lunches that Schwinger presided over in Cam-

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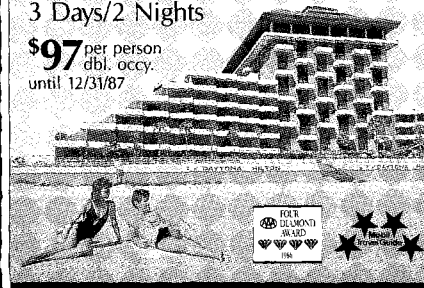
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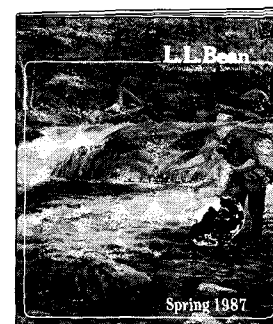
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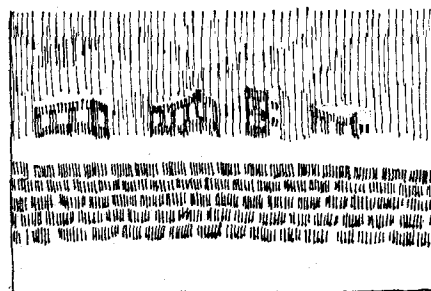
bridge. Two of the more recent Pauli postdocs whom I knew were Roy Glauber, who was, and is, a professor at Harvard; and Joaquin Luttinger, now at Columbia. Luttinger told me that Pauli once came into his office in Zurich and accused him of having done no work in five weeks. This got on Luttinger's nerves, and he responded—much to Pauli's astonishment—that Pauli had not done any work in five years. Pauli then went away and returned with a stack of publications to show Luttinger what he had in fact done. Glauber's experience illustrates another side of Pauli's character. Pauli loved to tease and, finding a suitable victim, could be merciless. While in Zurich, Glauber made the mistake of not writing often enough to his mother, who then wrote to Pauli to complain. Glauber was never allowed to forget this. Whenever Pauli saw Glauber, he would ask, "And how is your dear mother?" During my tenure at the Harvard Cyclotron, Pauli came to Cambridge for a visit, and Glauber and Weisskopf went to South Station to meet him. Weisskopf took him home, and Glauber came back to Harvard to report with relief that at last Pauli had forgotten about his mother—he had said nothing. What he did not know was that the minute he was out of earshot Pauli had said to Weisskopf, "This time I will fool Glauber. I will say nothing about his mother." Pauli attached names to people. Feza Gursey, a colleague of mine at Brookhaven—he is now at Yale—became known as the Brookhaven Turk. I was known as the Whisperer, because I once delivered a message to Pauli from Schwinger. This was the persona that Oppenheimer wanted me, I gather, to be the assistant to.

Apart from the question of Pauli's personality, which I might or might not have been able to deal with, there was the more important question of his physics. Pauli had been engaged in an extremely odd enterprise with his former collaborator Werner Heisenberg, who was another of the great architects of the quantum theory. For a while, they were claiming to have solved all the unsolved problems in elementary-particle theory by reducing everything to a single equation. When calmer spirits began to examine the matter, it became clear that the whole thing was a chimera. The dénouement, as far as Pauli was concerned, came at an extraordinary lecture he delivered early in 1958, at Columbia

University. It was held in the large lecture hall in Pupin Laboratory, and even though it had been kept fairly secret, the room was full. The audience was studded with past, present, and future Nobel Prize winners, including Bohr. Pauli delivered his lecture, and Bohr was asked to comment. There then occurred one of the strangest—and, in its own unearthly way, most moving—demonstrations I have ever witnessed. Bohr's basic point was that for a fundamental theory the idea seemed crazy, but not crazy enough. This was a very important observation. The great advances, like relativity and the quantum theory, seem, at first sight (especially if one has been brought up in the physics that preceded them), to be completely crazy—to violate common sense in a fundamental way. This theory, however, was just bizarre, and it had produced a strange-looking equation that stared at one like a hieroglyph. Pauli disagreed with Bohr on the issue, and soon these two monumental figures in modern physics began moving in a conjoined circular orbit around the long lecture table. When it was Bohr's turn to face the audience from the front of the table, he would say that the theory was not crazy enough, and when it was Pauli's turn, he would say that it was. I recall wondering what anyone from the other world—the nonphysicist's world—would make of this. Dyson was asked to comment and refused. Afterward, he remarked to me that it was like watching "the death of a noble animal." He was prescient, because Pauli died the following December, at the age of fifty-eight, of a previously undetected cancer. He eventually renounced "Heisenberg's theory"—as he came to refer to it—in the most acidulous manner. One could only wonder whether the fact that Pauli had had a brief love affair with it was a sign that he was already ill. With Pauli's death, the tradition of the Pauli assistants also died.

When I applied for my fellowship, I had to name the place where I in-

tended to go. For complicated reasons, which I will now set forth, I put down the École Polytechnique, in Paris—the military-engineering school founded by Napoleon. I cannot claim that my decision was influenced by a serious knowledge of either the French language or French culture. I had never taken an iota of French. It was also not particularly influenced by physics; when I decided to apply to go to Paris, French physics was barely recovering from the war. Rather, it had to do with some romantic idea I had about the French, acquired largely from seeing films and reading the articles about eating in France written in *The New Yorker* by the late A. J. Liebling. I was also fortunate to have become friendly with a French physicist named Louis Michel, who was a frequent visitor to Princeton while I was there. Michel was, I thought in my ignorance, the quintessential Frenchman. He was funny both intentionally and unintentionally, the latter having to do with the astounding way he spoke English. He was also a wonderful physicist. Like many French university professors at that time, he held two jobs—one at the École Polytechnique and the other at a provincial university, which he visited for part of the week to make ends meet. Michel was himself a graduate of the École Polytechnique. After graduation, the cadets are able to choose, according to their class standings, certain departments of the military, to which, as I understand it, they are attached for life. The most sought after of these were, for some reason, the Mines and the Ponts et Chaussées. Michel ended up in the Poudre and, in fact, had done some high-powered mathematical calculations for it. He is a mathematical physicist—a theoretical physicist whose strength is in the application of very advanced mathematical techniques to physics problems. When I first met him, he had become well known to physicists in general for something known as the Michel parameter. This was a number that characterized the properties of the decay of the muon. Michel had done a remarkable calculation showing that this number—which varied from theory to theory—was a characteristic of any of the theories of muon decay. The number had already been measured several times prior to the time when I first met Michel, but it was in disagreement with the theory of weak decays that was now emerging. The striking thing was that as other exper-

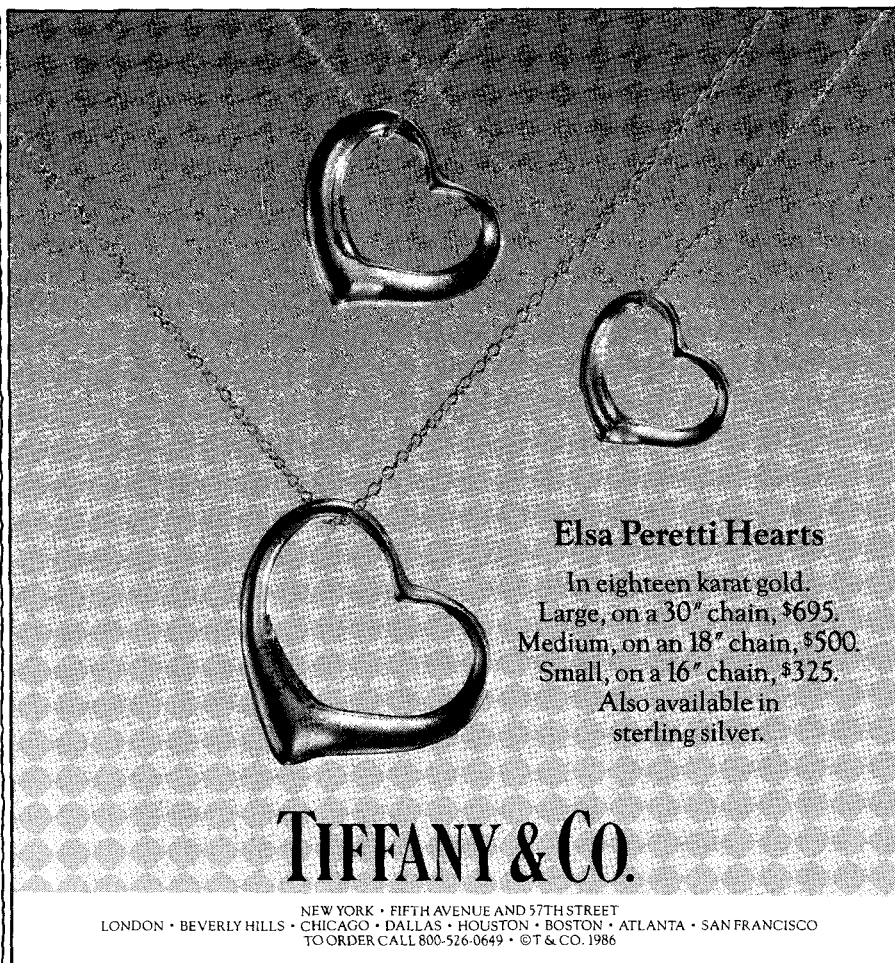


Amélie Burgess

iments on the decays of other particles began to confirm the new theory better and better, the experiments on muon decay began, miraculously, to confirm this theory as well (something that gives one pause for thought when one considers the relationship between theory and experiment); the experimental value of Michel's parameter changed just enough to agree with the new theory. Michel was in Princeton when these experimental results were announced. I went to his office to congratulate him. He said, "It is a pity." I asked why. He answered, "Because now they will speak of it no more," with "more" being pronounced something like "meurrr." He was right. Once his parameter agreed with the experiments, everyone lost interest in it. In any event, Michel was perfectly happy to have me put him down on my application as my destination if I should win my fellowship. So it was that I found myself on the *Liberté*, on my way to Paris. But in the meantime an amazing piece of good luck had occurred, which involved Murray Gell-Mann.

Gell-Mann and I had both gone to Columbia Grammar School, in Manhattan, at about the same time. We are virtually the same age, but Gell-Mann had graduated at fourteen and gone on to Yale. From Yale he went to M.I.T., where he got his Ph.D. in theoretical physics in 1951, the year I graduated from Harvard. As odd as it may seem now, his extraordinary abilities seem not to have been recognized widely at first. He was turned down for the Princeton Graduate School and then, after his degree, failed to get a Junior Fellowship at Harvard. He was, however, accepted for postdoctoral work at the Institute for Advanced Study. As it happened, he was assigned an office with Francis Low, and the two of them began a series of collaborations, with spectacular results. In 1952, Gell-Mann went to the University of Chicago, and there he started producing work that persuaded everyone that a new physics superstar had arrived.

I hardly knew him at Columbia Grammar and had totally forgotten that there was any connection between us until he arrived at Harvard in 1954 to give a lecture on his new work. To explain the impact that this lecture had on me, I will describe very briefly the way the field of elementary particles appeared—at least to me—at the time. There was the work on the "conventional" elementary particles—



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such as the electron, the neutron, the proton, and even the pi-meson—which proceeded along the lines initiated by Schwinger, Feynman, and Dyson. (Schwinger, Feynman, and Shin'ichiro Tomonaga shared the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1965 for their work in this area.) It was the kind of thing I had been doing for my thesis. While that was going on, however, a completely unexpected world of elementary particles began appearing in cosmic rays. It was not clear then, and it is not clear now, why nature has endowed us with this second layer of material reality, which, on its face, has so little to do with the material that makes up tables, apples, overcoats, and you and me. But there it is. A few new particles might not have been so difficult to digest. But they kept appearing, on what seemed a weekly basis. Enrico Fermi remarked that elementary-particle physics was getting to be like botany, and Oppenheimer proposed that a prize be given to an experimenter who did *not* find a new particle. I simply decided to ignore the whole thing, thinking that it might go away.

Meanwhile, Gell-Mann, at the University of Chicago, began to see how the particles might be classified. This is not to explain why they are there but, rather, to organize what is there. This was an extremely important step. It turned noise into language. He invented what is called the strangeness classification. (A similar idea occurred independently to T. Nakano and K. Nishijima, in Japan.) One of Gell-Mann's skills is the invention of apt names, and "strangeness," along with his term "quark" and many others, has become part of our language. Strangeness is something like electric charge. It is one of the properties that characterize an elementary particle. But, unlike electric charge, strangeness is not strictly conserved in all reactions. In the strong reactions in which particles are created, it is conserved, but it changes by integral amounts when these same particles decay. Gell-Mann published his strangeness scheme in 1953. I paid little or no attention to it. Then came his lecture. He is a superb lecturer, and this was a bravura performance. When I first saw him, something rang a bell, and when I had a chance I verified, by looking at my old yearbooks, that he was indeed the same Gell-Mann that

Mr. Reynolds, our Columbia Grammar mathematics teacher, had often compared us with unfavorably. Apart from that, his lecture convinced me that I had better wake up and begin learning about the new particles. After the revolution brought about by the work of Lee and Yang, most of the community of elementary-particle theorists began to turn their attention to the theory of radioactive decays. Feynman and Gell-Mann wrote a basic paper on this, and it was followed by a paper of Gell-Mann's, which I found very exciting. In it he proposed a connection between electromagnetism and the weak interactions that cause the decays. Not only was this a testable connection but it suggested a variety of tests, not all of which—fortunately—Gell-Mann had worked out in his paper. That left something for the rest of us to do. I had



a like-minded colleague at the Institute, Robert R. Lewis, who is now a professor of physics at the University of Michigan, and the two of us set to work in the spring of 1958 to make a systematic study of all the reactions in which Gell-Mann's idea could be tested. We spent many days poring over tables of nuclear levels and calculating various things. We then wrote a paper on what we had found, and Gell-Mann—who was by this time at Caltech—read it and sent us an amiable note. The following spring, he made a visit to Princeton. He asked me what I was doing the next year. I told him that I was going to Paris. "That's interesting," he said. "So am I." He had been invited by several French institutions and was going as the joint guest of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. He suggested that we might work together, and added—I think, facetiously—"Stick with me, kid, and I will put you on Broadway." In truth, wherever Gell-Mann was was certain to be one of the centers of activity in elementary-particle theory, so being with him in Paris was a wonderful chance for me.

I HAD spent the summer before my trip to France in La Jolla again, working with Dyson on Orion. Aside from anything else, this gave me a little extra money, which I used to buy a car that was to be delivered to the dock upon the Liberté's arrival in Le Havre. Early in the crossing, upon scanning the passenger list I noticed a

familiar name—Thomas Ypsilantis. I had never met Ypsilantis, but I knew that he was one of the four experimental physicists who had discovered the anti-proton, at Berkeley, in 1955. The others were Clyde Wiegand, Owen Chamberlain, and Emilio Segrè. In the mysterious ways of the Nobel committee, only Chamberlain and Segrè—the two senior experimenters—were awarded the Nobel Prize, in 1959, for this work. I had seen Ypsilantis at a few conferences, and he seemed a cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort—someone whom one might like to look up on a cruise. So I did. It turned out that he, too, was heading for Paris. Since I would have a car meeting me at the boat, I proposed that we join forces and drive to Paris together. When the boat docked, not only was there a magnificent Hillman Minx convertible waiting for me but also a communication from Louis Michel, who had taken upon himself the job of finding me a place to live. His note announced that there was no room for me at the Maison des États Unis, a so-called pavilion at the Cité Universitaire which housed American students, but that a room had been reserved for me at the Maison de Cuba. Ypsilantis and I packed our gear into the Hillman and drove through the beautiful early-fall countryside to Paris, where we went our separate ways.

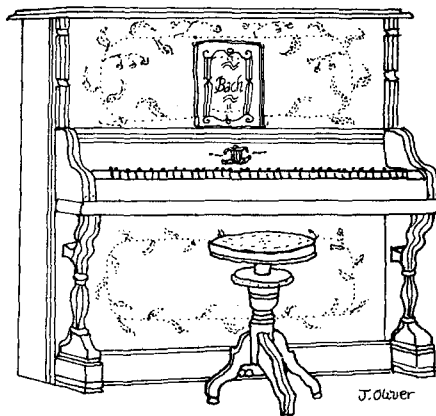
My first task was to find the Cité Universitaire and then the Cuban pavilion. The Cité is situated in a large, parklike area on the south side of Paris, near the Porte d'Orléans and is dotted with pavilions representing various countries. It looked, at first, like a kind of student World's Fair. It was never entirely clear to me who was actually entitled to live there—or, indeed, in what sense the residents needed to be students. My first impression of the Maison de Cuba was not very favorable. It was a dark and gloomy place, resembling a large tomb, and the elderly Frenchwoman who ran it matched her surroundings. I had been assigned a back room on the second floor. It was a bit like a superannuated monk's cell, and had an adjoining bathroom separated from the bedroom by a cloth curtain. The contrast with my "garden apartment" at Princeton, with its designer furniture, could not have been more striking. I put away my things and then headed in the general direction of the École Polytechnique and Michel's office. Not long ago, I walked through those familiar streets of the Latin Quarter

again, and it seemed to me that the heart had gone out of the place. The University of Paris is now decentralized. Even the École Polytechnique has moved out of the city. But in 1959 the place was alive with students—although not on my first visit, which was, I discovered, before the start of classes. The École Polytechnique resembled a walled *caserne*, and I had difficulty finding my way inside. Michel's secretary managed to explain to me in a mixture of French and English that Michel was at his country home and would not be back for at least ten days. It seemed to me that, given everything, the best thing for me to do was to get back into my car and drive south, to the Riviera. Ypsilantis had spoken favorably of a hotel in Cannes, and so it was that I spent the next ten days at the Hôtel Montmorcency, on the beach in Cannes.

There is nothing like a week by the sea to cheer one up. When I returned to Paris, the Cité Universitaire, with its autumn chestnut trees, had acquired a certain romantic patina. I set out to explore it. The pavilion next to the Maison de Cuba was the Maison de l'Indochine and was shaped like a pagoda. The American pavilion was, as I recall, a blocky brick structure, and it had separate wings for men and women. The Maison de Cuba, however, seemed to be entirely coeducational. There were even couples with small children living in some of the rooms. The only non-Cuban I ever found there was a bilingual Canadian named John Potter, who, curiously enough, was also a physicist. Potter had an impish sense of humor and enjoyed introducing me to various Cuban revolutionary figures who lived in the Maison as "my American friend." He liked to see the facial expressions this piece of information elicited. The crone who ran the place turned out to be a pleasant sort, provided one did not make waves. I was not a student and, I am sure, had no business living there, but nothing was ever said as long as I paid the modest rent on time.

In addition to the pavilions, there was a communal dining hall, which served edible food for very little money, along with cheap wine in half bottles with tinfoil caps. Since I had, at least in the beginning, no real French, I found the Francophone cacophony there utterly bewildering, and took to having most of my meals in the small cafés and restaurants of the *quartier*, which, by the way, was a thoroughly bourgeois neighborhood,

with no tourist attractions apart from the Cité itself. The rules for parking one's car were somewhat baroque. The Cité fronted on the Boulevard Jourdan, and the object of the exercise was to find a parking place on the Cité side of the broad sidewalk that runs along the boulevard. There were a few places where a bit of driveway permitted one to drive one's car onto the sidewalk. One then drove down the sidewalk until, if one was lucky, one found a parking place. Later in the year, this led to an extraordinary encounter. One morning, I was in somewhat of a hurry to get somewhere. The night before, I had discovered a parking place a considerable distance from any of the driveways. This meant that I had to drive down the sidewalk quite a way. There were two large pedestrians in front of me, walking along slowly, as was their legal right. Such was my hurry that I absent-mindedly honked my horn at them. They turned around, furious. They were cops—*flics*. They came over, nearly apoplectic. The number of things I had done wrong was countless. Driving down the sidewalk and honking at pedestrians figured significantly among them. By this time, I had acquired some French and a strategy for dealing with situations like this. I would remain perfectly mute and attempt to give the impression that I was, in all senses, a dumb foreigner. It became clear in this case that they were going to either arrest me or give me a lecture and let me go. They decided on the lecture. I listened—mute but attentive. At the end of it, forgetting my disguise, I asked in halting but workable French whether it was illegal to park where I had parked—and where, indeed, everyone at the Cité who had a car had been parking for months. "No," one of them said. "It is not illegal, but it is a bad habit." I thanked him politely and drove off down the sidewalk.



Next to the dining hall were the tennis courts, such as they were. Therein is a tale that will require a little backtracking to relate. Tennis had been a part of my family *Gestalt* ever since I can remember. It was my father's favorite recreational activity, and he was quite good at it. I played some competitive tennis in high school, and when I went to Harvard I thought I would try to play there as well. I was not good enough to make any of the teams, but I continued to play all during those years. I had a friend in graduate school, named Charles Hubbard, who was a first-rate tennis player. He told me that there were tournaments in all sorts of tennis clubs not far from Boston. He played in them regularly, and I started to go with him and enter the tournaments. The entry fees were very small, and if one got a really good opponent one could look upon it as an inexpensive tennis lesson. I continued to play in Princeton and managed to practice with the freshman team. When I worked with Freeman Dyson on the spaceship, I spent most of my weekends playing in small tennis tournaments near San Diego. It was a great way to meet people and to see parts of the countryside one would otherwise not get to see. When I went to Paris, I had the naïve idea that the Sorbonne, the École Polytechnique, the École Normale, and so on would all have tennis teams, like American universities, and that I could continue playing, as I had done in Princeton. The mere idea of the Sorbonne's having a tennis team was enough to send any French intellectual into paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter. There were, however, these tennis courts at the Cité. Not only were they not very good but it was next to impossible to get to play on them. They seemed to be the private property of various student leaders, who played among themselves and with cronies. During several weeks of trying, I managed one game and then gave up. This momentary setback was to have remarkable consequences.

In the meantime, Michel had returned to Paris from his country house, and we set up shop in the basement of one of the buildings of the École Polytechnique. As things began to unfold, it gradually became clear to me just how peculiar Michel's situation was. He was at the time one of the two best-known theoretical physicists in France, the other being Maurice Lévy, who was at the École Normale. The two men had a correct but not

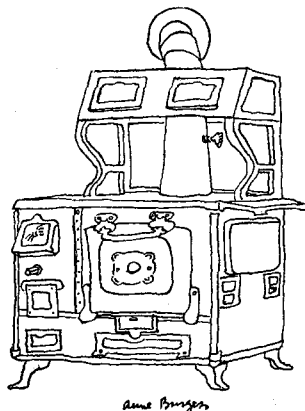
especially cordial relationship with each other. Despite Michel's eminence, his position at the École Polytechnique was that of a *maître de conférences*—a sort of associate professor—in the laboratory of one Jean Vignal, who was the professor. Unfortunately, Vignal, who was a marine engineer, did not know any modern physics. He was an elderly gentleman, whose education in physics seemed to have stopped somewhere in the late nineteen-twenties. He taught students entirely incorrect things in the very field in which Michel was an acknowledged master. (For example, Vignal had the idea that the electrons in beta radioactivity emerged with a single energy. It was the fact that they did not that, in the early thirties, led Pauli to invent the neutrino.) Moreover, he often repeated lectures,

which caused the students to chant "*Déjà vu!*" in chorus. Michel, for his part, had a somewhat incendiary temperament and less than even the minimum tolerance for fools, which made his situation potentially explosive. Matters might have been smoothed over if the experimental group, which was led by the noted physicist Louis Leprince-Ringuet, had had a serious interest in theory. Leprince-Ringuet was a colorful cosmic-ray experimenter, who distinguished himself at Rochester Conferences by giving bilingual lectures that sounded unintentionally like performances by Maurice Chevalier. As far as he was concerned, theoretical physics was an irrelevant and idle luxury. He was a true Baconian, who believed that all one had to do was to set out one's photographic plate somewhere and the Lord would provide. To do an experiment with something in mind was anathema to him. Michel and Leprince-Ringuet hardly spoke to each other. Despite these tensions, Michel had managed to gather around him a small group of devoted and brilliant students, some of whom are now among the leaders of French physics. For some time before my arrival, pressure had been building to remove much of the scientific faculty from Paris to a new, American-style campus that was being constructed at Orsay, a relatively short commute from town. A high-energy-theory group was being created by Lévy;

Michel was to join it after the first of the year, and I was to move with him. But before that took place things developed along three fronts: physics, French, and tennis. I will discuss the French first, since that was the key to everything else.

My plan had been to absorb French osmotically, from taxi-drivers, newspapers, my car radio, and waiters. This worked as long as all one wanted to do was to order a simple meal in

a restaurant or take a taxi to the Champs-Élysées. But it became clearer and clearer to me that getting beyond that stage was going to be impossible without help—a lot of help. It also became clear that unless I did, my year in Paris was going to be a lonely and frustrating one. Two specific things occurred which convinced me that I had



better do something. The first was a little reception given by the *commandant* of the École Polytechnique for the faculty and visitors. I was invited to accompany Michel. It was evidently a very interesting and distinguished group of people. The tradition of mathematics at the École Polytechnique had always been very strong. While I was there, the great mathematician Jacques Hadamard, who was in his nineties, gave some sort of retirement address. Laurent Schwartz, considered one of the greatest mathematicians in the world, was then on the faculty, and it would have been nice to talk to him and to the other people there. They were very polite, and were initially interested in the fact that I had come from America, but as soon as it became apparent that I could not carry on a sensible conversation in French their interest faded. I left the reception feeling like a moron. The second experience was related to the fact that I had not managed to meet any girls. Paris in the fall can be one of the most romantic cities in the world, and it can also be one of the loneliest. Once the students got settled, the Latin Quarter burst into life. The cafés were full of flirtatious couples engaged in what I took to be scintillating conversation. The whole Latin Quarter, with its narrow side streets and curious buildings bathed in the soft light of autumn, was like one of those bittersweet

French love songs. One morning, I came to work early, by bus. By this time, I had decided that to keep my sanity I had better save my car for special occasions. Upon my request for a hint about driving in Paris, Michel had remarked, "*Mon cher*, if you want the right of way, take it." Instead, I began taking the bus. It was a lovely morning, and I was in a mood governed by what the late Reinhold Niebuhr once called "neurotic preoccupation with self"—i.e., bathos. I got off the bus at the station below the Panthéon. A beautiful red-haired girl was standing there. She made one's heart stop. Much to my astonishment, she approached me and said, "*Je vous aimais*." In my bewilderment and linguistic ineptitude, I did not notice that she had used the past tense. That dawned on me only later, after I had spent the equivalent of three dollars to buy the awful poetry magazine she was selling. That was it. I was going to learn to speak French.

At Michel's suggestion, I decided to go to the Alliance Française, on the Boulevard Raspail, not far from the Sorbonne. It specialized in teaching French to foreigners; all the instruction was in French, and the only common language of most of the students was French. "*Très sérieux*," Michel had said solemnly. The whole place had a no-nonsense sobriety about it. There were, as I recall, five levels, ranging from total novice to interpreter. The evening classes, which were what I was interested in, met five nights a week for something like two hours, and the cost was extremely reasonable. I decided to enroll in the second level, since by then I had a smattering of restaurant and taxi French. I was given a student card, which entitled me to eat in the terrible student restaurants in the Latin Quarter and probably legitimized my stay in the Maison de Cuba. There was the bonus that something like half the class consisted of au-pair girls from Germany, Great Britain, and Scandinavia. The only other American in my class was another physicist, named Robert Tripp, who was a colleague of Ypsilantis's at Berkeley, and was also spending a year in Paris. I do not remember whether Tripp found his way to the class independently or whether we had discussed it in advance. In any event, we now engaged in fierce contests to see which of us could get the highest grade on the *dictée*, that diabolical examination in which the teacher reads a passage in

French and one has to copy it down. Anyone who has done this knows the traps one can fall into with words that sound alike but have all sorts of different spellings and accents. Besides the *dictée*, we had homework assignments and regular tests. In addition, there were hours and hours of classroom conversation, in which one got to know, to some extent, one's classmates. Many of them were refugees from Eastern Europe or Franco's Spain. Learning to speak and write French correctly was for them a vital necessity. Once a week, after class, Tripp and I treated ourselves to a late meal at one of the starred restaurants in the Michelin. Our ambition was to eat our way through the stars, and I still have the 1959 Michelin with the restaurants systematically crossed off. In due course, I found myself with a German girlfriend from our class. She was in Paris as an au pair and had blue eyes that glowed like those of a porcelain cat. Life began to look a lot better.

Anyone who has really tried, especially in adulthood, to learn a foreign language will probably never forget the moment when one discovers that one can think in that language. What critical mass of neural crossings must be achieved for this to happen I cannot imagine. It is a totally remarkable experience. It happened to me one morning a few months after I began my classes. I was driving somewhere with the car radio turned on, and it suddenly dawned on me that I was understanding the French directly, without making a translation in my head—a fantastic sensation. From that point on, I immersed myself in French. There were dozens of small night clubs in the Latin Quarter which featured singers like Jacques Brel and Ricet Barrier, both of whom were just becoming known. The place I liked the best was called the Cheval d'Or. It looked at first glance like one of those *boucheries chevalines*—those butcher shops with a horse's head in front. Actually, it was a small night club, where the only drinks served were colas and fruit juices. All sorts of artists had been launched there. After they became famous, they would return out of gratitude to the manager. It was extremely cheap and absolutely delightful, and, like so much of the Latin Quarter, it no longer exists. On Sundays, I often went to the Odéon, where Jean-Louis Barrault was staging plays such as Ionesco's "Rhincéros" and Claudel's "Tête d'Or." Sometimes I went to the Bobino, in

Montmartre, to hear singers and comedians who were well established—people like Leo Ferré and Georges Brassens. Because I was living with students, my French was very demotic—student slang, and worse. This had unexpected consequences a few years later, when I began climbing with the Chamonix guides in the French Alps. In my second year of climbing, I was assigned to Claude Jaccoux, who over the years has become one of my closest friends and about whom I have written a good deal. Jaccoux has told me that on our first climb, when he heard that his client was an American, his heart sank—the language barrier. He was astounded, therefore, to hear me emit at the first serious difficulty a stream of argot that would have done credit to a French sailor. He invited me to dinner with his family that very night, and from that all else followed.

Now that my French was evolving, the next item was the tennis. The only other form of physical exercise which was convenient was swimming—there was a pool at the Cité—but after years of competitive swimming in high school I had no intention of getting back into a pool. I looked around the Latin Quarter for tennis clubs and soon found one. It had a single court, which appeared to be surfaced with some kind of linoleum.

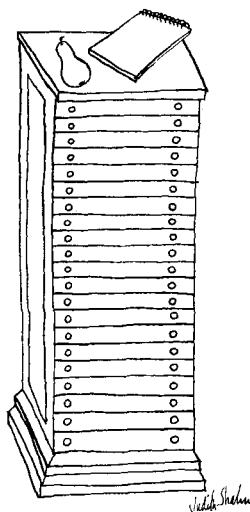
Two men were bounding around it dressed in long white pants. The whole thing had a decadent, Proustian air, and I decided that it was not what I had in mind—especially after I learned the price, which was astronomical. Once again, I put the matter to Michel, and, once again, he did a very generous thing. He knew that Leprince-Ringuet had been one of the better tennis players in France: he was then in his fifties, but he still competed in tournaments. Michel also knew that Leprince-Ringuet belonged to one of the city's better tennis clubs—the Tennis Club of Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne. Even though the two were not on particularly friendly terms, he arranged for me to meet Leprince to discuss tennis. Leprince was extremely gracious, and made a date with me to play at his club a few days later. When I first saw the place, it was like a vision. Wonderful red clay tennis courts

were set among flower beds, and there was an entire building filled with magnificent indoor courts. These, I later learned, were used for the French National Indoor Championships, which attracted Wimbledon-class tennis players from all over Europe. There was a superb dining facility and gym. Every prospect pleased—indeed, they made one's eyes water. Leprince beat me in our match but had enough of a workout so that he asked if I would like to join his club. It took a great deal of restraint to keep my acceptance—what I thought was my acceptance—suitably modulated. I was introduced to the club secretary, and returned to the Cité in a state of euphoria. This was short-lived. A few days later, Leprince reported that there was a waiting list for membership in the tens, if not the hundreds, and that I could not be accommodated by "the normal route"—whatever that meant. I tried not to let my disappointment show too much. He went on to say that since his "honor" was at stake, he was still pursuing the matter. Some days later, he called me with a remarkable piece of intelligence. He had discovered that there was a second class of membership, which was called a "diplomatic" membership and was open to foreigners. It had all the privi-

leges of regular membership and cost somewhat less. By pulling a few strings, he had obtained one of those for me. I could have embraced the man. The tennis club added an entirely new dimension to my life in Paris. Not only was there the benefit of physical exercise but one could observe *le tout Paris* at play. Jacques Chaban-Delmas, later Prime Minister, was one of the better players, and my neighbor in the locker room was Budge

Patty, a fashionable American living in Paris, who at the time ranked among the top amateurs in the world.

Meanwhile, the physics was proceeding apace. Before I left the Institute, Oppenheimer had told me that he and his wife were planning to be in Paris in the fall, and had given me his address—the Hôtel Paris-Dinard—and the dates. I looked him up and had a very pleasant visit. He had just come from seeing his friend André Malraux. I do not know whether it



what we were doing, and I told him. He said something about the problem's sounding interesting and then disappeared. The next day, at about the same hour, he reappeared, and said, in his perfect French—Gell-Mann is, among other things, an accomplished linguist—“*Messieurs, le problème est résolu.*” He must have spent all night working. What he had done was to produce a general framework that could accommodate our problem along with one that he had been working on. Michel and I were, to put it mildly, stupefied. I decided that this would be a real opportunity to see how creative physics of the highest order is done. Unlike several of the first-rank physicists, Gell-Mann genuinely likes to collaborate. He seems to need someone to bounce ideas off. The late John Sakurai, who had been a colleague of mine at the Institute, once asked P. A. M. Dirac, when we were having dinner there, if Dirac had ever had a priority fight over any of his ideas. Dirac answered—in his usual succinct style—“The really good ideas are had by only one person.” He almost never collaborated. Many of Gell-Mann's most outstanding papers were done by him alone, and there is the one great paper with Feynman. But when it comes to working out the ramifications of ideas Gell-Mann, more often than not, works with other people. In Paris, there were, basically, four of us: Michel, myself, Gell-Mann, and Maurice Lévy. We saw each other almost daily, and all kinds of ideas were exchanged, and I had the chance to see whether I could figure out Gell-Mann's gift. What is the secret of that kind of scientific creativity? I finally decided, after almost a year of studying it, that I didn't understand it, and that, in some sense, it cannot be understood.

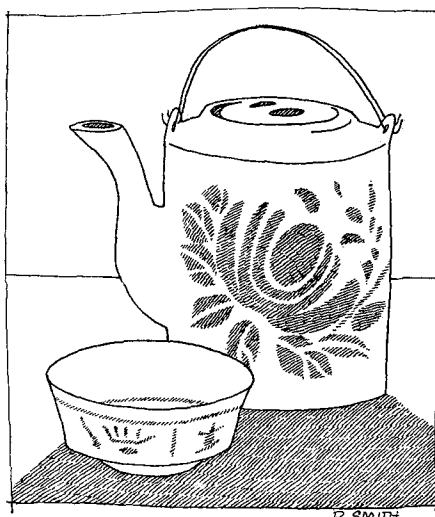
In a way, I pity the historians of science and others who are attempting to put together a straightforward oral history of the postwar development of elementary-particle physics. At first, the task seems almost trivial. All one has to do, one might naïvely think, is to ask the participants for an account of what happened. In this respect, I have been startled to read accounts of events that I thought I had witnessed whose meaning seemed to me to be completely different from what emerged in the accounts. This may reflect a faulty memory, or it may reflect a not unnatural desire on the part of the participants in these events to make things appear more of a piece

than they actually were. With this caveat, I will try to describe the way the work in Paris seemed to me—the work of Gell-Mann that led, the following fall, to his creation of what he called the Eightfold Way, and then to his invention of the quark. Gell-Mann had a particular method of working. He made periodic summaries of what he had been doing, in the form of manuscripts for papers that he often did not publish. These papers were his way of collecting his thoughts. He let me read some of the handwritten manuscripts. Their theme and the theme of the work that Gell-Mann told me about when we talked together several times a week were the same—to try to find some unifying symmetry principle that would give a coherent meaning to the newly discovered “strange” particles. The problem was that the experiments then being done with large accelerators and with cosmic rays did not suggest such a symmetry. Indeed, the events that occurred in the discovery of this principle were, as far as I am concerned, a perfect example of what was wrong with Leprince-Ringuet's Baconian notion of going into the laboratory with an open mind and no theoretical guidance. If this had been the approach taken, no one would have got anywhere in the physics of elementary particles. Since experiment was little or no help, what took place—as far as I could make out—was a kind of theoretical “playing around.” Gell-Mann had various mathematical objects and was playing with them as if they were toys. He would say things to me like “The currents are commuting like angular momenta.” Given the currents in question, this seemed to be a true statement, but its significance was totally beyond me. I did not see why it was of any interest. Occasion-

ally, he would come up with a new form of current with even “cuter” algebraic properties, which he would be very pleased with and which meant even less to me. I am afraid that my obtuseness tried his patience, and when I felt things getting to this point I would hide out for a few days and try to make sense of what was going on. Then I would call Gell-Mann, and he would say, “Where have you been? I have discovered millions of things.” There was, as far as I could see, not the remotest clue that any of this was leading anywhere. It seemed to me—and in this I was entirely wrong—like open-ended speculation.

The following fall, Gell-Mann had a conversation at Caltech with the mathematician Richard Block, who told him that there was a name for what he was doing—generating Lie groups—and that it had been, since its invention by the Norwegian mathematician Sophus Lie at the end of the nineteenth century, a well-formulated branch of pure mathematics. Block also told him about the work of the French mathematician Élie Cartan, who had classified all the simple Lie groups. It was this work that Gell-Mann was unwittingly proceeding to re-invent. (In 1968, Gell-Mann wrote a reminiscence in which he noted that during that year in Paris he frequently had lunch with my old touch-football teammate J.-P. Serre, one of the world's greatest experts in Lie algebras, and never asked him what he was doing.) Gell-Mann realized that he could use Cartan's work to see if any of the Lie groups suited his purpose. As it happened, one of the most elementary Lie groups worked, although it took until 1964 before a group—thirty-three physicists—at the Brookhaven Laboratory found the key particle, whose existence and essential properties Gell-Mann had predicted. It is impossible to believe that this very odd particle, which was known as the omega-minus, would have been found if one had not been looking for it. Indeed, if it had been found without the theory its existence would have appeared simply incomprehensible. In 1969, Gell-Mann was awarded a Nobel Prize for this work.

Sometime after the new year, Michel and I left the École Polytechnique and moved out to the newly built science campus at Orsay. It was a distressingly modern place, lacking the wonderful patina of the Latin Quarter. It was also covered in mud, since the lawns had not yet



grown. I went out there once or twice a week and otherwise worked in Paris, either with Gell-Mann or by myself. Before long, Michel left Orsay. A private industrialist had given enough money to found a kind of clone of the Institute for Advanced Study, in Bures-sur-Yvette, a small country town close to Orsay. It now has as members several very distinguished mathematical physicists and pure mathematicians, of whom the best known is probably René Thom, the founder of catastrophe theory. Michel was, I think, its first physics appointee, and he has been there ever since.

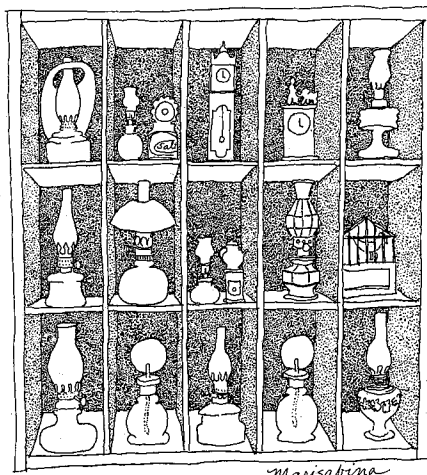
That spring, I did some travelling—part of it on my own, for fun, and part of it to give talks on the work we were doing in Paris. Although nothing had been formally published, the grapevine in physics is very active, and it was widely known what we were up to. Gell-Mann was lecturing all over the place, and I got a chance to do some lecturing as well, at, among other places, Vienna and—most interesting for me—the Swiss Federal Polytechnic Institute, in Zurich, where I might have gone as Pauli's assistant, and from which Einstein had graduated. I had also had a long-standing plan to go to Israel that April. I had visited it with my parents in 1938, when it was still Palestine. This provoked all sorts of sallies from Gell-Mann. Knowing my rabbinical background, he enjoyed teasing me by making outrageous remarks about Israel. He may have been seeking revenge for something that happened the spring before we went to France. We had gone to Washington to call on Abba Eban, who was then the Israeli Ambassador. He was an old friend of my father's, and I had arranged the visit and had taken Gell-Mann along. Eban was very cordial, and reminisced about my family, and then turned to Gell-Mann and asked, "Are you also a physicist?" I attempted to explain, but I no doubt made things worse. I was therefore astonished when Gell-Mann told me one day that he, too, would be visiting Israel that April. He had invitations to lecture at various places, and, furthermore, he said, the visit would give him a chance to do some exotic bird-watching. Gell-Mann has been a devoted bird-watcher since childhood, and Israel, it seems, is a stopover for more than six hundred species of migratory birds, many of which Gell-Mann had never seen. Thus it was that early in April we headed for Israel, in close proximity.

I established myself at the Hotel Migdal David, in Tel Aviv—a class-C hotel, "for tourists with limited means"—and the next day was off to the Weizmann Institute, in Rehovoth, where Gell-Mann was giving a lecture. He informed me that he had been assigned a jeep, a driver, and an ornithologist, and that very day he was going out to watch birds. He invited me to go along. I can take or leave birds, but it seemed an unconventional way to see the countryside, so I readily accepted. The driver turned out to be a tough ex-soldier armed with a revolver. He remarked that birds seemed to like the Huleh Valley, which was close to the Syrian border, and that he was taking no chances. It soon became clear that Gell-Mann knew at least as much about the local birds as the local ornithologist did, and the latter then asked for an explanation of the non-conservation of parity. We spent that night in the city of Safed, the lovely small town that has always been a retreat for Jewish mystics. The next day, we were up at five in the morning to drive to the border and see the birds. I had misgivings about Gell-Mann's running around in that area with field glasses, shouting things like "There's a rawler!" and waving amiably to the Syrian border guards, but nothing happened, although a few days later four people were kidnapped by Arabs at the same spot.

When we got back to Tel Aviv, I began to look up people to whom I had letters of introduction, including David Ben-Gurion's daughter Renanah and her husband. This led to an invitation for Gell-Mann and myself to visit Ben-Gurion, who was in his desert retreat at S'deh Boker, a kibbutz in the Negev. The settlement was a rugged, isolated place, and the Ben-Gurions were living in a simple cottage, guarded by armed soldiers. He

was a small, impish man with an aureole of white hair. We were taken inside, and his wife, who was notorious in Israel as the archetypal Jewish mother, began questioning us about our marital status. Gell-Mann was, and I wasn't, which provoked a round of comment about what my family's feelings about this must be. The Ben-Gurions had known my mother and father for many years. I told Mrs. Ben-Gurion that happiness was not everything and that one could be perfectly happy without it, whereupon the subject was changed. Ben-Gurion had apparently been briefed on who Gell-Mann was, because he began to make a pitch for Gell-Mann to take a job in Israel. (Curiously, after Gell-Mann discovered the Eightfold Way the following year, it turned out that the mathematics of it had been independently discovered at about the same time by a young Israeli named Yuval Ne'eman, who wrote it up in his Ph.D. thesis.) Ben-Gurion had a high voice, and at one point he all but shouted at Gell-Mann (causing some of the guards posted at the windows to look inside to see what was happening), "Do you see those trees on that hill there?" We looked. There were no trees, we said. "Yes," he said dramatically, "but in ten years there will be!" It was a powerful display of personality, but Gell-Mann returned to Caltech.

By the end of April, I was back in Paris. The problem of how to spend the summer had been resolved by a remarkable invitation. Maurice Lévy had founded a summer school in physics on the island of Corsica. The previous summer had been its first season of operation, and he invited me to be a member of its faculty for its second summer, which meant that I would be giving lectures in French. I knew next to nothing about Corsica, except that Corsicans were the butt of innumerable music-hall jokes in Paris. (A typical one—wife to husband: "Antoine, put on your revolver and take out the garbage.") It was supposed to be a somewhat wild but incredibly beautiful place. The school was—more or less—on a beach, in the village of Cargèse. The students lived in tents, and the faculty lived in a modest but delightful hotel on the beach, called the Thalassa. It sounded spectacular, and so it turned out to be. Indeed, it was so spectacular that when I got back to Brookhaven the following fall I wrote the experience up. It became the first piece of writing I did for *The*



New Yorker, and, indeed, the first professional writing I ever did.

IN fairy tales, the adult life of the young hero and heroine is usually summarized by the statement that "they lived happily ever after." I have never felt that the achievement of "happiness" was a very significant goal. There is a song by Leo Ferré which has the lines "*Le bonheur ce n'est pas grande chose. C'est que le chagrin que s'repose.*" I would not begin to be able to say whether these early years of my life—the ones I have been describing—were "happy." They were purposive, in a way that one's later years are not. When I was interviewing I. I. Rabi for my Profile of him in *The New Yorker*, he said, "I think physicists are the Peter Pans of the human race. They never grow up, and they keep their curiosity. Once you are sophisticated, you know too much—far too much." During the period I have described—my "ungrown years"—I had almost no responsibilities. I had no family to support, no classes to teach, and little or no taxes to pay (I never earned enough). Once I became pointed in the direction of physics, I became obsessed by it—drunk on it. That sort of thing is very hard to convey, and would make tedious

reading if one did try to convey it. The experiences I have been recounting occurred in and around the edges and interstices of my obsession with physics. But, being rather solitary, I had a great deal of time to think about these experiences—to make them part of some interior mythology. When I began to write about them, I began to sift through the letters and other memorabilia from those times—I never kept a diary—and was amazed to discover how the interior mythology had distorted some of these experiences. I found that I had whole years wrong. Writing about this early time was, for me, a process of discovery.

For that reason, I have stopped writing this history at this point. Once I began writing professionally, the writing itself became a kind of running autobiography. In that sense, professional writing meant a loss of innocence—a "growing up." Things that now happen to me become, automatically, grist for the mill, in a way that these early experiences never were. They just happened. I have no regrets about this later evolution of my life. It has given me much joy. But it is a book that has in many ways already been written.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN
(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

AFTER THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR'S CHILD

I go to the church of the SLOW CHILDREN again,
its four gold crosses carved in blocks of stone.
And in the melting light of February afternoon
I find a new cross facing Mozart Street—
named for the quickest child who ever lived,
in his sky-blue silk vest, "which I well deserve!"

Today a drabber child approaches me slowly,
scoring the last remaining snow with his white cane,
tapping shyly on the pavement as he hears me draw near.
He tilts his face up like one expecting to be hit.
He greets me as the sun crosses the broad plane
of his cheekbone, and we fall in step.
He wonders if I've heard the cardinal.
"Preach?" I ask.
"No," he says. "Sing. It's a bird—a bright red one."

The blind boy and I walk around the blue yard
till his dinner bell gongs. Two children
stand beside us on a house-shaped shield, sedately,
as if the shape of that yellow sign—
the only one that warns us to go slow—
could bear all children safely in.
Then the mother of evening
bends over her loom, and all children
like fledglings through the darkened air,
light on their feet, are called home.

—LIZ ROSENBERG

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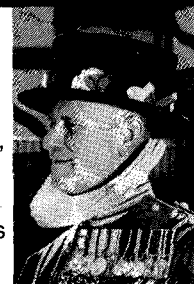
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8 to 32 days.
Middle Europe,
British Isles,
London Theatre,
Scandinavia,
Greece, Spain,
Portugal, Morocco,
Soviet Union.



BRITISH ISLES

8 to 22 days.
London Theatre,
Britain By Rail,
Homes & Gardens,
Scotland, Ireland,
Wales, Edinburgh
Festival, Highlands
& Islands.



SCOTLAND

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Edinburgh, the
Highlands, Orkney
and Shetland Isles,
Loch Lomond,
Aberdeen, Loch
Ness, Glasgow.



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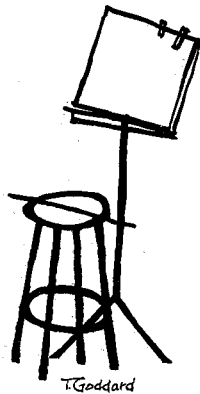
MUSICAL EVENTS

Voice of the Bard

WILLIAM BOLCOM'S "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," a long work, about two hours and twenty minutes of music, for large forces, had its New York première at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last month. There can be few English-speaking composers who on reading William Blake's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience, Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul" have not contemplated setting all forty-six of the poems. The recurrent imagery, the antithetical pairs of poems, and the strange, supple rhythms of the verse suggest musical treatment. (Some of the "Innocence" poems are sung at merry gatherings in Blake's "An Island in the Moon;" Blake himself, we are told, sometimes in company sang songs of his own composition.) At least a few of the poems—the more innocent ones—are likely to be familiar from nursery days. The title page of "Songs of Innocence" shows a nurse, or mother, and two children reading a book, in a smiling landscape; in the letters of the title, figures are dancing, singing, piping. What may have been planned as a children's book—"happy songs every child may joy to hear"—became something more. The poet Kathleen Raine wrote, "Simple as these poems may be in form, they contain a great wisdom and rest upon the firm ground of philosophy. They embody essential knowledge more enduring than the imposing structures of conceptual thought elaborated by the philosophers of the Enlightenment."

They were composed not only with words. In the great libraries of the world, one can read the poems as they left Blake's hand: engraved on copper, printed in colored inks, illustrated, the verses framed and twined with springing vegetable forms, from tree and vine, which seem a symbol of life and joy. No two copies are alike. Some are cool, some glowing. Blake colored each with watercolors prepared by a method that St. Joseph, in a vision, had revealed to him. (Some are thought to have been colored by Mrs. Blake.) The poems take on different tones. "The Blossom" in the Rosen-

wald copy of "Songs of Innocence" in the Library of Congress is a very direct statement in rust and green; in a British Library copy, reds, blues, and yellows conspire in something far more intricate. (I suppose studies have been made of the way typography affects a poem. Auden has a different accent in Faber's Bodoni, Random



House's rounder type, and the squat face, emulating a typewriter, of the "Collected Poems;" T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets" seems slightly out of tune set in anything but Perpetua.) The barefoot poet-shepherd in the frontispiece of "Songs of Innocence" in Washington wears a flesh-colored garment and holds a dark pipe; in London, wearing a light-blue garment and holding a pale boxwood pipe, he seems a

different person. But either way his carefree stance, as he hearkens to the laughing cloud-borne child above him, is in marked contrast to his attitude in the frontispiece of "Songs of Experience." The happy sheep still crop calmly, but shepherd and child gaze out at us with eyes that have contemplated the Tyger as well as the Lamb. In this collection, the Nurse's Song grows sicklied. The Chimney Sweeper has no green-and-golden dream to console him. The sound of bells and birdsong on the Ecchoing Green yields to the youthful harlot's curse, blighting London's midnight streets. Mercy, Pity, Love, and Peace are cancelled by Cruelty, Jealousy, Terror, and Secrecy, in otherwise identical lines. In a program note, Bolcom calls Blake "the most urgent of poets" and suggests that "we can learn from him in the time of our deepest crisis," that "the 'Songs of Innocence and of Experience' may be the clearest explanation we have of what forces have brought us to this frightening impasse."

Wilfrid Mellers, I know, once planned to compose a complete "Innocence and Experience" cycle. His "The Gates of the Dream," a setting of "The Book of Thel" (where "Innocence and Experience" themes run through long, lovely lines), also contains "The Lilly" and "The Little Girl Lost;" he wrote the cantata

"Sun-flower: The Divine Tetrad of William Blake," and set "The Ecchoing Green" for soprano and clarinet. He did not complete a full cycle, and it is easy to understand why: a composer's first attraction to the idea is likely to be succeeded by a feeling that it is somehow presumptuous, unseemly, and needlessly thorough to work steadily through all Blake's pages, elaborating in a third, large dimension—music—the territory that Blake, with pen and brush, plotted so precisely and so beautifully in fifty-five small plates. Most composers have been content to cull just a few poems to be provided with tunes, harmonies, and timbres. The best-known songs from "Innocence and Experience" are probably those of Virgil Thomson, Benjamin Britten, and Ralph Vaughan Williams. "The Sunflower" was one of Thomson's earliest songs (1920); "The Tiger" followed six years later; and in 1951 his Five Songs from William Blake included "The Divine Image," "Tiger! Tiger!," and "The Little Black Boy." Britten set "The Sick Rose" in his "Serenade," "Spring" in his "Spring Symphony," and six "Experience" songs in his "Songs and Proverbs of William Blake." Nine of Vaughan Williams' Ten Blake Songs, for voice and oboe, are from "Innocence and Experience."

The most verbally acute settings are Thomson's: the accents, weights, speeds of Blake's lines determine melodies that lie flexibly across the musical metres and seem almost to sing themselves. No composer sets words more deftly than Thomson. ("The Divine Image" and "Tiger! Tiger!," sung by Mack Harrell, with orchestral accompaniment, can be heard on a CRI disk.) The musically richest settings are Britten's: the charged harmonies, the tensions between tonality and a twelve-note row, the contours of the vocal line, and marvellous sonorities now rich, now bleak re-create a burning vision of Blake's world. When these songs are known, their music tends to sound on and color and enrich any subsequent reading of the poems. (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the composer recorded the "Songs and Proverbs" for Decca/London.) Vaughan Williams' response to the "Innocence" poems is limpid, his handling of "Experience" less potent. The songs, composed for the film "The Vision of William Blake," are simple and modest—lyricized recitation. (There are several recordings.)

John Sykes (1909-62) set thirty-seven of the forty-six poems. I've not heard them; nor had I heard of Sykes—a composer unknown to New Grove—until I read Stephen Banfield's "Sensibility and English Song" (Cambridge). Mr. Banfield describes Sykes's "On Another's Sorrow" as "a perfect song" and supports the claim with a long quotation.

BOLCOM's determination to set all the "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" did not falter. He embarked on the work in 1956, when he was seventeen, and completed it, a mature composer, in 1982. The score was first performed by the Stuttgart Opera, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, in January, 1984. In April of that year, it was done at Ann Arbor, presented by the University of Michigan School of Music, and conducted by Gustav Meier. It was done in Grant Park, Chicago, last summer. The New York premiere—originally billed for last November, but delayed by an orchestral players' strike—was presented by the Brooklyn Academy's Next Wave Festival and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Lukas Foss. Three performances were given. (The third coincided with the New York premiere of Bolcom's Violin Concerto, done in Carnegie Hall by Sergiu Luca, the American Composers Orchestra, and Mr. Davies.)

The forces for "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" are large symphony orchestra (with triple woodwinds plus two saxophones; six horns, three trumpets, five trombones, pairs of tubas and flugelhorn, and a euphonium; a minimum of six percussionists); large mixed chorus, children's chorus, and madrigal group; popular instruments (electric and acoustic guitars, electric bass, country fiddle); organ; and as many soloists as are needed to compass the wide variety of vocal manners and ranges. In Brooklyn, there were two sopranos, a boy treble, a mezzo-soprano, a

contralto, a tenor, a baritone, a pop singer, and a speaker. The choruses were the Sine Nomine Singers, the Brooklyn College Choir, and the Cathedral Choristers. The work, the composer writes in a preface to the score, "has elements of symphony, opera, oratorio, song cycle, rock album, *soirée composite*, etc., within it." It's a big piece—as big as Mahler's Eighth Symphony, Britten's War Requiem, or Bernstein's "Mass." There are three parts, within each of which songs are grouped to form three movements. Part I, lasting about fifty-two minutes, is "Songs of Innocence." "Songs of Experience" forms Parts II and III, which last about forty-three and forty-four minutes; in Brooklyn they were done without an intermission. Bolcom follows the order of poems set out by Blake in a letter of about 1818 and found in just one printed copy. He slightly adjusts that order at the end and adds, as his finale, "A Divine Image," which appears in only one of the twenty-eight surviving copies of the joint volume printed by Blake.

The first thing to be said is that "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" is an imposing, impressive piece, affecting in many of its episodes and

powerfully stirring as a whole. It is written with large, lyrical, generous imagination, by a composer whose responses to the Blake poems are passionate, strong, and direct (not refined or intricate), who handles the materials of music with easy, almost casual confidence, and whose aim is uncomplicated communication with his listeners. I heard the first two Brooklyn performances, and the Ann Arbor performance on tape. (It was broadcast by WFMT.) The Brooklyn performances were not very good. Mr. Foss did not seem to know the work well: he jerked and jittered and jabbed at the music, head in the score. The forces amassed were slightly under strength, and on the stage of the Academy's Opera House they were cramped. The music didn't have enough space around it. (The Royal Albert Hall or one of America's big summer music sheds—Saratoga, Tanglewood—would be the place for what is essentially a festival work.) There was no question of trying any of the production ideas suggested in the composer's preface: the Blake plates projected large above the performance, robed singers, moments of dance. (In the lobby, Dover facsimiles of "Innocence" and "Experience" were on



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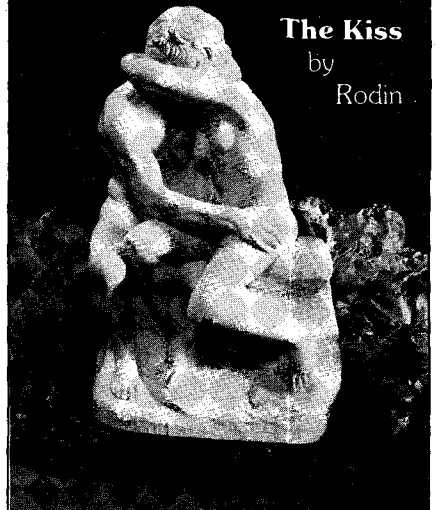
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sale, and that was good.) The soloists were a mixed bunch. But the second performance was much better than the first.

The work begins with a harsh din through which a C major struggles to be born. This is a recurrent image: atonal or polytonal clangor, abysses of confusion, strife, and horror from which a song or group of songs then emerges as a clear, precious vision. (After some songs, a single alien chord or note is used as enough to cloud and throw into question an achieved cadence. Only at the very end, after great turmoil, does a C major ring out uncontradicted.) The music settles on A; a piper pipes, and the tenor sings the first song. His lines are set in half-note plus quarter-note triple metre—a repeated long-short rhythm similar to that of Vaughan Williams' setting. The Brooklyn tenor, William Brown, sang on beats and bar lines, and we heard "PI-ping/DOWN the/VAL-leys/WILD." Two general points: First, Bolcom has generally subordinated superfine verbal inflection, of a Thomsonian kind, to musical motif, as a composer has every right to do. He sets words like "valley," "parent," "desart" with a long first syllable, and gives equal length to the first five syllables of "the invisible worm." But, second, the Brooklyn singers—with the shining exception of the mezzo, Joan Morris, and the partial exception of the pop singer, David Caldwell—tended to sing the written notes without regard to the natural stresses of the words, thereby making Bolcom's declamation seem clumsy at times and Blake's sense hard to follow. The second song is a lilting choral account of "The Ecchoing Green," in G, punctuated by bursts of country fiddling. The third, "The Lamb," opens with a tease: the soprano, unaccompanied, embarks on what promises to be a twelve-note melody but after nine notes doubles back; the song is a touching example of Bolcom's undaunting chromatic manner. "The Shepherd" is set as a country waltz—untroubled I-IV-V harmonies in F, and a lazy, easy tune, suggesting skies that are not cloudy all day. "Infant Joy" is a tenderly chromatic dialogue between the children's chorus and the contralto; and the first movement ends with "The Little Black Boy" as a soft-rock number. That should suggest the variety of tone. Of special note are the two versions of "The Nurse's Song" (the only pair of antithetical poems to

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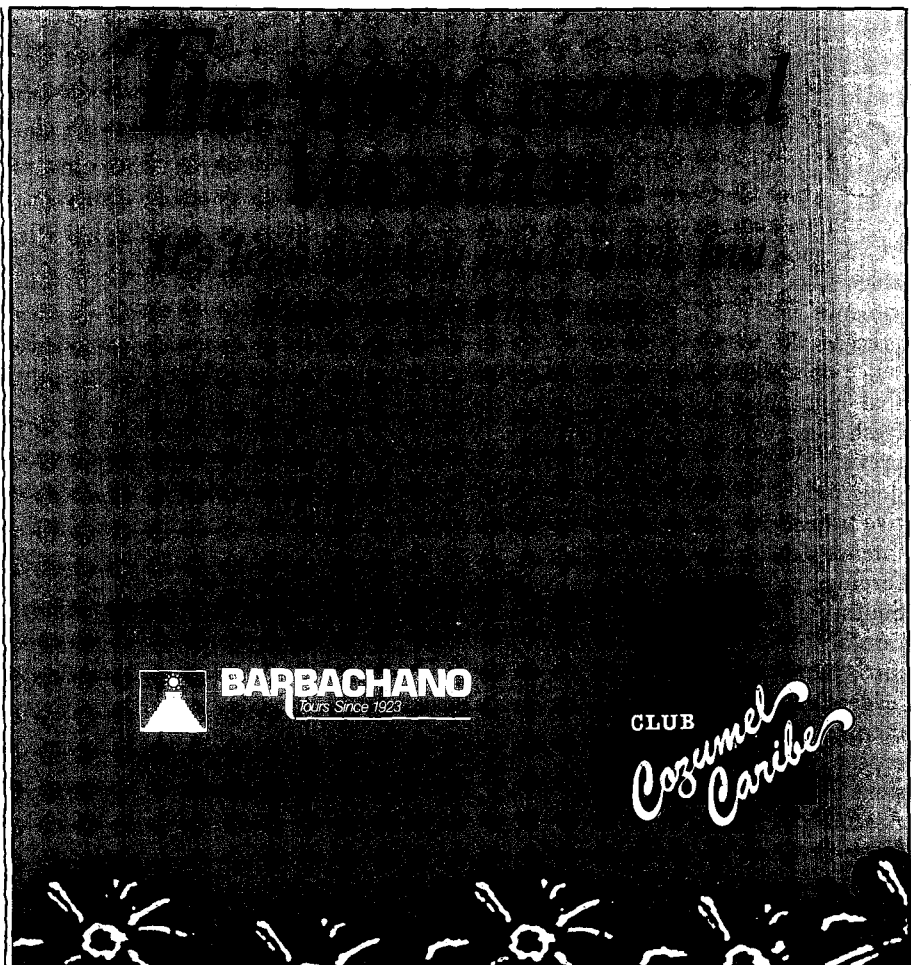
which Bolcom has given a clearly audible musical connection), the serene setting of "The Divine Image" ("To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love"), and the merry one of "The Little Vagabond," as a "tavern fox trot." All these were lit by Miss Morris's fresh, forward tone and magical way with words. "Earth's Answer," near the start of Part II ("Selfish! vain! Eternal bane!"), was cried by Diane Ragains in (at the second performance) tones of glowing tragedy. Sara Arneson in "The Angel" soared to high F's and F-sharps of great sweetness and purity. ("Silvery, like a princess in an ice-palace" is the composer's instruction.) "To Tirzah," which closes Part II, is a bleak, alarming choral outcry. The flower trilogy—"My Pretty Rose Tree," "Ah! Sun-flower," and "The Lilly"—forms a very attractive choral group. In "The Little Girl Found," a single motif is happily worked through key after key as the narrative proceeds. (There is a madrigal cycle to be drawn from the piece, for separate performance.) "The Tyger" is delivered as a rhythmic unpitched choral chant. The settings I liked least were two that were spoken: "The Chimney Sweeper" in "Innocence" as a melodrama over an oily euphonium tune, and "A Poison Tree" as a melodrama with piano. Bolcom might perhaps rethink them; one cannot help wondering whether a concern for using a variety of media, rather than any necessity for treating the songs in this way, determined the forces chosen. "The Chimney Sweeper" in "Experience" is, rather surprisingly, given a choral setting—and one in which the words cannot be heard clearly. The finale is a reggae number: the irony of the cool, catchy tune to the terrible words is chilling. At the second, more confident performance, the exchanges between Mr. Caldwell and the chorus came to life, and the close was overwhelming.

—ANDREW PORTER

The advantage of using airplanes to spot speeders, Bastedo said, is that they don't emit radar waves that can be picked up by radar detectors in cars. Also, motorists relying on CB radios to learn the presence of speed traps often are thwarted because they can't see the planes overhead.

The sky patrols work on the simple equation: time divided by distance equals speed, Bastedo explained.—*New Haven Register*.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SANCTIONS AND SURVIVAL

OF the many complex problems in the world today, the terrifying situation in South Africa and its regional ramifications may be the most confounding and intractable. The realization that prolonged violence and bloodshed are likely to precede the end of apartheid, acceptance of a universal ballot, and eventual black majority rule has led to a fresh exploration of possible ways to prevail upon the defiant Afrikaner government to provide a less destructive transition. In the past few months, intense debate over imposing and enforcing economic sanctions against South Africa has occupied the attention of a number of international forums, among them convocations of leaders of the English-speaking Commonwealth countries and of the European Economic Community and sessions of the United Nations General Assembly and of the United States Congress. Not the least contentious of such discussions was one I attended—the gathering of delegates from ninety-nine nations and two independent organizations at the eighth summit of the Nonaligned Movement, held in September in Harare, the capital of South Africa's northern neighbor Zimbabwe.

Though there is a slowly mounting consensus for stronger measures, the belief is growing that even comprehensive sanctions, including the withdrawal of major foreign corporate investment from South Africa and the elimination of all military sales to and purchases from it, will have very little effect unless they are accompanied by more forceful and effective diplomacy—particularly on the part of the principal Western nations and Japan, which are South Africa's biggest trading partners—than has yet been applied. For self-serving reasons, these larger nations, and also many of the smaller southern-African countries, which are the most dependent on South Africa and will be the most seriously affected by sanctions, differ on their nature and application and on other ways of responding to South African pressure. Partly because of this indecisiveness and lack of cohesion, the African National Congress and other black-nationalist organizations and groups, within South Africa and in some of the nearby countries, have come to believe that the Pretoria re-

gime will obdurately refuse to adopt any significant reforms, continuing to rely on its declared policy of destabilizing its weak and often feuding neighbors. Until recently, these groups appeared to be convinced that the crisis could be resolved only by revolutionary means, even if the mounting violence in South Africa's black townships threatened to escalate into a full-fledged civil war and, one way or another, engulf all the struggling nations in southern Africa. Since last June, however, when Pretoria instituted a new nationwide state of emergency, many members of the A.N.C. have been detained or forced to go into hiding. As a result, in the past month or so the A.N.C. has been reworking its strategy and tactics to meet the demands of what is now regarded as a long-term challenge. For the moment, at least, less emphasis is being placed on violent acts, and a greater effort is being made to reach out to South Africa's white moderates and to the nations of the West in order to gain sympathy and support for the fight to end white minority rule.

When I was in Harare last fall for the nonaligned conference, the crack-down on dissent in South Africa was being fully prosecuted, and the underlying mood was one of apprehension. These opinions were widely voiced not only by most members of the disparate and often disputatious Nonaligned Movement but also by Western observers and diplomats who were following the six-day summit. The sense of apprehension was reinforced by the multiplying daily incidents of violence and terror and the growing number of arrests of black dissidents and demon-

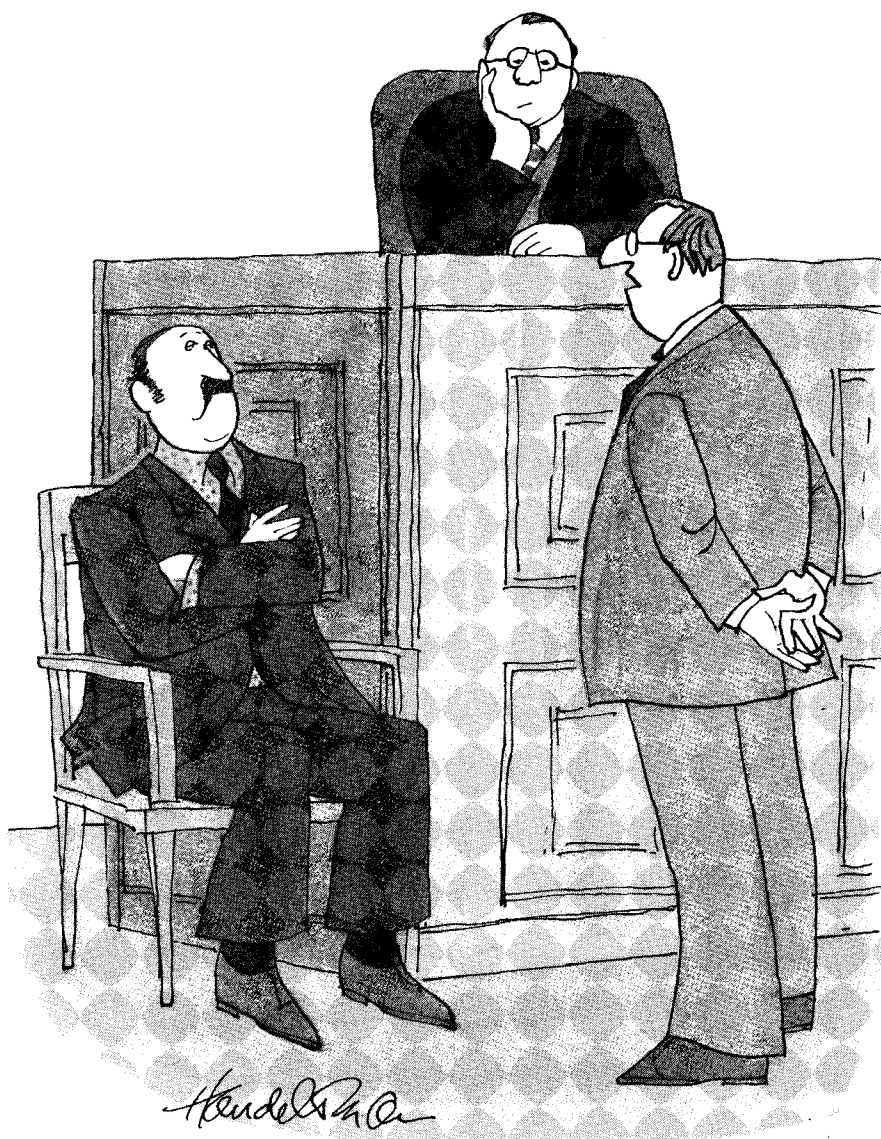
strators in South Africa before, during, and after the conference. At the same time, the South African government maintained its uncompromising position and kept up its strong-arm methods of retaliation, even while it made occasional allusions to loosening the bonds of apartheid. Its intransigence was underlined by a tone of bravado, by an often contemptuous response to steps taken at the several international meetings, including the nonaligned summit, and by a seemingly calm reaction, on October 2nd, to Congress's overriding of President Reagan's veto of a sanctions package that was tougher, at least on paper, than any others offered so far. Though the bold action of Congress, led by a small band of rebellious Republicans in the Senate, and subsequent decisions by more than a dozen large American corporations to withdraw their direct participation in South African enterprises were widely hailed as signs of a stiffening approach, no one in any branch of the American government had a clear idea of what the practical consequences of the new, tougher sanctions legislation would actually be. And, to complicate the picture further, new moves in the United Nations for stronger sanctions, which have been opposed by the United States and Great Britain, have been held up for weeks by wrangling among the African nations and other concerned countries over how far to go in challenging the British and the Americans to veto new resolutions and thereby bring the issue to a head. Some favor doing this by forcing a double veto, while others favor compromising with the legislation passed by Congress and the Commonwealth group. Action has also been delayed as a result of the domestic economic and political problems facing Zimbabwe and Zambia, which affect the argument over sanctions, particularly in view of the likelihood of further South African retaliation.

Not only do the White House, the State Department, and members of Congress continue to have different views on the question of sanctions but American diplomats in Washington and abroad have the difficult, if not impossible, task of reconciling a whole set of conflicting policy matters having to do with southern Africa. For example, in Angola, with whose Marxist



government Washington has no diplomatic relations, financial and military assistance is now being openly given to the South Africa-backed Angolan rebel group known as UNITA, led by Jonas Savimbi, which is fighting not only Angolan troops but between twenty and thirty thousand Cubans. In Marxist Mozambique, on the other hand, which by geography and circumstance is in the vanguard of the opposition to South Africa, the United States had been giving economic and diplomatic support to the beleaguered government of President Samora Machel, who was killed in a plane crash in South Africa near the Mozambique border on October 19th; the South Africans, who have denied any responsibility for the crash, are sponsors of a rightist rebel group called the Mozambique National Resistance, or RENAMO, which for several years has been conducting ruthless, costly acts of sabotage against Mozambique, and also against Zimbabwe and other neighboring countries. Machel's untimely death may, it is thought, intensify the ongoing contest between those seeking to undermine the shaky Mozambican government—notably the South Africans and their RENAMO allies—and the Western nations that are trying to shore up Mozambique's broken-down economy and, in particular, rebuild its vital but decrepit railway system, which affords access to Indian Ocean ports. The railway is especially important to Zimbabwe, which is landlocked, and which has had close relations with Mozambique for the past decade of their common revolutionary development. The Zimbabwean government also professes Marxism but has followed the path of a mixed economy, and it, too, has had the support of Western nations, including the United States. Last July, however, Washington curtailed a twenty-million-dollar aid program after a junior member of the Zimbabwean Cabinet strongly criticized our African policies at an Independence Day reception at a Harare hotel. Former President Jimmy Carter, who was present, walked out in protest, but he has since stated that the State Department overreacted in cutting off the aid.

United States assistance to what are called the front-line nations of southern Africa—Zimbabwe, Mozambique, Tanzania, Zambia, Angola, and Botswana—is currently in a state of uncertainty, mainly because of new congressional restrictions, under the



"Walt Whitman may well have contradicted himself, Mr. Dobkin, but chances are he wasn't under oath at the moment."

Gramm-Rudman law, on all government expenditures. A plan to provide the six states with half a billion dollars over a five-year period to help diminish their dependence on South Africa has been cut to fifty million dollars for this year; even if Congress approves additional funds on a year-to-year basis Senate and House leaders, the White House, and the State Department disagree about how much money, if any, should go to Angola, Mozambique, and Zimbabwe. The heads of the front-line states, led by Prime Minister Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, who was particularly close to Machel, and who, as host of the nonaligned summit, is now chairman of the movement for the next three years, are eager to visit the United States and talk to President Reagan as well as to other officials and members

of Congress, but no one has formally invited them. During the recent meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, the front-line Foreign Ministers did meet with Secretary of State George Shultz and other State Department officers, but the talks did not go particularly well; Shultz said he felt that the United States could continue to oppose apartheid energetically without endorsing economic sanctions, which, he added, could become "a real distraction from the real problem of how to end apartheid." In the second week of January, Shultz visited six sub-Saharan African countries but none of the front-line states, though a month earlier the Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs, Michael Armacost, had travelled to all the front-line nations except Angola and promised to strengthen United States

ties with them. Shultz has said he will visit these countries, and possibly South Africa, later this year. At the end of January, he was to meet in Washington with Oliver Tambo, the president of the African National Congress—a meeting the South Africans denounced in advance, in line with their growing criticism of recent American policy shifts and their denunciation of the A.N.C. as a Communist-controlled group. (The State Department, in a report to Congress last month, acknowledged that the A.N.C. is significantly influenced by the South African Communist Party and “deeply beholden” to it and to the Soviet Union for supplying arms and training its growing guerrilla forces; but, the report added, the Party “is only one element, although a very important one, of the coalition of interests represented in the A.N.C.,” and it pointed out that both Tambo and Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned former head of the A.N.C., are ardent non-Communists.)

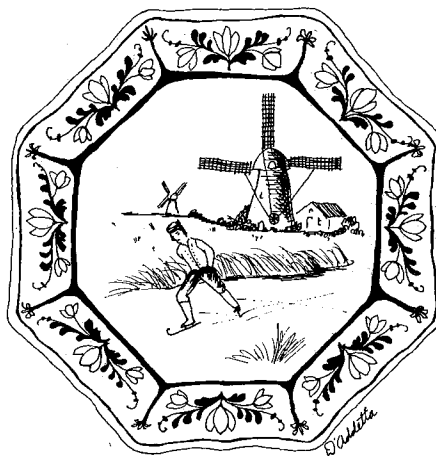
Last November, Washington sent a new Ambassador to South Africa, a black career officer named Edward Perkins. He will have his hands full trying to explain the many contradictions of United States policy, particularly the significance of Reagan’s six-year proclaimed policy of “constructive engagement,” which Shultz and other high-ranking officials still defend. In fact, Shultz, during his January trip to Africa, said that Washington’s basic policies toward South Africa had not changed. “The way you implement them is you are there,” he told reporters in Kenya. “You don’t go away. You just don’t throw up your hands and say, ‘I don’t like it. I’m leaving.’ You stay there. You are, if I may use the term, engaged.” By now, however, many members of the Administration, as well as a majority of members of Congress and most experts, regard the policy of constructive engagement as a failure, chiefly because it has not persuaded the Pretoria government to take any steps toward diminishing the impact of apartheid or toward giving blacks a greater voice in the government. Another notable aspect of that failure has been Washington’s inability to get the South Africans to grant independence to South-West Africa, also known as Namibia, which has been a valuable colony of South Africa’s for close to seventy years, and whose predominantly black population has been just about as badly treated as

have blacks in South Africa. The long Namibian stalemate has been exacerbated by Washington’s attempt to link a solution there to the withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola and the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with that country. However, because of America’s support of the UNITA forces, the Angolans are less willing than ever to ask the Cubans to leave.

THIS is the background of conflict and confusion against which the Harare nonaligned summit took place, and against which the Nonaligned Movement as a whole, with the many ups and downs it has had since it was formally established, in 1961, as a buffer between the two big Cold War antagonists, should be evaluated. Although the hard results of the conference were scarcely earthshaking—most of the six days were devoted, as usual, to verbiage directed chiefly against the United States and to the complaints and demands customary from Third World nations—the fact that the summit took place in southern Africa at this critical moment and that African problems dominated the meetings is important in itself. And the fact that Zimbabwe, which gained its independence only six years ago, after a long, brutal war, was the host nation, and that its Prime Minister, Mugabe, as the movement’s leader, is now also the leading protagonist of southern Africa’s opposition to South Africa, is equally significant. Like Machel, Mugabe, a charismatic figure, is a unique combination of tough pragmatist and revolutionary ideologue, whose Marxist beliefs and principles are tempered by an awareness that he can go only so far and so fast in turning Zimbabwe, the former Southern Rhodesia, into a full-fledged socialist state—if, indeed, he really wants to. Ironically, the more openly radical Machel, who led Mozambique

to revolutionary victory over the Portuguese in 1975—five years before Mugabe came to power, in a British-supervised election—himself counselled Mugabe to benefit from Mozambique’s mistakes and “go slow” in trying to impose pure socialism; specifically, he urged Mugabe not to endanger Zimbabwe’s far more advanced and successful economy, which had been developed by the British and their Rhodesian disciples over nearly a century.

Mugabe received his early education from Jesuits and is still a religious man as well as a professed Marxist. He holds six degrees, including two in law and economics, yet he is largely self-taught, having spent ten years in prison during the revolution reading and studying. He has surprised many people, white former colonists among them, by his success in balancing the various components of Zimbabwe’s complicated society, including different elements of his own majority Shona tribe, whose rivalries were described to me by one Western diplomat as “a built-in time bomb.” This precarious balance is apparent in Mugabe’s twenty-five-man Cabinet and his fourteen-man Politburo, which together run the country under his austere and often authoritarian but not always smooth supervision. He is not a particularly good administrator and is frequently unaware of the day-to-day operations of the government, whose membership ranges from able technocrats to inexperienced former wartime comrades and fellow-prisoners. He is unchallenged as the nation’s leader, however: he makes all the important decisions himself, though not without listening to and consulting with others, including his wife of many years, Sally, who is a Ghanaian. From the outset of his rule, he has preached reconciliation—perhaps the primary result of his Jesuit training and background. This, combined with an instinct for self-preservation, political acumen and sagacity, and a fund of common sense and practicality, enabled him from the start not only to gain the support of most of his country’s eight and a half million blacks—the principal exception being members of the Ndebele tribe, a twenty per cent minority, led by his foremost political rival, Joshua Nkomo—but also to prevail upon a majority of a total of five thousand well-off white commercial farmers to remain in Zimbabwe after the fight for independence was won. The fact that these white farmers have



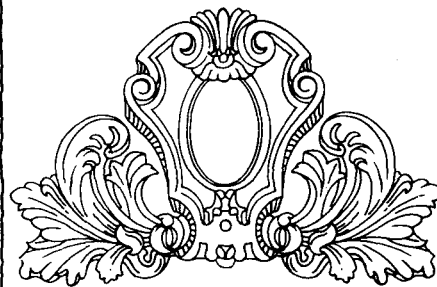
continued to prosper attests to the success of the mixed economy, with almost half the nation's rich agricultural output now produced by newly established small- and medium-scale black farming coöperatives or by tribal communal-development centers. Despite Mugabe's promises of reconciliation, almost two-thirds of the white prewar population, of two hundred and seventy thousand, made up in large part of British settlers who had recently come to Rhodesia to enjoy the easy life of planters, fled to England or to South Africa during the last decade, out of fear that Mugabe would make things difficult for them. Now, however, those who were born in Rhodesia are being allowed to return, and they are coming back at the rate of about a hundred a month—most of them from South Africa, where they have discovered that life is not as pleasant as they expected.

Many of the hundred thousand whites now in Zimbabwe are government administrators with more or less secure jobs, or businessmen who have done reasonably well in the export-import business or in manufacturing, especially in years of good harvests. But Mugabe's policy of reconciliation depends on other factors as well, and some of those are less positive. The country's population is increasing by nearly three and a half per cent a year; its rate of economic growth in 1986 is projected to be less than three per cent, despite a good harvest; unemployment is rising, and so is crime, mostly robbery. There is a lack of foreign exchange, which has led to a dire shortage of spare parts in the commercial sector, and which is mainly attributable to the fact that the bulk of the nation's trade has to pass through South Africa. Not only does South Africa own or control a large share of Zimbabwe's mining and manufacturing concerns but South African goods and services are vital for the country's economic welfare, as they are for all the other southern-African states. Pretoria can turn the tap of export and import trade on or off almost at will; for example, there was a brief period last August when, as a warning, it imposed border controls and customs searches on goods entering Zimbabwe and Zambia through South Africa and later added a surcharge in the form of a hundred-and-twenty-five-per-cent "bond," payable in hard currency, on goods in transit to Zambia. This policy of retaliatory sanctions included, in October, a threat to send home some

sixty thousand Mozambican miners working in South Africa—a threat that has heightened the ongoing debate about whether or not sanctions against South Africa are workable or advisable.

WHILE virtually all the nations attending the nonaligned conference approved of sanctions in principle, there were endless discussions about how far they should go and how they should be applied and administered. To a large extent, it is a Catch-22 proposition: weak or moderate sanctions, it is argued, would encourage South Africa to impose additional retaliatory sanctions or to engage in "sanctions-busting," which means circumventing them by turning to other nations, mostly smaller or medium-sized ones in Europe and Asia that are willing to sell the South Africans what they want without any questions or qualms. Strong or comprehensive sanctions, if they should be imposed with the support of the major Western nations and carefully monitored—and this is a crucial if—would stand a lot better chance of working in the long term, yet would not altogether preclude sanctions-busting or stop South Africa from carrying out other damaging forms of destabilization, including military actions against the frontline states. In addition to the paramilitary activities in Mozambique (where the suspicion remains that RENAMO, or South Africa itself, may have shot down President Machel's plane), the South Africans have engaged in such military acts from time to time, including attacks on nationalist headquarters in several southern-African countries. A successful coup against the government of Lesotho—a kingdom surrounded and dominated by South Africa—was carried out in January of 1986, and veiled threats are regularly made against other governments in the region, including those of Botswana and Swaziland, which are also almost completely at South Africa's mercy.

The sanctions dilemma, as one aspect of the whole question of how to handle the South African problem, was obviously paramount in the mind of Prime Minister Mugabe as he took over the chairmanship of the Non-aligned Movement. But from the outset it was apparent that there were a host of other problems to deal with, not the least of them the conflicts within the movement, whose very size and diversity have obscured its origi-



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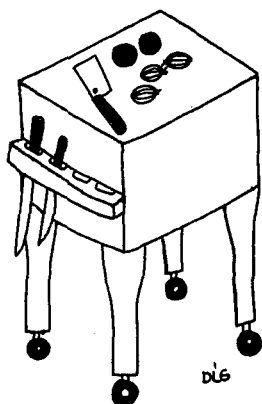
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nal identity and purpose. The personalities and idiosyncrasies of the chiefs of state and government have increasingly been manifest at the triennial summits in a proclivity for personal showmanship, long-winded speeches, and exhibitionistic conduct. This tends to obscure the serious work of the conference, which takes place at committee meetings, behind closed doors, where the basic documents and resolutions are drawn up by harassed and weary bureaucrats.

Mugabe's considerable parliamentary skills were evident in the way he conducted the difficult six-day conference, which was assigned to Zimbabwe less than a year ago, because, for the second consecutive time, Iraq proved unable to act as the designated host, owing to its war with Iran. Harare, formerly Salisbury, is a charming and gracious city, five thousand feet above sea level, and has a plush conference center, built by the Yugoslavs, in a new Sheraton Hotel complex; but the young country, being short of money and in debt, ran the summit on a relative shoestring of about twenty million dollars, part of which was contributed in cash or in kind—including fleets of cars, equipment of one sort or another, and tons of frozen food and other delicacies—by various member countries. It was spring in Zimbabwe, and the weather was lovely; the flowers were abundant—bougainvillea; blossoms on the msasa trees turning from pink to gold; orange and red flamboyants; and jacarandas, which came into full bloom during and just after the conference, so that the sun-swept city was covered with their fallen purple petals.

Because of the recent spate of terrorist attacks all over the world and the precarious situation in southern Africa, security was a major problem for Mugabe. He wisely rejected an offer by the Cubans to take charge of security and other technical services, for when the Cubans were the hosts of the sixth summit, in Havana in 1979, Fidel Castro's personal supervision of everything from cops to committees was so obtrusive, and his efforts to shift the movement to the left so obvious, that they led to a number of embarrassing setbacks both for Castro himself and for his Soviet sponsors at

the follow-up United Nations General Assembly meeting in New York. (His attempt to seat a pro-Soviet and pro-Vietnamese Cambodian delegation in Havana ended in an angry deadlock, and the Cambodian seat in the Non-aligned Movement has remained empty. In the United Nations, however, the seat was given to the anti-Vietnamese coalition delegation, now led by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, which has retained it.) Mugabe's sensitivity about security was in evidence throughout the conference, and more



strenuous precautions were taken at this meeting than at any of the three previous ones I had attended—beginning with the fifth summit, in 1976, in Colombo, Sri Lanka. Although Harare's leading hotels had plenty of vacant rooms, most of the thousand-odd foreign correspondents were billeted in dormitories of the University

of Zimbabwe, three miles out of town. An Asian Foreign Minister I know invited me to join him for coffee one morning in the lobby of the five-star Meikles Hotel, and sent his assistant to meet me at the main entrance, but a half-dozen Zimbabwean security men refused to let me in, despite the intervention of hotel officials; after half an hour of heated but futile discussion, my ministerial host emerged, with his staff of a dozen, and we all drove five miles to a villa on the outskirts of town to talk.

Security was firmly enforced at the airport, too, and with more justification. Members of the Libyan, Iraqi, and Iranian delegations arrived carrying weapons but were made to surrender them before being allowed to disembark. Even so, Iraqi and Iranian guards and the Iraqi and Iranian delegates themselves got into a tussle that almost led to bloodshed before Zimbabwean security men could break it up. The *Herald*, Harare's only daily paper, ran a cartoon the next morning showing a tank being unloaded from a plane while a Zimbabwean onlooker remarked, "He said he was bringing his own transport—but this is ridiculous." Mugabe dealt both forcibly and tactfully with some of the more irascible and unpredictable chiefs of state or ministers. When the Iranian President, Ali Khamenei, demanded in his speech before the plenary meeting that

Iraq be expelled from the movement, Mugabe discreetly signalled for an immediate blackout of the telecast, and all the screens in the conference complex and around town went blank and silent. He displayed greater restraint and diplomacy in responding to an attempt by Libya's Colonel Muammar Qaddafi to disrupt the proceedings by threatening to resign from "this funny movement," which he accused of harboring "puppets and spies" of the United States and "other reactionary forces." Wearing a flowing white cloak and a purple shirt, and assuming a messianic air, Qaddafi, who arrived, in his own plane, late and left early, pledged that Libya's resources, including its "arms depots," would support all "freedom fighters" in Africa, Palestine, and Central and South America "until the yoke of colonialism comes to an end." Many of the delegates, including Mozambique's Machel, laughed openly as Qaddafi ranted on; Mugabe listened first impassively and then with visible annoyance. When Qaddafi at last finished, Mugabe arose to comment that "not all of us think that the movement is useless," and went on to say calmly that although he understood Qaddafi's "deep and emotional feelings, embittered by recent acts of the United States," the conference had offered the Libyan chief "quite a platform to air his views," and that while there was room for "qualitative transformation" of the movement, it was "first necessary to accept its validity." Mugabe received far more applause for his brief and pointed response than Qaddafi had for his rambling address. Nevertheless, though he failed to follow through on his threat to quit the movement, Qaddafi did get much of what he wanted in the final draft of the summit communiqué, which contained a long paragraph harshly condemning the United States for its "repeated aggressions and provocations" against Libya—especially the military operation conducted against Tripoli last April, which was described as "an act of state terrorism and a violation of international law." The communiqué also denounced "the air attack on the house of the leader of the Libyan revolution with the purpose of eliminating him and his family" as "a crime that is devoid of any political or moral value," and it demanded that Libya be compensated for "the human and material losses it has suffered." A separate economic communiqué called on the United States to rescind its eco-

conomic boycott of Libya and to unfreeze Libyan assets.

THE Libyan resolutions were among the more than fifty negative comments directed at the United States in the final political and economic drafts—almost double the number that had appeared in 1983, after the previous summit, held in New Delhi, and four times as many as were included at Havana. Subsequently, a State Department spokesman, Charles Redman, described the documents as “a litany of arbitrary and unfounded charges . . . both highly offensive and counterproductive,” raising “a basic question as to the objectivity or political bias of the organization.” It is true that, as at prior summits, there were hardly any criticisms of the Soviet Union, either by name or by implication, and that the United States has increasingly become a whipping boy for the majority of the Nonaligned Movement’s members, who lean to the left (this has been the case particularly in regard to Middle Eastern and African political issues and to economic matters). But it is also true, as a number of neutral observers have pointed out, that by responding to the criticism, or even taking official note of it, the State Department scarcely enhanced its image, either among the hypersensitive Third World nations or among its peers and allies. Mugabe, in a further demonstration of his statesmanship, went out of his way to avoid taking sides in the Soviet-American conflict. In his opening address, after listing the gloomy statistics on world arms expenditures, which, he pointed out, were now on the order of a trillion dollars a year, he welcomed the superpower statements that a nuclear war is unwinnable “and therefore must never be fought,” and urged the prohibition of all nuclear-weapons tests “in all environments, for all time,” and “the conclusion of a comprehensive test-ban treaty.” At his press conference preceding the opening session, he had been evenhanded in urging the United States to join the Soviet Union in a moratorium on nuclear testing, declaring that the contest between the Russians and the Americans to surpass each other in military fields was detrimental not only to peace and security but “to the welfare of mankind,” because it diverted their own resources and those of other countries from “purposes that serve humanity—food, clothing, and services.” Mugabe also drew a sharp dis-

inction between “ideological pluralism and human rights,” saying that while human rights was “not a debatable issue” and all violations should be universally condemned, ideology was a matter of choice. “The fact that small states must feel secure in a world of two giants does not mean we must account to either side,” he said. “The two giants must not efface the life of the dwarfs and must restrain themselves. Zimbabwe must feel free to follow its own course, not succumb to the United States or the Soviet Union.” This comment was especially interesting in view of Zimbabwe’s having been closer to China than to the Soviet Union since its independence, and to its having had good relations with the United States as well until the petty squabble, last July, that prompted the aid cutoff. A new American Ambassador to Harare, James Rawlings, a former Union Carbide executive, arrived late in November, and relations between the two countries are expected to improve.

While the chairmanship of the summit automatically gave Mugabe a platform from which to try to set up a new program of sanctions against South Africa, the challenge he confronted was not an easy one. Under the circumstances, most observers felt, the cautious course he adopted was judicious. In early August, Mugabe had returned from a disputatious “review meeting” in London with six other Commonwealth leaders: Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain; the Prime Ministers of Australia, the Bahamas, Canada, and India; and President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia. The London gathering followed a regular meeting of the forty-nine-member Commonwealth, held in October, 1985, in Nassau, in the Bahamas, at which the Pretoria government was called upon to dismantle apartheid; terminate the existing state of emergency; release Nelson Mandela, who has been in jail for more than twenty years; lift the ban on the A.N.C. and other political parties; and “initiate a process of dialogue across lines of color, politics and religion, with a view to establishing a non-racial and representative government.” A seven-member body that became known as the Eminent Persons Group

had been appointed at the Nassau meeting to visit South Africa “to facilitate the process of dialogue.” Also at that meeting, a six-month “program of common action” was agreed to which included such strong measures against South Africa as strict enforcement of a mandatory arms embargo called for by earlier resolutions of the United Nations Security Council; a ban on new contracts for the sale and export of nuclear goods, materials, and technology; an embargo on imports of arms, ammunition, military vehicles, and paramilitary equipment from South Africa; an end to “all military coöperation;” and a ban on all new government loans to the Pretoria government and its agencies. The Nassau meeting had also prepared a further list of measures, to be taken if no progress was made in the six-month period; among other things, these could end air links with South Africa, terminate new investments and reinvestment of profits there, and ban agricultural imports.

The Eminent Persons Group made several trips to South Africa and its neighbor countries between February 16th and May 19th last year, and drew up a hundred-and-forty-page report, which was discussed at the London meeting of Commonwealth leaders and was distributed and widely debated at the non-aligned conference. The report is one of the most searching and eloquent denunciations of apartheid and the Pretoria government that have yet appeared. It began, “None of us was prepared for the full reality of apartheid. As a contrivance of social engineering, it is awesome in its cruelty. It is achieved and sustained only through force, creating human misery and deprivation and blighting the lives of millions. The degree to which apartheid has divided the compartmentalized South African society is nothing short of astounding.” The first section went on to say, “In our view the various reforms undertaken or foreshadowed to date must be viewed against the background of determination not to give up white control. The harshness of apartheid, in many of its manifestations, has been and is being softened. But the essential pillars remain: the ‘homelands’ policy, the Population Registration Act



[which officially divides the population into black, white, Asian, and colored], the Group Areas Act [under which the various groups have to live in areas designated by the government]. Not only do they remain, but the 'homelands' policy is being further developed." In a chapter on violence, the group described both the forced removal of more than three and a half million people, mostly black, and the "migrant labor" transfer of homeland blacks out of white areas as being conducted "with a callousness that has shocked the world." Having witnessed numerous incidents of violence, even after South Africa lifted its state of emergency, on March 7, 1986—a move that "had no noticeable effect" (the state of emergency was reimposed last June)—the group's members concluded that, with a hundred and fifty people a month being killed and thousands being detained, there was no end in sight to the violence, and that the country "is sliding even further into a permanent state of emergency in terms of the ordinary laws of the land."

Members of the group visited Nelson Mandela in prison three times. Though he is "an isolated and lonely figure," the report said, he is "a living legend," and the group's members declared themselves "struck by his physical authority—by his immaculate appearance, his apparent good health and his commanding presence." His attitude was "conciliatory," and his desire for "reconciliation across the divide of color" in a multiracial society sincere and consistent, including his emphasis on being "a nationalist, not a Communist," in accordance with the principles of the African National Congress Freedom Charter, drawn up in 1955. The group felt that "he was a man who had been driven to armed struggle only with the greatest reluctance, solely in the absence of any other alternative to the violence of the apartheid system, and never as an end in itself." But Mandela also insisted that he was in no position to renounce violence unilaterally as a condition of his release, and the group felt that "under the circumstances . . . it would be unreasonable to expect that of him or anyone else." Mandela did believe that there could be a "synchronized" move by the government and the A.N.C. to halt the violence and begin negotiations, though his release alone would not be enough by itself: "He and his colleagues would have to take on the active role of persuading people to call off violent activities and to re-

spect the negotiating process"—which also meant that it had to be "fully credible and kept so by the government."

After many discussions with leaders of the South African government, the group felt that despite the government's being "deeply concerned that its reform program had elicited no response from the black community . . . there was no recognition that apartheid itself was sustained through violence and that the inequities and injustices it perpetrated fostered violence." To make things more difficult, the government "has perfected a specialized political vocabulary which, while saying one thing, means quite another." Thus, while admitting that apartheid was "finished," or "dead," the government continued to look on South Africa as "a nation of minorities," in which future constitutional arrangements based on group rights rather than individual rights would be expressed "only within the confines of . . . ethnic groups," and in which "Western democratic practice had no relevance to . . . conditions." After further discussions with political organizations and individuals, including the A.N.C., and with business and religious leaders, the group "was forcibly struck by the overwhelming desire in the country for a non-violent negotiated settlement," but it placed the onus on the government, "as the wielders of police and military power," for the failure to create a climate of confidence for the conduct of negotiations "on a basis of equality without . . . fear of harassment." So far, the group concluded, the reforms introduced or promised "were insufficient, and were widely interpreted as ploys to gain time or as surface ripples on the deep waters of apartheid."

As the group was preparing to leave for London, on May 19th, the South African Defence Force raided A.N.C. bases near Harare, Lusaka, and Gaborone. Members of the group concluded that "such wanton action

against Commonwealth governments who were instrumental in setting up the mission on which we were engaged, and especially given its timing, would cast serious doubt on the genuineness of the South African government's attitude toward a negotiated settlement." The group's feeling, conveyed to all Commonwealth members, was that "further talks would not lead anywhere in the current circumstances." In a separate section of its report, on "the regional dimension" of the situation, which was of particular interest to the members of the non-aligned conference, the group discussed the "persistent campaign of destabilization and economic disruption" that South Africa has been conducting against its neighbors. It placed special emphasis on "the destruction of crucial transport links in Mozambique and Angola by dissident movements receiving support from South Africa," which has increased "the dependence of the nations in the region on South Africa's transport network" and has given the South Africans "enormous power to exercise economic pressure on these countries, which it has not hesitated to use for political ends." In assessing the cost of what has been called South Africa's "total strategy" of economic and military sabotage, the Eminent Persons Group noted that as many as a hundred thousand lives had been lost and a million persons made homeless; the over-all financial loss to the nine nations—Angola, Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Swaziland, Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe—of the Southern African Development Coördination Conference (S.A.D.C.C.), formed in 1980, was estimated to be more than ten billion dollars between 1980 and 1984, and by now may have risen to four or five billion dollars a year. As the group left South Africa, it felt that the government's combined economic and military punitive powers, including its firm belief in retaliatory sanctions and its specious approach to creating a legitimate and free atmosphere for negotiations, would inevitably lead to further disaster. "The writ of the government will be increasingly circumscribed," the report said. "Inter-black rivalry and violence, partly encouraged and fomented by the government, will grow, making the task of negotiating a settlement even more difficult. Political upheaval and social unrest will accelerate the flight of capital and professional skills and the economy's downward spiral. . . . For



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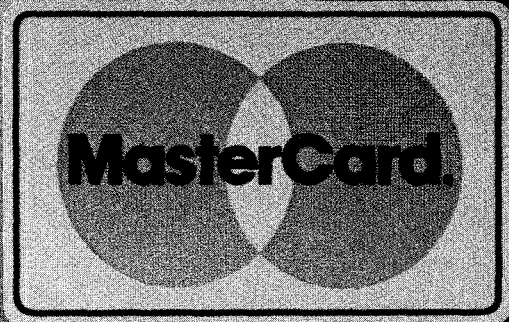
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all the people of South Africa and of the subregion as a whole, the certain prospect is of an even sharper decline into violence and bloodshed with all its attendant human costs. A racial conflagration with frightening implications threatens."

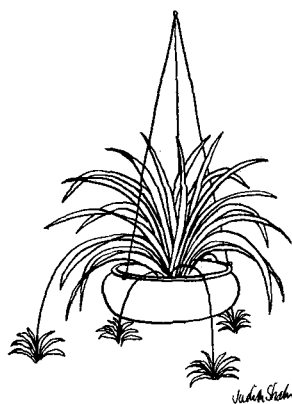
WHEN the seven Commonwealth leaders held their August meeting in London, they were "profoundly disappointed" at the response of the South African government to the "program of common action" by the Nassau conference and to the mission of the Eminent Persons Group. Six of the seven—Mrs. Thatcher being the exception—agreed to take stiffer measures against Pretoria, in line with the decisions reached at Nassau. They adopted a sanctions package that embraced the Nassau list, and added a ban on the import of uranium, coal, iron, and steel from South Africa. Mrs. Thatcher, however, much to the dismay and annoyance of Prime Minister Mugabe and President Kaunda, refused to go along, maintaining (like President Reagan) that sanctions would neither reduce the stubbornness of the Pretoria government nor end apartheid, and would make life harder rather than easier for the blacks in South Africa and in the other countries of the area. Separately, the British imposed voluntary bans on new investment in South Africa and on the promotion of tourism, and agreed to support the twelve-member European Economic Community if it cut off imports of coal, iron, steel, and gold coins from South Africa. As it turned out, the E.E.C., which met in mid-September, adopted a considerably milder sanctions package, eliminating the important ban on coal imports when the Germans and the Portuguese vetoed it. (South Africa's high-quality but low-priced coal is particularly in demand in a number of major countries, including Japan and Germany.) Meanwhile, Mugabe's task of pushing through strong sanctions at the nonaligned summit had been made harder as a result of an acrimonious and inconclusive meeting in Luanda, Angola, of the S.A.D.C.C. nations. Of the nine, Malawi, Lesotho, and Swaziland were—and still are—particularly cautious in opposing the Pretoria regime. Lesotho is completely encircled by South Africa, and Swaziland almost completely, so both are exceptionally vulnerable to economic and political pressure from Pretoria, while conservative Malawi,

something of a lone wolf in the region, has maintained cordial relations with Pretoria, to the growing annoyance of its neighbors. The Luanda meeting was able to do nothing more than weakly endorse the list of Commonwealth sanctions, and thus clearly illustrated the predicament of the southern-African group of nations; namely, that all of them are restrained by different degrees of economic vulnerability to and dependence on, or fear of, South Africa, and by their own internal political constraints and weaknesses. For example, President Machel openly stated, shortly before his death, that "Mozambique does not have the capacity to apply sanctions."

ALTHOUGH by the time the non-aligned summit met the various steps taken against South Africa were beginning to have some negative effects on the nation's business and were driving down the value of the rand, the government would still not consent to introduce any significant reforms—it was adamant in its refusal to release Nelson Mandela and begin a political dialogue with conflicting factions—and week by week its hard-line position was producing fresh violence. For the nonaligned nations to condemn apartheid was easy, but deciding what to do about it—whether to push ahead with sanctions and keep on trying to obtain the widest possible support for them or to seek other solutions—was far more difficult. Nevertheless, having gained the support of virtually all the African nations and of other active members of the movement, most notably India, and being bolstered by the presence of Oliver Tambo and other A.N.C. leaders, the nonaligned summit got under way, with a moving appeal from Mugabe as he took over the chairmanship from Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi of India (who had inherited the job in 1984 after his mother's assassination). Mugabe described apartheid as an "evil force . . . that denies our common humanity, assails our sense of human decency, violates all norms of morality and dehumanizes both its victims and its perpetrators." He went on to say that South Africa's "defense of apartheid requires not only internal repression and genocide at home but

constant aggression against neighboring states;" that is, the country "has devised an integrated and comprehensive regional policy of hegemony that combines the use of economic sanctions with the fomenting of political unrest through the agency of armed bandits, recruited, armed, financed, and directed by it." He called on the nonaligned nations to endorse comprehensive mandatory sanctions, and, pending those, "voluntary selective sanctions," while actively campaigning to obtain the support of "the key industrial countries," particularly the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan, for the tougher, mandatory measures.

What Mugabe and Kaunda, his more unpredictable partner and sometime mentor, were trying to do, with Rajiv Gandhi's active help and advice, was walk a difficult tightrope between getting the Nonaligned Movement to take a strong position on sanctions and realistically reminding the members that the major powers and the United Nations were still waffling, and that the Western countries, no less than the front-line states, all had ambivalent concerns about South Africa. For Mugabe, in particular, the problem was to strike a balance between a tough approach—including firm language—and attainable objectives, over both the short and the long term. Thus, in the key paragraphs on southern Africa in the summit's final political draft, following a particularly harsh condemnation of apartheid as "the root cause of conflict in the region" and "a grave threat to international peace and security," the delegates "expressed their indignation and dismay that certain western nations, themselves former victims of fascist aggression, continued to aid and abet apartheid economically, financially, politically, diplomatically, and militarily." In a separate paragraph, the draft "condemned the policy of 'constructive engagement' pursued by the United States of America, which the delegates saw as giving succor and comfort to the racist regime, thus emboldening it in its brazen acts of aggression against neighboring independent states and encouraging it in its defiance of international public opinion;" but the draft tactfully "wel-



comed the increasing rejection of that policy . . . within the United States itself"—an apt anticipatory reading of the mood of Congress.

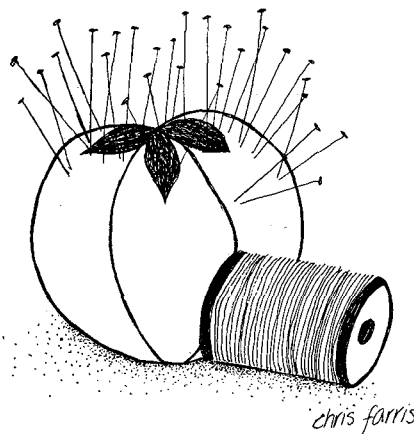
THOUGH Mugabe had declared, after the London Commonwealth meeting, that he was determined to implement the Commonwealth sanctions package by the end of the year, along with any further measures the Nonaligned Movement adopted, some observers felt that the final summit draft represented a retreat from his original stiff approach. It had been generally expected that a list submitted by the Foreign Ministers of the member countries before the summit opened would be added to and strengthened, and that a system would be established to monitor the members' compliance, by a specific date, with all measures agreed upon. But this did not happen, and the final draft was basically unchanged from the original list. The more important actions called for were a prohibition of any transfer of technology to South Africa; a ban on imports from South Africa of agricultural products, coal, uranium, iron, and steel; cessation of exports of any oil products to South Africa; a ban on further investments or loans and on sales of gold coins abroad; termination of air and shipping links with South Africa; and cessation of academic, cultural, scientific, and sports relations. The debate that took place over this list—over whether or not it signified a step backward and a weakening of the movement's position—centered on strategy and tactics. This was reflected in some comments made by Kaunda, who has not always seen eye to eye with Mugabe on fundamental issues, and who tends to be less precise and more emotional than he is. At the beginning, Kaunda, like Mugabe, had passionately favored mandatory sanctions, but at a press conference the day before the summit ended he declared, somewhat cryptically, "Sanctions against South Africa without the major trading partners of the racist regime would not be at all effective. They would be sanctions applied against us. We are ready to join in this if and when the rest of the international community participates. That is why there must be coöperation and co-ordination between the Congress of the United States, various organizations in Britain, West Germany, and Japan. If all these come together, then, of course sanctions will be very meaningful, [but] without the major part-

ners participating there are no sanctions at all. If they do not [participate], we must forget about it and wait for an explosion that is coming as sure as death. If Zambia and Zimbabwe tomorrow applied sanctions on their own, without the major trading partners of the racist regime doing so, it would be suicidal on our part. So for sanctions to succeed we need international action, because this is a crime against humanity."

If the substance of the final draft on sanctions remained moderate, not going much beyond the measures adopted by the seven Commonwealth nations in London a month earlier, a separate package of proposals, which was approved at the last minute, added teeth to the summit's communiqué. These were designed to help the front-line states and neighboring ones overcome the "adverse effects on their economies arising from their imposition of sanctions against South Africa" and from the sanctions imposed by the international community, and to withstand "retaliatory measures and counter-sanctions that have been or may be imposed in the future . . . by the South African regime." The proposals called for the establishment of a "solidarity fund" to provide emergency assistance to the affected nations and the creation of a "strategic-relief reserve" through the stockpiling of materials by the Nonaligned Movement to help them contend with South African reprisals. Additional specific measures included assistance to improve ports and transportation facilities; provision of oil at concessional terms and assistance in generating and transmitting electric power; help in setting up small-scale and employment-oriented industries, import-substitution projects, and managerial services; trade assistance in obtaining goods and supplies that were previously obtained from South Africa; and adoption of "all appropriate

measures to support the front-line states, whose security is constantly being jeopardized by the Pretoria regime." A "fund committee" headed by India and including Zambia, Zimbabwe, Nigeria, Algeria, the Congo, Yugoslavia, Peru, and Argentina was appointed to implement this program.

Rajiv Gandhi made it clear that his country would go all out in supporting the added proposals, but how many of the movement's members will actually do anything about them remains uncertain. In fact, this will be a good test of the movement's ultimate strength and purpose, demonstrating whether it can be more than a triennial talk show. There are indications that at least some other member nations, such as Singapore, Nigeria, and Yugoslavia, are ready to contribute materially to the repair and improvement of the broken-down railway system and ports, among other practical actions; and several countries that don't belong to the movement—notably the Scandinavian nations, the Netherlands, and Canada—are already lending such assistance. In general, most observers at the summit felt that, strategically and tactically, Mugabe and those working most closely with him behind the scenes, among whom were some of the Commonwealth leaders associated with the Eminent Persons Group, had chosen the wisest course open to them. What they have devised is essentially a two-pronged scheme to continue the campaign for stronger sanctions while simultaneously shoring up the southern-African states in practical ways. The action of the United States Congress in overriding President Reagan's veto of the sanctions bill, which took place after the summit, gave the Nonaligned Movement's selective-sanctions strategy a new impetus. The next step would logically take place at the United Nations, where, it was hoped, the nonaligned nations, which make up nearly two-thirds of the membership, would join with the Organization of African Unity in calling for a meeting of the Security Council to consider the imposition of comprehensive mandatory sanctions. If the Americans or the British vetoed this attempt (State Department officials privately indicated that this might well happen, despite the action of Congress), the list of selective sanctions, which now has the approval of the Commonwealth group and Congress as well as the Nonaligned Movement, would already be in place and would almost certainly be ap-



proved by the Security Council. Japan and the reluctant members of the European Economic Community, such as Germany, would then be more likely to go along, and the sanctions would presumably become binding on all United Nations members. If South Africa still remained obdurate, mandatory sanctions would become the logical next step, and the front-line states, led by Zimbabwe, would stand a better chance of persuading the major powers to adopt such sanctions, as the only remaining option.

SOUTHERN Africa's transportation system, which has now become a vital part of the complicated sanctions-and-counter-sanctions equation, is in itself an economically decisive subject, and a highly complex one, with a long, involved history. The history goes back to the turn of the century, when the first railway lines were conceived, by Cecil Rhodes, who, in effect, created Rhodesia. (Zimbabwe, formerly Southern Rhodesia, still has streets named after him and statues of him in Harare and elsewhere; Northern Rhodesia is now Zambia.) There are six main railway lines in the region, but since they were built to get colonial produce out to Europe and other distant places, and not specifically to link various African countries, it is not surprising that South Africa, as the dominant power in the area today, has a virtual stranglehold on rail transport to the coast. Only one of the six lines can operate more or less independently of South Africa. This is the so-called Tazara line, which was built by the Chinese in the nineteen-seventies and links the Tanzanian port of Dar es Salaam, in the central part of Africa's east coast, with rail lines in Zambia and Zimbabwe, farther south. But the Tazara line has always worked even less effectively than the others, and is currently plagued by mismanagement and inefficiency. Five years ago, roughly half of all the export trade of the six landlocked members of the S.A.D.C.C. passed through South Africa; today, the figure has jumped to eighty-five per cent. Last year, ninety per cent of Zimbabwe's nonpetroleum traffic was dependent on South African transport. Perhaps half of Zambia's two-way trade moves on Pretoria's roads or railways.

The South African regime has for the last several years been deliberately trying to destroy the Mozambican economy through direct military ac-

tion and various forms of sabotage, and this effort has also hurt Zimbabwe and Zambia, which used to depend heavily on two railway lines that run across Mozambique to the Indian Ocean: the nine-hundred-mile-long route from Harare to the southern port of Maputo, and the four-hundred-mile-long line from Harare to the central coastal port of Beira. Because of sabotage, the line to Maputo, the port with the larger ship-loading capacity, has been completely closed since 1983. The rail route to Beira, which is paralleled by a pipeline and a motor road, affords the easiest access to the sea, but since 1982 it, too, has been regularly sabotaged by RENAMO, and would be altogether paralyzed by now, like the Maputo line, if it were not defended by six to seven thousand Zimbabwean troops. Beyond the physical damage, the financial cost to Zimbabwe and the other countries in the region to whom access to these two lines is denied is naturally tremendous; it costs them much more to send and receive goods over the longer routes through South Africa, which can charge extortionate freight-handling and storage fees, and can delay or shut off traffic whenever it chooses. Finally, by controlling virtually all southern-African transit traffic, South Africa earns about a third of a billion dollars a year.

About a year ago, the business community in Zimbabwe set in motion a project to repair and rebuild the Beira Corridor route as the most practical solution to the transport problem. It offers the shortest way to the Indian Ocean for the landlocked states of Zimbabwe and Zambia, and can be more easily protected than the Maputo line, which was previously regarded as more usable but, because it runs close to the South African border, is more vulnerable to attack. Another advantage is that a Dutch group set up by the Port of Amsterdam Authority is already engaged in dredging and rehabilitating Beira Harbor. A new authority, called the Beira Corridor Group, has been established, and is headed by Denis Norman, Zimbabwe's former Minister of Agriculture. It has been operating in conjunction with an international group and a group from the S.A.D.C.C. to promote a number of joint ventures over the next decade, but it hopes to have the more important projects completed in three years, at a cost of about two hundred and eighty million dollars. During 1986, work was concentrated on fixing up the railway over a two-hundred-

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mile stretch between the Zimbabwean border town of Mutare and the port of Beira. This has required re-laying track in order to avoid derailments, improve efficiency, and enable freight to move at an average speed of forty miles an hour. (It had previously attained an average rate of only ten.) At the same time, the parallel motor road has been repaired, and the dilapidated Beira Harbor has been partly dredged and cleared. This year, the hope is to increase total annual tonnage in the corridor, including oil passing through the pipeline, to three million tons, compared with a million tons in 1985. During a second phase, to be completed by 1990, work will be concentrated on deepening the harbor to nine or ten metres, so that it can handle ships of eighty thousand tons, and on rebuilding the port's twelve piers. The construction of container-handling facilities and a cold-storage area are part of this scheme, as well as a new terminal for grain and sugar, new water and sewage plants, and new warehouses and hotels. By 1990, the Beira Corridor is expected to handle six and a half million tons of traffic annually. A third and final phase is to include rebuilding the road all the way to Harare and then the rail connection to Blantyre, in Malawi, which, in turn, has a rail link to Nacala, the northernmost Mozambican port.

No one underestimates the many problems of the Beira Corridor plan, not the least of which is security. The RENAMO rebels show no signs of stopping their acts of sabotage. Moreover, Beira is only an hour's flying time from South Africa, and Pretoria is capable of going to any lengths to maintain southern Africa's dependence on its transport system and to continue its other destabilization activities. The question is whether the South African military and other security forces, faced with increasing sanctions and the hostility of the rest of the world, will want to offend the Western nations even further by attacking the Beira Corridor, particularly since some of those nations are participating in its reconstruction. A number of observers believe that the South African government, with its "laager mentality," will simply hunker down further, and bomb or sabotage the Beira port and transport line without caring what the West thinks. Others feel that at least some members of

the Pretoria regime are concerned about the cost of a go-it-alone policy and may not want to risk increased alienation and opposition at home and abroad.

In any event, the southern-African nations, led by Zimbabwe and Mozambique, feel they have no choice but to continue with the Beira development plan, as a matter of economic life or death. Zimbabwe has signalled its willingness to maintain the defense of the corridor with up to a quarter of its forty-thousand-member regular military forces. Some of the region's leading businessmen—including, ironically, Rhodesian whites who once fought against Mugabe and his guerrillas and who originally trained the RENAMO rebels as a paramilitary Rhodesian force—are now among the Beira project's biggest boosters, and this is regarded as another plus. Those who learned how to cope with sanctions against Rhodesia in an early phase, in the seventies, are using their experience to deal with retaliatory sanctions imposed by their former ally, South Africa, in the eighties. Realizing that their own economic futures are in jeopardy if the Beira Corridor project fails, they have been responding resourcefully. During the first phase of the development, for example, one group of businessmen gained access to an old, unused railway in southern Zimbabwe and another such railway in the Mozambican jungle, and salvaged the rails for rebuilding the Beira line. Businessmen under the S.A.D.C.C.'s umbrella have agreed to put money into various rehabilitation schemes and to help train workers for both skilled and semi-skilled jobs. The international business community, through an assistance group set up in Oslo, is cooperating, and the Mozambique government, now headed by President Joaquim Chissano, the former Foreign Minister, has indicated its intention of turning Beira into a hard-currency zone—another good sign. Chissano had worked closely with Machel since independence, a decade ago, and before that as well, in the fight against the Portuguese; although a Marxist-Leninist in theory, like his predecessor, he is con-

sidered more of a pragmatist, and is said to want to establish better relations with the United States and other Western nations. International aid groups have also shown a desire to help out. The European Economic Community has offered food and various forms of technical assistance; the Dutch, through the Port of Amsterdam Authority, will probably continue to operate the port of Beira indefinitely; the Danes and the Norwegians are supporting a number of construction projects; and the Canadians expect to contribute fifty million dollars for the development of energy. There is a strong possibility that at some point the World Bank will participate in the plan. As for the United States, a group of Zimbabwean and Mozambican businessmen visited Washington last spring, and though they arrived just as aid to Harare was being curtailed and Congress was engaged in cutting the foreign-aid budget generally, they were cordially received, and Secretary Shultz afterward testified in the Senate that the State Department was prepared to help the front-line states develop alternative transportation routes. American aid officials have expressed an interest in helping private industry in Mozambique, and some of the Beira Corridor officials have held talks with major United States corporations on the possibility of using some of their disinvestment proceeds from South Africa for the purchase of locomotives and other equipment and the establishment of assembly plants and repair shops in Beira.

Denis Norman, the head of the Beira Corridor Group, is a burly no-nonsense businessman-farmer with years of experience in Rhodesia and Zimbabwe. He was originally approached for the job by Mozambique, but, a close friend of Mugabe's, he agreed to take it on only after Mugabe approved. Once Zimbabwe was included, Norman set about getting regional cooperation from the other front-line states. "I'm not naïve—I don't underestimate the problems we face," he told me in Harare after the nonaligned conference. "I know the amount of weaponry the Mozambique rebels and the South Africans have, though none of us know where it all comes from. Most of it is of Soviet design but is Chinese-made, and it could come from the international black market. Anyway, I have lots of reasons



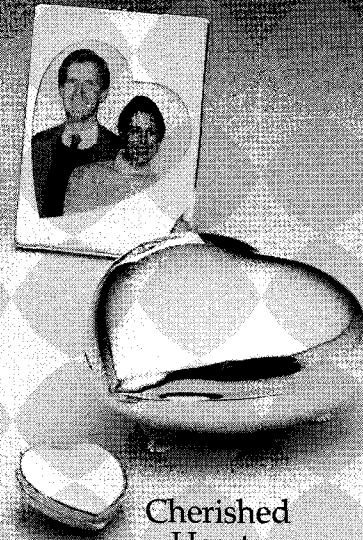
for hope, including our growing ability to defend the corridor. If it's worth having, it's worth defending. The possibility of setting up some sort of international force has been discussed—during the conference, it was mentioned in the hallways and in some speeches. I discount it for now, but it could happen. My optimism is also based on the support we're receiving so far from industry. We're hoping to generate more of this as we go along, and to put as much industry into the corridor itself as we can, beginning with agriculture—tobacco, for instance—and then bringing in food processing, grain mills, textile factories, and so on. That's the best way to generate both stability and confidence. After the London Commonwealth meeting, both the political and the economic pace of the plan really picked up. If we can now get more international support—from the United States and Great Britain in particular—those who are backing the RENAMO rebels in Mozambique may hold off. I've got a gut feeling that common sense will eventually prevail, despite or maybe because of sanctions and counter-sanctions and border closings."

IT is too soon to tell whether the Beira Corridor project and other efforts of the S.A.D.C.C. will be able to blunt South Africa's destabilization campaign. As for common sense, it seems a commodity that South Africa's leaders still sorely lack, even though a growing number of white businessmen in the country, already suffering from inflation, the flight of capital, and shortages of some commodities and supplies, have begun pressing the government to alter its political course and seriously offer reforms that will put an end to apartheid and prepare the way for a new constitutional process and a more open society. At the opposite end of the spectrum, ultra-conservative whites are consolidating their ranks and are insisting on maintaining, and even strengthening, tough measures to suppress black insurgency, which has lately been stirred further by black-vigilante violence. And the situation is made more dangerous by the spectre of tribalism, which, if it materializes, is likely to set off an explosive reaction that could extend from one end of Africa to the other. Many fear that this is about to happen, and the fear has reinforced the conviction that only an eleventh-hour joining of efforts by the Western pow-

ers in support of the southern-African nations and against apartheid can avert catastrophe.

Since the overlapping and often conflicting economic interests of all nations, major and minor, and the multifarious commercial and industrial forces controlling them are such an important part of the South African equation, it is hard to see how common sense can prevail—especially in view of South Africa's consummate ability to play the various elements off against each other. In any form of economic conflict, the question of whose ox is gored becomes a highly complex matter. This is one reason Pretoria brags about its ability to "bust" sanctions. Besides, southern Africa's political turmoil and instability, combined with its many economic and social problems, have so far made it only too easy for South Africa to manipulate all the levers of power—although there are signs that it may be losing some of its options, including military ones. One thing that has become more apparent over the past several months, and has been expressed at various meetings, including the nonaligned summit, is that the fight to end apartheid is many-faceted and needs a coherence of approach, a blending of ideas and action, which has not yet emerged; in fact, most nations seem to be working at cross-purposes. Though Secretary of State Shultz, in discussions at the United Nations with the foreign ministers of the front-line countries, played down the practicality or usefulness of sanctions, he did speak of seeking an "urgent end to apartheid," and said that the United States supported negotiations to create "a new democratic system based on the consent of the governed" in South Africa and "a democratic process with full protection for the rights of majorities, minorities, and individuals." The fact is, however, that nothing Washington has yet done shows a real determination to get such a democratic process going. Shultz's meeting in January with Oliver Tambo, and the willingness of the United States to accept the fact that the African National Congress is bound to play a dominant role in deciding the future of South Africa, may be considered a modest start. Unfortunately, as the Eminent Persons Group bluntly stated in its report, the South African government "in truth is not yet prepared to negotiate fundamental change, nor to countenance the creation of genuine democratic structures, nor to face the prospect of the end of

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white domination and white power in the foreseeable future." Nevertheless, that group and an increasing number of other experts have urged proposals far more concrete than any that Washington has suggested. They include "specific and meaningful action" to dismantle apartheid, to terminate the existing state of emergency, to release "immediately and unconditionally" Nelson Mandela and others still in prison for opposing apartheid, to lift the ban on the African National Congress, and, when all violence has been suspended, to initiate an open dialogue, transcending color, politics, and religion, to establish a nonracial and representative government. Pauline Baker, a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has emphasized the need for Washington to express a firmer commitment to democracy in South Africa, and she herself has suggested the negotiation of a transition period of two or three years, beginning with the release of all political prisoners and continuing with a full-fledged "national public debate on South Africa's political future," to culminate in a constitutional convention with delegates elected on the basis of a universal adult franchise, and including representatives from the homelands. In her plan, the synchronized application of "credible sanctions" would play a key role.

In any context, it is now generally agreed that the imposition of sanctions, to be lifted only after progress is made in negotiations, is simply one weapon, though an important one. It was this conclusion that was reached by the various international groups, including the Eminent Persons Group and the nonaligned nations, and also, in some respects, by Congress in overriding President Reagan's veto. A further point that is beginning to be acknowledged is that sanctions by themselves, especially limited ones that are not well conceived and monitored, can, indeed, be self-defeating without other measures—notably, clearly planned and well-executed diplomacy. To be effective, the diplomacy has to be orchestrated and conducted either through the United Nations or—what would probably be more efficacious—within a smaller, well-defined multi-

lateral framework. Even something as technical as the Beira Corridor project, which is being carried out on a regional basis and with some outside assistance, needs more practical help and diplomatic guidance than it is getting. Only then can it become a significant response to South Africa's destructive policy toward its neighbors. Edward Cross, an experienced economic technician and the managing director of the Beira project, has, like Norman, expressed optimism about the project's effectiveness, but he has also cautioned that heavy economic assistance is required to help the concerned southern-African nations survive retaliatory sanctions by Pretoria; he has mentioned the figure of three billion dollars over the next four years. If Washington, the other Western powers, and Japan are serious about bringing an end to apartheid through a joint effort combining diplomacy, sanctions, and aid, this is a concrete contribution they could make, and one that would serve their own interests as well as those of the front-line countries.

THE nonaligned summit in Harare was more successful than the previous such meetings I have attended in facing up to a hard challenge on its home ground and dealing with it by confronting the issues in terms of what was possible. One of the repeated criticisms of the movement in the past was that it had shown itself to be incapable of settling conflicts among its own members, such as Iran and Iraq, to say nothing of solving some of the larger problems of the Third World—especially economic ones—which it always addresses. Now, in southern Africa, a considerable number of its members are engaged in a life-and-death struggle, in which the major powers are also major players, and this

situation may have contributed to a more realistic outlook. To those observing the summit, among them Western diplomats and correspondents, it also seemed significant that, more than in the past, several affiliated groups or movements, some with official or quasi-official status, participated actively in the meetings and debates. The most influential of these was the A.N.C., a seventy-five-year-old body that began as a nonviolent organization, sponsoring strikes and boycotts, and gradually adopted a strategy of selective violence after the killings of unarmed demonstrators in Sharpeville in March, 1960, and particularly after the killings and repression in Soweto, on the outskirts of Johannesburg, in 1976. For the past two years, until last month's reappraisal of policy, it has practiced open confrontation against apartheid, in what it calls "a people's war." During the Harare summit, Oliver Tambo—a sedate and scholarly man who was formerly the Johannesburg law partner of Nelson Mandela—and a large number of A.N.C. members he brought with him conducted themselves impressively. Wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a dark business suit, Tambo, who is sixty-nine, acted like an elder statesman, as befitted the head of Africa's oldest nationalist movement, and the younger men around him made a point of circulating discreetly among delegates and correspondents and disseminating their views in a low-key yet firm and positive fashion. In a formal statement to the summit, Tambo spoke of the growing number of casualties in South Africa caused by "the massive general offensive which we have to carry out . . . to make apartheid unworkable and the country ungovernable," and called on the members of the Nonaligned Movement,

under Zimbabwe's leadership, "to increase their own involvement in the struggle for the birth of a united, democratic, and non-racial South Africa." At a crowded press conference, answering questions calmly and deliberately, Tambo asked the Nonaligned Movement to impose effective sanctions on South Africa, with or without the help of the United Nations Security Council. To a question about the creation of a nonaligned



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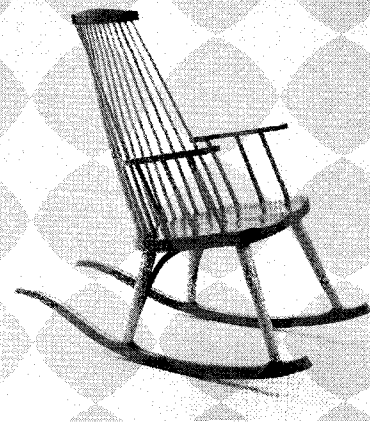
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or southern-African self-defense force, he replied that there was "an objective need for such countries to have the capacity to defend themselves in the face of an attack of whatever kind," and added that the A.N.C. would "help defend them, though our primary objective is to break down apartheid." In view of the fact that "confrontation is escalating in South Africa," he said, it is no longer possible to distinguish between the war there and in the neighboring nations, and he continued, "Wherever we are, we can help defend the sovereignty of those countries. South Africa is an enemy not only to its own people but to all the people of this region. If Pretoria understands that when it attacks the front-line nations militarily . . . it will bring down the deluge, then it will realize that apartheid is a subject that concerns the entire international community. We're all engaged in the same fight, and all the nations of the world must stand shoulder to shoulder."

It seems particularly ironic that the United States and other Western nations, after snubbing the A.N.C. for many years, have recently been holding talks with its leaders, including Tambo, despite its tactics of violence and its open acknowledgment of direct ties to the South African Communist Party. In fact, until recently the head of its armed wing, the Umkhonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation), was Joe Slovo, who last year was elected chairman of the Party. In a magazine interview that appeared during the non-aligned summit, Slovo, a native of Lithuania, who is accused by the South Africans of being a colonel in the K.G.B., denied that the A.N.C., though it has obtained weapons from the Soviet Union and East European nations, took orders from anyone. In Africa, being a Marxist and a black nationalist simultaneously is not contradictory, he said, and Communism in South Africa is "unique." Of the concept of the people's war, he said that while the A.N.C. had been reluctant in its earlier days to attack a military target if it caused civilian casualties this was no longer the case—that "our targets remain military and semi-military, but we are no longer going to be as careful as we were before to avoid civilian casualties." He predicted that, as a result of "mass political activism," the South African regime would collapse within five years.

Though debate continues over the A.N.C.'s Communist members, it has,



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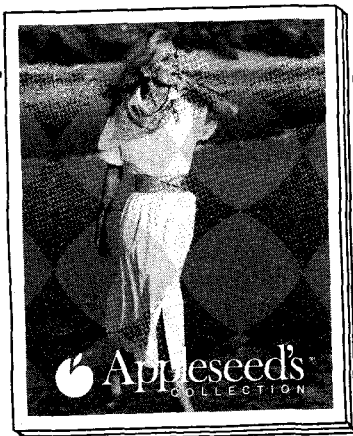
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beyond a doubt, become the most important nationalist movement in southern Africa as well as in South Africa. In South Africa, it is now actively allied with two large non-Communist bodies—the United Democratic Front, a federation of seven hundred anti-apartheid organizations, and the Congress of South African Trade Unions, which has half a million members. In a talk I had in Harare with Tom Sebina, an A.N.C. official, who travels regularly throughout the region, he described accusations about the organization's ties to the Communists as "an insult, because I do not need the Communist Party to tell me what to do about apartheid," and went on, "This attitude is worse than racism. It implies that I have no mental faculties. My father joined the A.N.C. before the Communist Party was formed. He was semiliterate—he couldn't have understood Marxism. Since the A.N.C. came into being, its commitment to the liberation of our people has been sustained by the fact that people have faith in it as their true representative. The day they feel betrayed by the A.N.C.—if they feel this is the fault of the Communists, they'll halt their support. The Freedom Charter of 1955 is still the guiding principle of our movement. It grew out of the grass roots. I used to accompany my brother and sister when they conducted a survey asking people what sort of economic and social system they wanted to see in South Africa. The Freedom Charter was the product of that survey. The charter came out of the movement, just as I was born into it."

Listening to Sebina, Tambo, and other members of the A.N.C. against the background drone of most of the formal speeches at the summit was an experience at once exhilarating and sobering. It made it very clear that the situation in both South Africa and southern Africa is becoming more critical day by day, and that, unless the other nations of the world take more notice and respond with firmer action, an explosion in sub-Saharan black Africa is inevitable and its outcome unpredictable. Virtually all the speakers at the summit, led by Mugabe, made Africa their central theme, but not all of them addressed the question with equal eloquence. One of the most moving speeches was delivered by Mozambique's President Machel, just six weeks before he was killed. In

demanding that the rest of the world join the Nonaligned Movement in supporting the A.N.C. and all the South African democratic forces to prevent "a bloodbath of unforeseeable consequences for world peace," Machel said, "There is no such thing as democratic apartheid. There is no humane apartheid. There is no peaceful apartheid. Apartheid is the denial of justice, equality, and social norms. It is an institutional form of violation of all human rights. Apartheid, like colonialism, cannot be reformed. . . . It is a responsibility of the entire international community to intensify the diplomatic struggle, to underpin the demand for the eradication of apartheid as the principal cause of destabilization and war."

Although by making sanctions, apartheid, and the struggle for southern Africa's economic survival its main themes the eighth nonaligned summit achieved a greater degree of unity and success than some of the previous meetings, it remains to be seen how well the movement will support its most threatened members, Pretoria's nearest neighbors, in the next few years. One of the issues the conference left unsettled was that of the venue of the next summit. The principal declared candidate to head the ninth summit was Nicaragua, and its bid was promoted by Cuba but opposed by other Central and South American nations, under the leadership of Peru and Argentina. Given Nicaragua's own internal and external problems, the decision to postpone the decision on the 1989 summit was regarded by most members as a sensible one. The only other official candidate was Indonesia, but the fact that two of the past four summits have been held in Asia—in Sri Lanka and India—and that Indonesia is under continuing criticism for its harsh treatment of East Timor, where its troops have ruthlessly destroyed the remnants of a local independence movement, militated against it. A dark-horse candidate for the next meeting is Yugoslavia, which was the host of the original nonaligned summit, in 1961. If the movement, under Mugabe, is able to hold firm in working toward the goals it has now set itself on vital issues that concern not only the African continent but the entire world, then Belgrade would be an appropriate place to reaffirm the original tenets of neutrality and anticolonialism so boldly set forth there a quarter of a century ago. —ROBERT SHAPLEN



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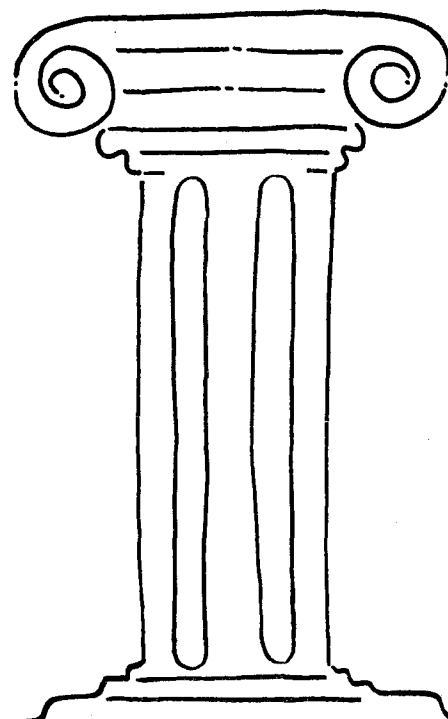
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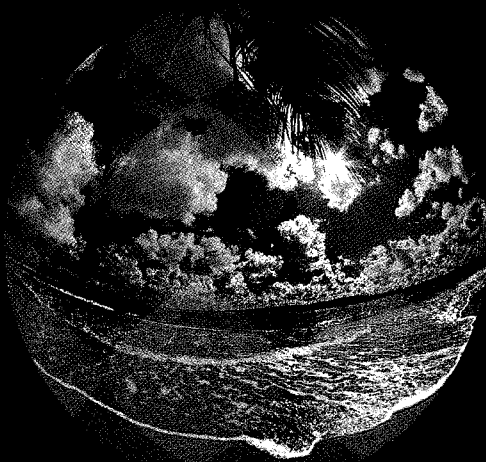


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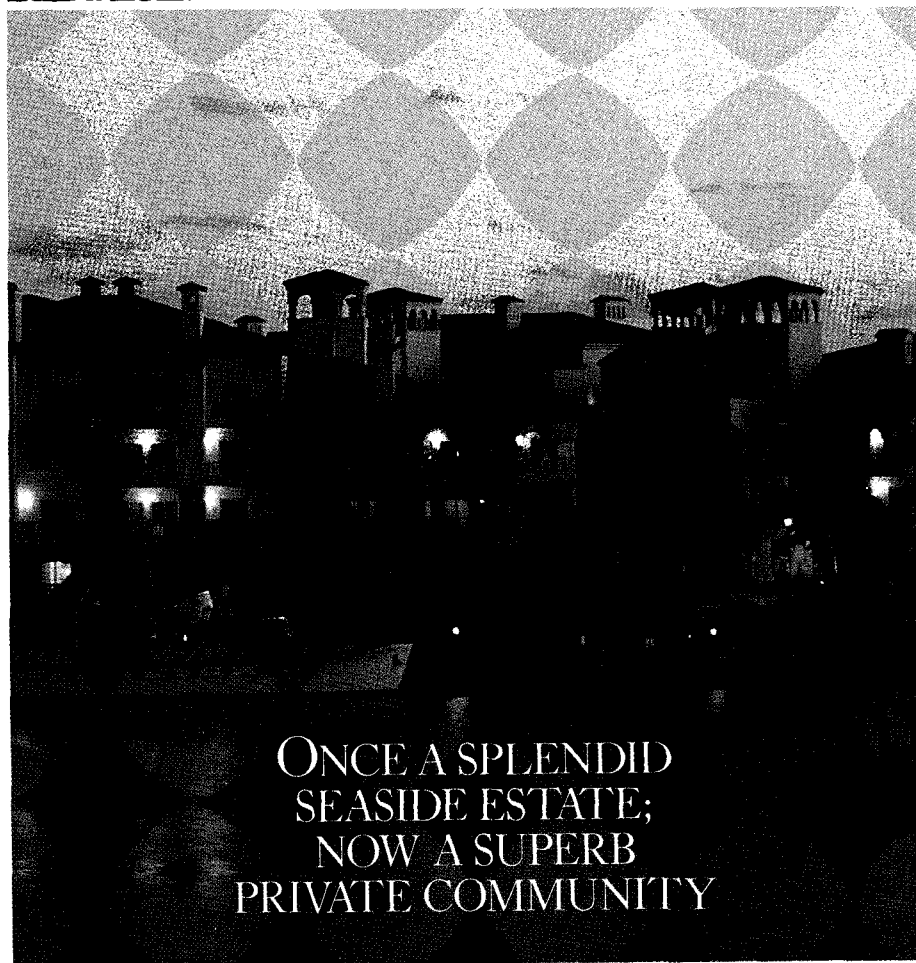
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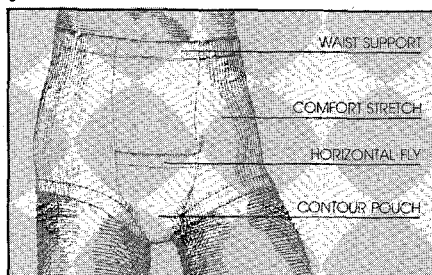
These questions literally haunted the intellect and the psyche of one of the seminal figures in modern culture. The name Aby Warburg is not a household word. If it is thoroughly familiar and frequently talismanic to cultural historians and anthropologists, if it signals the inspiration for the most influential currents in the twentieth-century study of art history and of the interpretation of art, it keeps about it, certainly so far as the layman is concerned, an aura of apartness. That aura was felt even by Warburg's closest collaborators. Here was a man of great wealth and patrician habits who between the eighteenth-nineties and his sudden death, in 1929, revolutionized the ways in which we "read" many of the masterpieces of Western art—notably those of the Florentine Renaissance and of Rembrandt. Here was the founder of the

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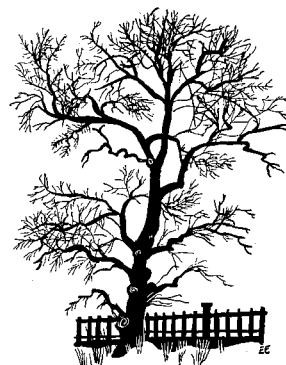
crises in modernity, as any to be found in fiction. Time and again, one finds oneself placing Aby Warburg in the nervous, obsessively aesthetic ambience of Proust's Swann or, more exactly, in the world of desolate intelligence and philosophic dispersal depicted in Musil's "Man Without Qualities."

Warburg came into the labyrinth of his quest through the most academic and technical of entrances. He asked himself why the Florentine masters, Botticelli first and foremost, painted young women whose garments were in tumultuous, windswept, and quite evidently unrealistic motion when, as all textbooks had it, Renaissance art as a whole was supposed to be advancing toward ideals of realistic bodily and gestural representation. Indeed, asked Warburg as he pondered Botticelli's "Primavera" and the strangely dancing maid at the edge of Ghirlandajo's "Birth of St. John the Baptist," in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, how was one to reconcile the ecstatic, autonomous plasticity, even wildness, of depicted motion with the conventional view of Renaissance rationality and of the Renaissance revival of Greek philosophic and idealizing criteria? This seemingly specialized, technically circumscribed question led to the study of Pueblo Indian rituals and Arabic astrology, of Neoplatonic hermeticism and the collective unconscious. First, however, it generated an incomplete but immensely influential reinterpretation of Florentine culture and of the Renaissance itself.

Unlike Jakob Burckhardt, the great nineteenth-century historian and cultural critic who so largely established our modern image of the Renaissance, Warburg was not a writer of books. It is by means of minute and fascinating intellectual detection that Gombrich reconstructs the arguments and the genesis of theories that are to be found in Aby Warburg's lectures, outlines, notebooks, and diaries. The power of his case is nonetheless unmistakable. What emerges from Warburg's research and conjectures in the years from the late eighteen-nineties to 1912 is nothing less than a new model of the Renaissance and of the relations of the secular West to its antique well-springs.

In the life, thought, and artistic

productions of fifteenth-century Florence, Warburg found vivid throwbacks to the allegedly despised and overcome medieval world. Above all, he decisively altered accepted beliefs about the rediscovery of Greek and Latin civilization by the poets, scholars, speculative dreamers, and artists of Renaissance Florence, Venice, and Rome. The antiquity that returned to the light of Medicean noon was not that of marbled, Periclean finish and Euclidean harmonies. It was an im-



mensely ambiguous, complicated legacy of postclassical and Hellenistic forms, doctrines, and academic commentaries encrusted, as it were, with elements as much Islamic and medieval as they were classical. Partially occult currents, energized by misreadings of Greek texts and representations, had

flowed out of the Near East and the Hellenistic Mediterranean; they had bubbled turbulently and opaquely in Islamic medical, scientific, and hermetic writings; they ran dark but alive under the orthodox skin of medieval Christendom. Drawing consciously and subconsciously on these many impulses, the Italian and northern Renaissance not only created its own image of the classical past but introduced within itself contradictory, perhaps irreconcilable, aesthetic practices and styles of sensibility.

The thread that led Warburg to the heart of his findings was that of the pictorial and poetic survival of the ancient gods. In a series of truly brilliant demonstrations, of which the most celebrated remains his decipherment of the pictorial meanings (the iconography and iconology) of Francesco Cossa's bewildering frescoes of the twelve months of the year, Warburg traced the transformation of the classical Olympian deities into allegorical-astrological beings of a partially occult, even demonic, nature, and their gradual reemergence into a new, rationally organized, and systematic "Renaissance classicism." What was spellbinding was not merely the fact of metamorphic survival: it was the forms—the expressive codes and media—through which the Homeric, Platonic, and Virgilian deities had conducted their long voyage toward resurrection. The vital links included the cards of the Tarot, calendar woodcuts, the mi-

ior but highly symbolic arts of heraldry and costume, the emblems inscribed on astrolabes or reproduced in herbals and manuals of alchemy. Warburg's decoding opened up a seeming universe of animate shapes, verbal associations, fertile misunderstandings. At the very pivot of the rebirth of classical mythology in the supreme masters of Italian and North European painting he set sources of inspiration, of imitation, that lay both in the crowded vulgate of popular rites and superstitions and in those esoteric suppositions—astrology above all—which seem to flourish at the shadowy ineluctables of the unconscious.

Two terms became cardinal to Aby Warburg: magic and logic, or, in a close variant, magic and mathematics. It became his lifelong aim, and the explicit object of the encompassing library and institute he founded, to prove, as he put it, "that European civilization is the result of conflicting tendencies, a process in which—as far as these astrological strivings for orientation are concerned—we should look for neither friends nor enemies, but rather for the symptoms of psychological oscillations swinging uniformly between the distant poles of magico-religious practice and mathematical contemplation—and back again." It was this oscillation that for Warburg related Pueblo Indian rain dances to Renaissance pageants and processions, that made of the mythologies, astrologies, and astronomies of the zodiac a repertoire of symbolic intimations. It was the dialogue between, the reciprocal interleaving of, the uncanny and the geometric, philosophic-scientific meditation and primal, cabalistic configurations—both prodigal and menacing—which gave articulate form and inexhaustible sense to the sketches of Leonardo or, incomparably, to Dürer's successive versions of "Melencolia."

There is every reason to suppose that this famous Dürer composition had for Warburg a specific gravity. Gombrich's tact is consummate, but his study makes clear the stressful nature of Warburg's psyche. The collapse of Germany and of the old Europe during the First World War triggered a major mental crisis. Warburg's breakdown lasted from 1918 to 1923. Nothing is more moving in this inevitably austere book than Gombrich's account of how Warburg lectured to his fellow-patients in so lucid and authoritative a way that he was allowed to return to normal life. Even

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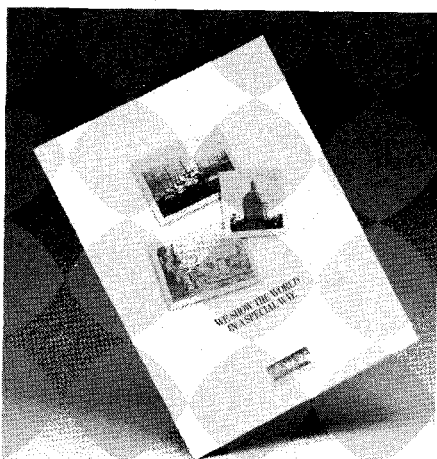
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at the best of times, moreover, dark shadows pressed on Warburg's mind. But it was just this vulnerability that attuned his insights and his research so aptly to the esoteric, systematically irrational material crucial to the mysterious and visionary components of art. The demonic figures, the superstitions, and the archetypal insinuations that Warburg discovered in the cellarage, as it were, of High Renaissance and modern aesthetic forms were closely akin to those compulsions toward fear, toward an almost hallucinatory intimation of dissolution, that blackened his own spirit.

But Warburg never despaired of reason. Art and thought could not disarm the monsters that are bred of man's schizophrenic makeup. They could, however, give them controlled guise and transcendent beauty. Stored in pictures and signs, what Warburg called "memory images" retained their life force and, in fact, strengthened the psychological and intellectual equilibrium, the economy of contradictions, on which civilized existence depends. At once stoic and hopeful, simultaneously in touch with the pulse of the irrational and with the ideal of analytic understanding, Warburg's vision was not altogether unlike that of the later Freud.

It is difficult, certainly for the layman, to assess Warburg's legacy (except insofar as the institute and its seminal role are concerned). Critics have pointed to the circularity in Warburg's method—to the manner in which documents are used to explain the meaning of art works, and art works are used to interpret those same documents. It has been argued, with cogency, that nothing in Warburg's scheme of the transmission of millennial motifs and symbols really helps account for innovation in aesthetic styles or for the decisive breaks with available formal means which we call originality. Dissenters from the Warburg approach stress its more or less deterministic bias toward "content"—toward explicable narrative and referential, allegoric matter in a work of art. Not all art, and not, perhaps, the greatest, need yield to such interpretative paraphrase.

On the other hand, certain aspects of Warburg's techniques have proved highly fruitful. His inclusion of cultural documents of every sort, of social rituals, of scientific and philosophic material within the relevant compass of art history has been widely adopted. Even where it modifies Aby War-

burg's theses, our contemporary reading of the European late Middle Age and Renaissance, and of the decisive part that late, rather than classical or Attic, antiquity played in the formation of modern Western culture follows directly on Warburg's proposals, as do, at numerous junctures, our estimate and appreciation of the Aral and Islamic contribution to the inward history of the West.

Gombrich writes of Warburg "Himself the victim of conflicts, he responded not to the superficial unity but to the conflicts of past ages." It is—saddeningly, one feels—characteristic of Gombrich's urbane reticence that one evident source of such conflicts is scarcely touched upon. Any list of Warburg's immediate predecessors of his contemporaries, and of his ranking heirs would read something like this: Adolph Goldschmidt, Fritz Saxl, Erwin Panofsky, Meyer Schapiro, Max Friedländer, and Gombrich himself, to cite merely the most obvious. The question leaps to mind: Why this dominance of a veritable galaxy of Jewish talent in art history and art interpretation? A possible answer—it is no more than that—lies to hand. Prohibited throughout its earlier religious and ritual history from the making and contemplation of graver images, emancipated Judaism turned to the study of Western art with a peculiar thirst but also with a vehemence, if perhaps subconscious, bias. The art to which it turned had to be "meaningful"—it had to be subject to intelligible readings and, ultimately, to rational analysis, as were the canonic texts in the Judaic tradition. There was in Warburg's obsession and in the great library that he gathered and handed on more than a touch of the Talmudic. But so there is, he would point out, in the assemblage of occult symbols, in the unwavering posture of intellectual and moral inquiry that Dürer delineated in his representation of human sorrow.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FRIEZE, by Cecile Pineda (Viking; \$16.95). A singular, absorbing little book about Borobudur, an immense ninth-century Javanese temple that took ten-thousand-man teams of slaves some eighty years to build. The narrator is a master sculptor who recalls how he girdled one of the temple's three galleries with a

hundred and twenty friezes illustrating the life of Buddha. Long before the temple is completed, all of Java's rice farmers are quarrying and hauling rocks, and so the sculptor resorts to a diet of betel leaves, lizard, and rat. Cecile Pineda divides the story into a hundred and twenty tiny chapters, taking the reader full circle in more ways than one. In a preface she notes a "nagging parallel" and a crucial difference: "It will be the rare curiosity seeker who one thousand years hence makes a tourist pilgrimage to a line of missile silos, guidebook in hand."

POSTCARDS FROM SURFERS, by Helen Garner (Penguin; \$4.95 paper). A small, sturdy short-story collection by one of Australia's best writers. In "In Paris," a quarrel about fish and Brussels sprouts defines the difference between France and Australia; in "The Dark, the Light," a different sort of distance is measured in a lyrical account of a wedding. In "La Chance Existe," two old flames' passage through French customs is mirrored, at the end, by an even more touch-and-go rite. In "A Thousand Miles from the Ocean," a postcard prompts the purchase of a one-way ticket; in the title story, an ex-lover prompts the writing of twelve postcards, which become a sort of substitute for a round-trip ticket. Some of the six other stories are about mothers, only one of whom is a bass player in a rock band but all of whom are, in one way or another, "bluntly thumping the heart rhythm." All eleven stories manifest Helen Garner's ear for oddities of language. In "Little Helen's Sunday Afternoon," for instance, a studious child learns that one cannot call an elephant "capacious;" and in "La Chance Existe" the two old flames trade their favorite names of Métro stations—Trocadéro and Château d'Eau.

GENERAL

THE WAR AGAINST THE PRESS, by Peter Stoler (Dodd, Mead; \$17.95). The author, who is the head of Time's Canadian bureau, sets out to explain why news gatherers in this country have been increasingly subject to abuse and contempt in the years since the Watergate investigations, and to identify the leading forces of the assault—from corporations to the Reagan Administra-

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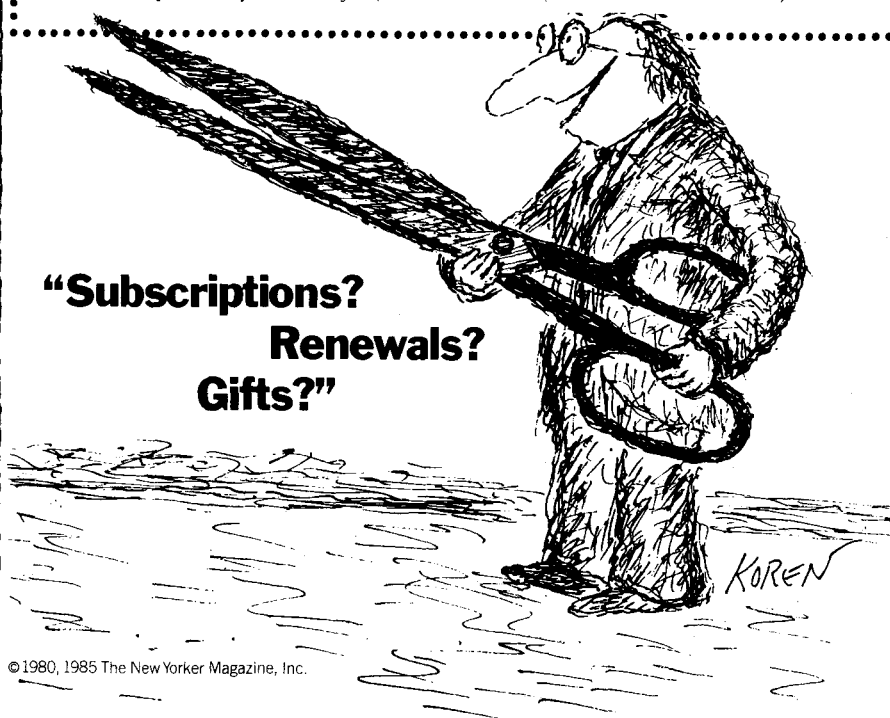
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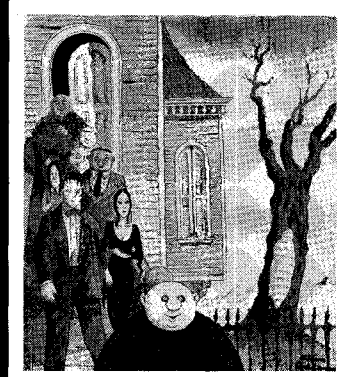
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tion. He lists some possible reasons for what is seen as a widespread distrust of the press—for example, the belief that the media are elitist, have a left-wing bias, and are prejudiced against "mainstream" America—but he contradicts his thesis somewhat in citing the most thorough poll ever taken of the American people on the subject of the press (a *Times Mirror* study conducted by the Gallup Organization in 1985), which showed that a majority of the public approved of the press and that "there is no credibility crisis for the nation's news media." The present danger to the integrity of the press, Mr. Stoler believes, lies less in assaults by agencies of government than in the increasing tendency of the managements of news media to soft-pedal bad news and to avoid controversy out of fear of libel suits and crippling legislation.

MAGDALENA AND BALTHASAR: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF LIFE IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE REVEALED IN THE LETTERS OF A NUREMBERG HUSBAND AND WIFE, by Steven Ozment (Simon & Schuster; \$16.95). Balthasar (1551-1600) was a sort of travelling salesman, and his house was a sort of warehouse, managed by Magdalena (1555-1642) for between two and six months each year, when Balthasar was out cutting deals, mostly in Frankfurt and in Italy, on everything from saffron-colored damask and safflower-colored silk to pumpkin seeds and slippers. Balthasar's generosity to his wife, Steven Ozment concludes upon examining these hundred and sixty-nine letters, "was somewhat hampered by Magdalena's specific requests for so many items" (unspun Venetian gold thread, three hundred quinces, "a ham or three"); but she knew, as Balthasar put it in 1582, even before they were married, "how to stroke the tail of the fox." Mr. Ozment, a professor of history at Harvard, takes issue with those historians who would have the history of marriage in post-Reformation Europe a progression (as the title of one recent study puts it) "From Patriarchy to Partnership." No Europeans have ever known the value of partnership better than the sixteenth-century natives of Nuremberg, a city that survived (as Mr. Ozment explains in Chapter 1) by pleasing a Catholic emperor without offending a Protestant prince.

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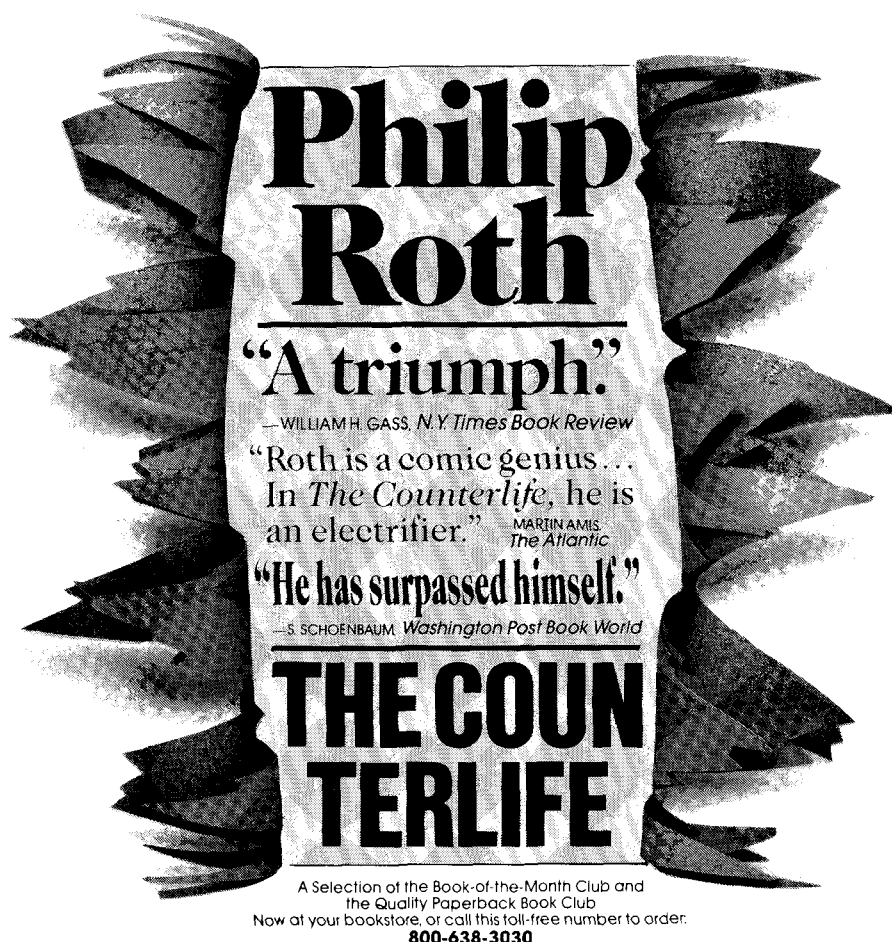
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THE COMPLETE LYRICS OF LORENZ HART, edited by Dorothy Hart and Robert Kimball (Knopf; \$40). Most of the lyrics in this huge volume were written for the music of Richard Rodgers, with whom Hart started collaborating in 1919, when he was twenty-three and Rodgers was sixteen. Hart wrote, in the beginning, for school and summer-camp shows and for amateur productions of all sorts, and then for some of the most memorable musical comedies the Broadway stage has known. It can be seen not only from the songs of his maturity, like "Blue Moon," "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," and "Falling in Love with Love," but from the earliest lyrics that he was a versifier of genius—"our first sophisticated word writer," Irving Berlin called him. The songs are arranged chronologically (three hundred of them are published for the first time), and the book is illustrated with photographs, mostly full-page, of the famous shows and their stars. Dorothy Hart, the widow of Lorenz Hart's brother Teddy, has written an affectionate introduction, which tells us something of Hart's unhappy personal life, and the late Alan Jay Lerner contributed an equally affectionate appreciation of a man who was both a mentor and a friend.

SHADOWS AND WHISPERS: POWER POLITICS INSIDE THE KREMLIN FROM BREZHNEV TO GORBACHEV, by Dusko Doder (Random House; \$19.95). The author was the Washington Post bureau chief in Moscow from the last years of Brezhnev's reign through the brief tenures of Andropov and Chernenko, and he stayed long enough to see Gorbachev firmly in place. His tour of duty convinced him that the new Soviet leadership is committed to an overhaul of the economy and the society—a policy that will entail some liberalization and may also bring about some arms reduction. In explaining why he foresees these improvements, he describes the puzzles and problems of a reporter in a closed society, and recalls how he hunted for clues and assembled stories from hints and hunches. He suggests that change will be difficult. Although the Russian public supports reform in a general way, Russians, he believes, will object to specific but necessary reforms, such as ending or scaling down subsi-



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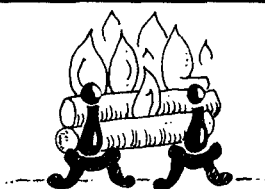
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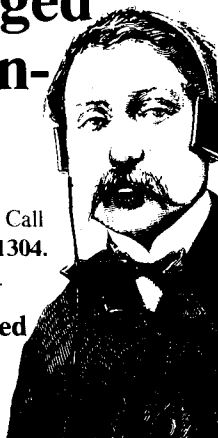
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MYSTERY AND CRIME

SKINWALKERS, by Tony Hillerman
(Harper & Row; \$15.95). Agile as
ever, reflective as ever, absorbing as
ever, Mr. Hillerman returns us once
again to the Navajo otherworld of
skinwalkers (Evil) and listeners,
hand tremblers, and singers of the
Blessing Way (Good), and to Lieu-
tenant Joe Leaphorn and Officer
Jim Chee, of the Navajo Tribal
Police. The case that occupies them
is once again a slippery one—a se-
ries of seemingly unrelated murders
(and an attack on Chee) in widely
separated parts of the great reserva-
tion complex of New Mexico-Arizona-Utah. The motive or motives
that eventually reveal themselves are
rooted in the dominant white world,
but the murders have their roots just
as deeply in the still powerful forces
of Navajo culture.

MURDER ON CLAM POND, by Douglas
Kiker (Random House; \$15.95).
Despite its title, Mr. Kiker's novel
is most emphatically not an Agatha
Christie mystery novel. There is, to
be sure, a murder—the murder of a
rich old woman in her pondside
house in the quiet Cape Cod village
of North Walpole—but what we
are given is chiefly an illumination
of the hidden lives of several attrac-
tive villagers. The illuminator is an
out-of-work Chicago newspaper-
man who drifts into town for a
winter as a house sitter. It is he who
discovers the body, and it is his curi-
osity about the community that
keeps us entertained.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[From *The Triad*, newsletter of the Holy
Trinity Episcopal Church of Oxford, Ohio]

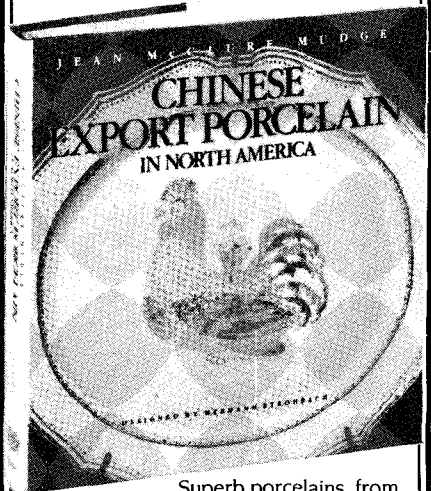
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lips, since the chalice bearer can't see what
is going on.

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dingbat Coach Chuck Noll gained his
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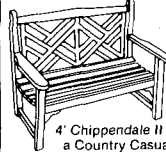
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OUT**



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